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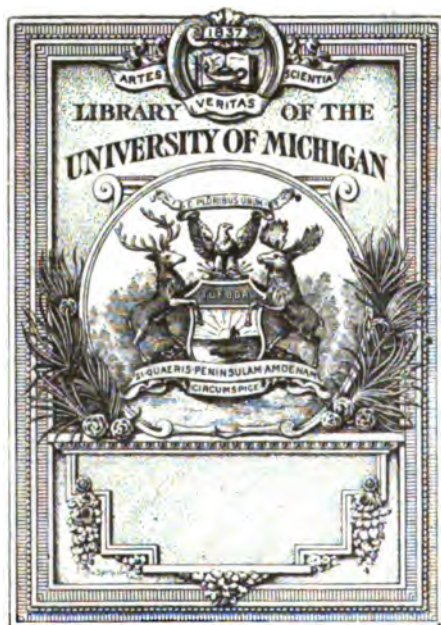
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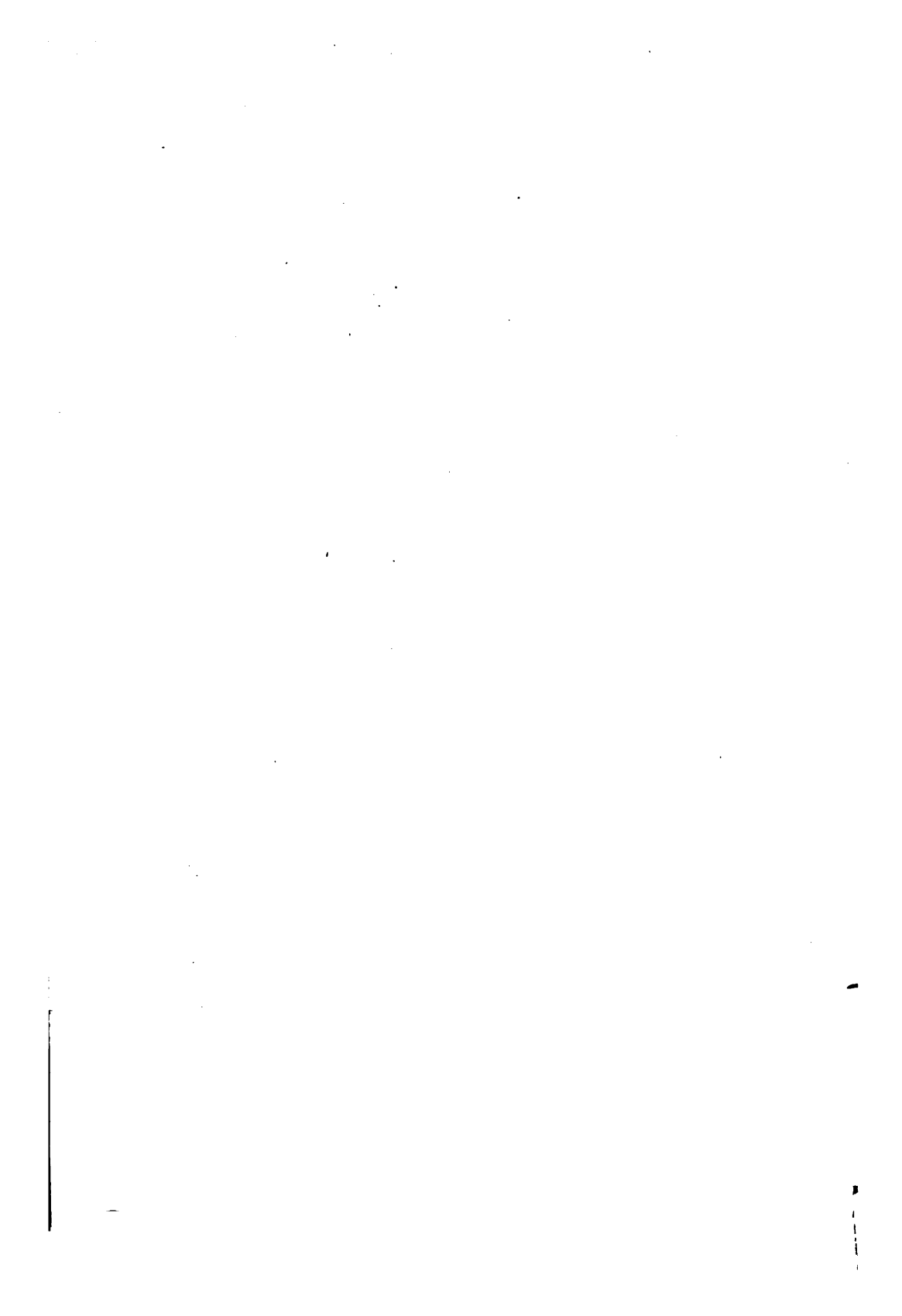


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L. H. Stone.

LUCINDA HINSDALE STONE,

HER LIFE STORY AND REMINISCENCES.

BY

BELLE McARTHUR PERRY,

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Introduction by

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Ex-President General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

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To
Michigan Club Women
and
Mrs. Stone's Pupils Everywhere
this Book is Dedicated.

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••••• *PREFACE.* •••••

When Mr. James H. Stone asked me to undertake the work of preparing a biography of his mother, I yielded to the conditions which seemed a call to the important trust, with a realization of the duty of preserving, in a permanent form, the life story of one who was a history-making force in some of the leading movements of her day, and whose influence has been equaled by few women of her generation.

Even to one who never knew Lucinda Hinsdale Stone, a revelation of her character and a record of her achievements cannot fail to be most interesting and helpful. To those who really knew and loved this inspired and inspiring teacher and reformer, such a record will have a value on which no price can be placed. An effort has been made to make this book such a revelation and such a record.

As far as possible, the story is told in Mrs. Stone's own words, much of the material having been selected from a large amount of autobiographical matter, reminiscences of acquaintance and association with well-known people, and from lectures

and letters of travel. This is supplemented by information gathered from those who knew her well as teacher, traveler, and a worker for humanity, and by my own close acquaintance with her during the last ten years of her life. The only record of the days prior to her teaching in Kalamazoo is of necessity her own, for there is no one left to add the illuminating incident from the point of view of another.

The chapter on the opening of the University of Michigan to women, is a history of the efforts for co-education and its development up to the present time in that institution. Much pains has been taken to gather from the university records and other authoritative and available sources, the needed material to make this chapter historically useful to any who are interested in the progress of co-education in our state, and in Mrs. Stone's life-long interest in and connection with the work.

What the university chapter is to the history of co-education, the mother-of-clubs chapter is to the club movement; and an aim has been made to gather true and definite information in regard to the nature and extent of Mrs. Stone's influence in that movement.

The poems interspersed here and there between chapters were especial favorites with Mrs. Stone, all of which she knew by heart and repeated frequently.

Valuable and cordial assistance has been rendered

in various ways by a number of Mrs. Stone's friends, and especially by Miss Charlotte I. Anderson, of Kalamazoo, who was closely associated with Mrs. Stone in the last years of her life. My own work has been done with a desire to make the record faithfully and accurately true, else it would be disloyal to her whose watchword was truth, and whose life was as sincere as that of a little child.

BELLE M. PERRY.



INTRODUCTION.



My impressions of Mrs. Stone are connected with the latter rather than the early years of her life. I met her first in Chicago some ten years ago. She was present at a meeting of the Collegiate Alumnae Association, and spoke on the subject, "The Higher Education of Women," a topic as much discussed then as now. Mrs. Stone had then already passed the three-score-and-ten years allotted to man. As she stood on the platform, dressed in soft gray, her white hair crowning her beautiful face, she was at once a noble and winning personality. She spoke with decision, but her whole bearing was gentle and conciliatory. She convinced her audience by her logic, while she charmed it by her gracious manner. She exemplified in herself her faith in woman's capacity to live her own life, to improve all her opportunities, and at the same time fulfill in every respect the special duties which come to her as head of a household and the mother of children. Mrs. Stone was a type of the "world-mother."

After this first meeting with Mrs. Stone, I was ever

her constant admirer, and she, on the other side, was so kind as to be always my very good friend. It is rare to find a woman whose feet are turned toward the "other world" who retains her active interest in all that concerns this world. Mrs. Stone retained to the end this rare and precious grace. She kept her sympathy for the varied interests of men and women. She brought to all practical affairs of life her good judgment of relative values. She remained firm in her belief not only in God, but, what is much rarer, in humanity. She never graduated from that highest of universities—Life. Thus her words carried weight, because what she said was the result of personal experience—she had justified the faith that was in her.

After this first meeting I twice met Mrs. Stone in Washington, where she was passing the winter as the guest of Mrs. Lucia Eames Blount. At that time she was much interested in the study of Psychic Research. As at the first, I was attracted by her attitude of intellectual hospitality, manifested in her willingness and eagerness to learn of new theories and new methods of research. On one occasion I was present when a speaker on this topic gave expression to opinions which were directly opposed to her beliefs and her ethical convictions. She gave her own impressions of the question at issue with sincerity and simplicity, and yet she thoroughly appreciated the other point of view, and listened gladly, saying afterward that, while she did not endorse the conclusions

at which the speaker had arrived, it was a real pleasure to listen to his intelligent and interesting presentation of his theme.

Mrs. Stone was deeply interested in the woman's club movement, as it has developed in this country, and she was familiarly known as the "mother of clubs" in Michigan. She often said to me that the club movement was but another phase of educational progress, and that it was a great impetus toward a democratic solution of that problem.

The test of the success of any life is inevitably the spirit in which it closes; the life work must be judged by the spirit which pervades the reflective, which is the latest, period of life. This is the time which demonstrates whether the work has been carried on in the spirit of worldliness or otherworldliness. When a man or a woman is strong enough to pass into the shadow of life still bearing the standard under which he has fought in youth and middle age, interpreted by the light of the present, surely to him the end justifies the struggle. Thus the calm and strong serenity of Mrs. Stone's advanced years is perhaps the most convincing proof of the value of the work which she accomplished to advance the higher education of woman, which signified to her the education which would best equip woman for the rational enjoyment and use of all her faculties and powers. When, through the efforts of Mrs. Stone and her co-workers,

the University of Michigan opened its doors to women, and co-education was thus assured, Mrs. Stone felt that one of the deepest reforms of the century had been accomplished; that the first step was thereby taken toward adjusting the educational status of woman to meet the new order. It is pleasant to know that during her life-time Mrs. Stone received from the University of Michigan, as well as from other associations, the honors which were her due. Society is certainly more appreciative of those who serve in these modern days than it was in the "old times;" and I am glad that the spirit of vitality, of sincerity, of courage, and of graciousness, which Mrs. Stone radiated, is abroad in the land; that she, as a type of the new womanhood, was in her life, as well as in her death, honored and loved by the many who "rise up and call her blessed."

ELLEN M. HENROTIN.

●●●● || **FOREWORD.** || ●●●●

Mrs. Stone was in the first place a woman of broad culture, one who in her youth traveled the road which, at that time at least, was supposed to be possible only to men. This preparation of her youth was enlarged by long years of teaching, reaching from the Southern governess in the times of slavery to a college professorship alongside of her husband, who for twenty years was president of Kalamazoo College. And then Mrs. Stone was a reformer in the best sense of the word, a woman who made the elevation of her kind her first business, who espoused the cause of the poor, the neglected, the ignorant and the corrupted. Her travel was extensive; her reading was comprehensive. Wherever she went, and whatever she read, she detected the ethical import and she added the ethical emphasis. Hers was one of the few spirits that deserve the word "liberal." She was a devotee without superstition, a rationalist who had escaped the blight of schism. Her liberal religion was never identical with a negative propaganda. In welcoming the new thought

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*she cherished the old. The words that represent the
dying message of Robert Browning fitly belong to her:*

"One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

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CHAPTER I.

MRS. STONE'S ANCESTRY—REMINISCENCES OF PARENTS.

Lucinda Hinsdale (Stone) was born in the village of Hinesburg, Vermont, on the thirtieth day of September, 1814. She was the youngest of the twelve children of Aaron Hinsdale and Lucinda Mitchell (Hinsdale).

The other children were Mitchell, Cynthia, Jerusha, Betsey, Myron, Sophia, Charles, Louisa, Sarah, Nancy, and Mary. With the exception of Charles all these children have living descendants.

Aaron Hinsdale was born in Canaan, Connecticut, on the twenty-third day of March, 1764. He was a descendant, in the fourth generation, of Robert Hinsdale, who came to Dedham, Massachusetts, from Ipswich, England, and who was prominent in the church and municipal life of Dedham, and afterward of Medfield, Massachusetts, of which town he was one of the founders. The line of descent is as follows:

Robert Hinsdale—Ann Woodward

Barnabas Hinsdale—Sarah Taylor

Isaac Hinsdale—Lydia Loomis

Joseph Hinsdale—Elizabeth Kellogg

Aaron Hinsdale—Lucinda Mitchell

The Hinsdale family is undoubtedly descended from the House de Hinnisdal, France, whose records go back to 1170. The name Robert appears a number of times in the genealogy, and is found as far back as 1174. From this date to 1567 no less than nine Roberts de Hinnisdal appear.

There is record in various wills left by the New England Hinsdales, of certain articles of silver "with the Hinsdale Coat of Arms engraved thereon." None of these articles can now be found, in order to compare the Coat of Arms with that of the French Hinnisdals, but as the Hinsdale name appears nowhere in English records, there is little doubt of the French descent.



The Hinsdale Coat of Arms is thus described in the French records* of nobility in the Astor Library:

Shield of black; three ravens on a field of silver;

*Genealogical and Historical Archives of the Nobility of France, Vol. 11 (eleven), published at Paris, 1850, by M. Laine, contains an extended account of the French Hinnisdals. The work is in French, and is in the Astor Library, New York.

crown above shield; shield supports two grey-hounds. Device: *Moderata durant* (Things done with moderation are lasting). It is also recorded that "the House de Hinnisdal takes the first rank among the most noble and ancient families of France."

The theory accepted by the living descendants of Robert Hinsdale as accounting for his English nativity is, that some of the French Hinnisdals embraced Protestantism and escaped to England to enjoy religious liberty. The home of one branch of the family was in the County of Liege, now belonging to Belgium, and adjacent to Germany, the birthplace of Protestantism; hence this theory seems a very reasonable one.

The mother of Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," was a cousin of Aaron Hinsdale. Lydia Hinsdale Hart, the mother of Emma Hart Willard, founder of the famed girls' seminary at Troy, New York, was also his cousin. In this connection the following incident is of interest: One of the Fowler brothers, so well known as pioneer exponents of the doctrines of phrenology, once examined Mrs. Stone's head while visiting Kalamazoo on a lecturing tour, and he told her that he found it to be strikingly similar to the head of the well-known educator, Mrs. Emma Willard, and, in a number of respects, remarkably like the head of Elihu Burritt. He knew nothing of Mrs. Stone's relationship to either of them.

Lucinda Mitchell (Hinsdale), Mrs. Stone's mother, was born in Arlington, Vermont, on the fourth day of September, 1770. Like her husband, there were people among her ancestors who had made names for themselves. Among these was the noble Anne Hutchinson, of early Puritan days. Mrs. Stone somewhere says, "The blood of both martyrs and heretics runs in my veins. I used to say when a child that Roger Williams, who gave shelter and protection to my kinswoman, Anne Hutchinson, in her banishment, was the first man I should ask to see when I got to heaven." Mrs. Stone was also related, through her mother, to Maria Mitchell, the astronomer. The closing years of Mrs. Hinsdale's life were spent in Kalamazoo, at the homes of her son, Judge Mitchell Hinsdale, and Mrs. Stone. She died at the home of the latter on March 23, 1851. Her body rests in the Hinsdale family lot, at Mountain Home Cemetery, Kalamazoo, not far from the Stone burial place.

In an account of her own life, written for her grandchildren, Mrs. Stone gives about all that is obtainable in regard to her mother and her mother's family, as follows:

"My grandmother Mitchell died when my mother was a little child, and her father married again. She always spoke lovingly of the stepmother. Her father died soon after his second marriage, and I never knew much of her family. I visited them once with her

when I was thirteen or fourteen years old. Her stepmother was then living. The impression she made upon me was that of a kind, gentle, loving woman.

"My mother had very few advantages while she was young, being obliged to have much care of her own invalid brother and of her stepmother's children. I have seen her cry oftener of regret for lack of early advantages than for anything else in the world, and she was willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of the education of her own children. She was a great reader. I think I never saw her equal in that respect. She read everything, even to the advertisements in the newspapers. I do not know but she would have taken an arithmetic and read it through if she could have found nothing else to read. So when I was a child, whatever else we were deprived of, we always contrived somehow to get all the books that anybody had in our sphere of life."

There is an interesting story connected with the child life of Mrs. Hinsdale, which reveals another strong trait of her character. Here is the story in Mrs. Stone's own words:

"The winter I was thirteen years old I went with my mother to visit family relatives, who lived in the three adjoining towns of Arlington, Shaftsbury, and Bennington, Vermont. In the towns of Shaftsbury and Bennington the family of Governor

Galusha, the second governor of Vermont, who lived in Shaftsbury, had much intermarried with members of my father's family, who lived in Bennington, nieces in one family having married nephews in another, and vice versa.

"I spent several weeks in the old mansion of the governor with my father's niece, who had married Governor Galusha's son. He was then old, and had recently had a shock of paralysis. He was very fond of having my mother spend much time in his apartments, to talk over with him the old times of the Revolutionary War, some events of which she could remember, and others that she had heard so much about that it was almost as if she remembered them. One day she was telling him what she remembered of the battle of Bennington. She was seven years old when it occurred. Her father was an Englishman and a Tory, as most of the Church of England people were then. He was a good man, I have heard my mother say a great many times—a very religious, conscientious man; he said he had sworn allegiance to his king, and could not conscientiously go back upon that oath and join the Revolutionists. Before the battle of Bennington, a squad of soldiers, Revolutionists, were sent out to maraud the lands, plunder the property, and drive off the cattle of the Tories. They came to my grandfather's farm, and were driving away all the cattle they

could find in the pasture. Among these was a little heifer, a pet calf, that had been given to my mother, and which she was accustomed to call to play with her by pounding in an old-fashioned wooden mortar. The calf would come bounding over fences, setting aside all obstacles to get to her little mistress. When they told my mother that the soldiers were driving her heifer away, she said, 'They can't have my heifer; they can't get her.' Taking up her mortar she ran to the door and began pounding. The heifer quickly broke from the herd and ran toward the house. A soldier was sent to drive the calf back and the child was ordered into the house. Several times this was repeated, but the child held her ground and the calf would break away. At length, out of patience with her daring, the captain of the squad came forward, angrily leveled his gun at her and called out, 'You little devil, if you don't stop pounding and go into the house, I'll shoot you!' My mother, though but a child of seven, replied, 'You may shoot, but you can't have my heifer,' and she kept on pounding the mortar. The captain did not shoot, nor did they drive away the heifer. The old governor listened with intense interest. When she reached the climax of her story, he actually raised himself from his pillow and exclaimed with great emotion, 'Good God! Were you that child? I was the captain.'"

Another noteworthy characteristic of Mrs. Hins-

dale's was her constant wish to share with others the opportunities which came to her, a strong characteristic, also, of Mrs. Stone's. The last time I saw Mrs. Stone, I said to her, "When did this spirit of doing for others take possession of you, and how did you come by it?" The tears came to her eyes as she answered, "It came from my mother." And then she told how for years in her childhood her people were the only ones to take a newspaper, and how, as soon as it was read, she was sent to carry it to a neighbor, and as soon as it was returned, to still another neighbor, and so, on and on, until it had gone the rounds and was almost worn out with reading. She told also how all the family looked forward to the coming of the weekly paper, and the gratitude she was taught to feel toward the carrier who brought it to the door. Many times she was sent out with some refreshing drink for the tired rider who brought the paper. And so she grew from her babyhood to be thoughtful for others and to share with others.

Mrs. Stone says of her father in the account left her grandchildren, from which I have already quoted:

"My father died before I was three years old, so of course I could know nothing about him. I remember his sickness, and of being carried on the shoulder of some person, through a dark entry between the parlor in our house in Hinesburg, Vermont, and the room where he was sick,—I think dying. I remember

the fear that possessed me as I went through that dark entry. I can remember the high posts and the curtains around the top of the bed. I remember, too, the black coffin in the parlor, at the funeral.

"My father's family, as far as I can judge, belonged to what we would call the Orthodox Congregationalists. His branch of the family came from Connecticut and settled at Bennington, and that was the popular religious influence in Bennington. My mother was from Arlington, which was settled by Episcopalians, and I have heard her say that she was seventeen years old before she knew there was any other than the Episcopal church. When my father and mother moved to Hinesburg, which was long before I was born, they found no Episcopal church there. The Orthodox Congregationalist was the popular church of the town. They had a great meeting-house, and always had educated, college-bred ministers, and our family was among the strong supporters of this church and ministry.

"My brothers and my older sisters were members of the church as far back as I can recollect. One of my brothers was for many years a deacon in the church at Hinesburg. My mother did not join this church until I was about seven years old. She adhered to her old Episcopal sentiments. About this time a great revival spread over the country, and I can remember of the ministers' coming to our house to talk with my

mother. The result was, she was swept into the Congregational church; and I was baptized as an infant. I recollect it well. My father never joined this church. He did not believe in the doctrines. I have heard my sisters say that he could not believe in a God who was not the same toward his children after they died as he was before. He could not believe that a heavenly Father could be more harsh than an earthly father. He was what would now be called a Universalist or a Unitarian. The doctrine of eternal punishment was horrible to him, and he could not go to hear it preached. He was therefore thought to be a very wicked man. But from all that I have ever learned about him I now believe he was really a much better Christian than those who condemned him. I was told many times before I was ten years old that my father had gone to hell, and it was one of the agonies of my childhood that I believed this to be true. I have lain awake many a night, because I saw those pictures of a flaming hell and my father tossing in its flames. I remember, too, as though it were yesterday, of going home from school and crying all the way because other fathers came to bring their children of a cold snowy night, and I had no father to come after me—he was in hell. Horrible even in this, my old age, is the remembrance of the beliefs of those days; and they were taught from the pulpit, in the prayer-meeting, and in the Sunday-school. I used to walk to and from church with an

old Deacon Steel, who lived on the road toward my home; and as we walked along, he always talked this kind of doctrine. It is the remembrance of my own sufferings that has prejudiced me so strongly against it. I remember that my sister, next older than myself, was at one time in a state of almost insanity because of such teaching.

"My father was very kind to the poor. He adopted several orphan children. I have heard many stories about his kind care of animals. He was a very humane man and would not keep in his employ any man who would strike a horse. I think he must have been an intellectual man by what I have heard of him,—a man who had his own mind about things. The first books that I ever remember were some small volumes of Thomas Paine's works that were shut up in my father's desk. These books were, I recollect, 'The Age of Reason,' 'The Rights of Man,' and 'Common Sense.' They were a kind of forbidden reading in our house, but I could not help tumbling them over, because they were forbidden.

"An early question with me was, why my father had been sent to hell. I feared to ask my mother, thinking that it would pain her greatly to tell me. I somehow connected the thought of it with these books of Paine's. It has therefore been a source of especial satisfaction to me in later years to know how great and useful and really religious a man Paine

was, and the debt of gratitude we owe to him as a nation. He was one of the founders of this government; one of the first, if not the very first man, in the nation, to propose the Declaration of Independence. He was the first man also to propose incorporating in our constitution from the beginning, the rights of women to full citizenship. He said sex could not separate taxation and representation; that it was absurd to try to found a free government upon any other principle. Thomas Paine was one of the first, if not the very first, to inveigh against the importation of slaves. If the fathers of our country had listened to Thomas Paine, we might have been saved the Civil War and the loss of a million men. In the first chapter of his 'Age of Reason' are the words: 'I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy. Infidelity does not consist in believing or in disbelieving; it consists in a man's professing to believe what he does not believe.' The quality of the man's patriotism and of his religious belief is expressed in that splendid sentence, 'My country is the world, and my religion is to do good.' I once chanced to meet a woman whose father was a grand nephew of Thomas Paine's. Although a church woman, she was very proud of her ancestor, and she

was able to prove to her minister, who had once spoken of him from the pulpit as 'an infidel, an atheist, and a corrupter of the men of his age,' that he was no infidel or atheist, but a bold rebuker of sham Christianity, the original documents proving all this being carefully treasured by her."

*Some day, when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall see an aged face
Calm in eternal sleep;
The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile may show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some day you shall know.*

—Eugene Field.

CHAPTER II.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 3, 1895.

My Dear Grandchildren :

I have been thinking for a long time that I would write some little account of my life; for I think the time may come when you will like to know more of your grandmother than you can remember. I think so, because I would give more dollars than I ever possessed to know more of my grandfather and grandmother than I do; and sometimes when I think for a moment of something that I want to ask old friends, or one of my older brothers and sisters, and the thought comes to me that I have no one to ask—for they are all gone—I am more strongly than ever impressed that I ought to tell you something of the story of my life.

As a child I grew up very much by myself. My mother had a world to do; my sisters were all paired off with each other, and I think I was not a very welcome child. I do not wonder at it, because my mother already had eleven children, and my older sisters did not want the care of another child. I felt when I was very young that I was in the way, and

that it was a trouble to take care of me. I used sometimes to wish that I might die, because I thought nobody loved me; but this drove me to my books, and I lived with my books as far back as I can remember.

The district school was very near my home, and I have heard my mother say that I began to go to school when I was three years old. There were no kindergartens then, and children were sent to school to keep them out of the way. I can remember learning my letters, the teacher pointing them out to me in the spelling-book with the point of her penknife. I thought I should know as much as one needed to know when I could read.

The first story that I can remember reading was "Pilgrim's Progress," and I remember hearing one of my brothers say to my mother, "Do take that book away from the child. She doesn't know what she is reading, and she will make a fool of herself by trying to understand those stories!" I remember telling my mother that I did understand the story, and I am sure I did know a great deal more what it meant than they supposed I did.

I read the "Children of the Abbey" when I was nine years old. One day my brother came into the house and asked my mother if Lucinda couldn't go and watch the gap in the fence, so that the cattle in the next field wouldn't get in the orchard while they were drawing grain out of the field. I went slyly to

the bookcase cupboard and took that book with me. Sitting on the sunny side of the great straw stack that early autumn day, I read the "Children of the Abbey," marking the places that I thought very beautiful and learning them by heart, and crying over some of the pathetic scenes.

Being left alone so much, I learned to love books greatly, and to live with them. The characters in books early became real friends to me, as living as living friends. The children in our neighborhood were never companions to me in this respect. They did not love books, and the characters in them were not real characters to them as they were to me. I early became aware of this, and I felt hurt a great many times about being laughed at when I attempted to tell them what I had gathered from my books.

My brothers and sisters were all great readers, and my brothers were largely instrumental in establishing a library in Hinesburg, and a lyceum in connection with it. It was the first lyceum that I ever heard of, and its meetings and the debates that were carried on by my brothers and the other young men who belonged to it were the earliest literary entertainments that I ever knew anything about.

I used to go sometimes to visit at the homes of my married sisters. I remember visiting one of them when I was about nine years old and of being dreadfully homesick. I had a great fright there once when

I accidentally touched one of the swinging partitions that separated the great ball-room that went the whole length of the house, up-stairs, from the three smaller rooms. I had never seen anything like it before, and I thought the house was coming down. I remember once of being so very homesick there that I walked six miles, little child that I was, to get home. I was brought a part of the way by some one who was coming from the town where my sister lived, toward my home; but I walked the last six miles all alone.

On one occasion one of my sisters set me to ironing a white dress for her, and she spoke very encouragingly, which pleased me, and I thought I would do my best. But I couldn't make it look like the work of a laundress, and I remember that she finally came and pushed me away from the ironing table, saying, "You are good for nothing; you never will be!" This made a great impression upon me, and I think it has guarded me against speaking in a discouraging way to children. I felt that I couldn't do anything, and that nobody loved me.

I remember once of being sick, and I drew up in a low chair near the great kitchen fire-place. I can recall bending over the ashes of the decayed fire, the chills running over me, and wishing I had some one to pet me and ask how I felt, as I had seen the mothers of some of my playmates do; and I thought I would just as soon die as not. My mother had so

much work to do that she had very little time to pet me or talk with me. It is a great pity for parents to have so much to do that they cannot talk with their children and be companionable with them.

The town of Hinesburg, my birthplace, was situated about midway from north to south between the two college towns of the State—Burlington on the north, and Middlebury on the south,—the stage road from Burlington to Middlebury running directly by our house. The town was also situated about midway from east to west between the foot of the highest peak of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain. I am sure that my whole life has been greatly influenced by the location of my childhood home, and the intellectual atmosphere surrounding it.

I have been all my life a very early riser, from the love of being up early. I am sure I owe that habit to the surroundings of my infancy. I somehow always felt that something was lost out of a day if I did not see the sun rise over Camel's Hump, a peak of the Green Mountains, a little northwest of us, and if I did not watch the lengthening shadows from the west run up that peak, and the sun set, as I believed, in Lake Champlain. Almost the first thing that I can remember is sitting on the great unsmoothed marble block that formed our much-used doorstep, and looking toward Lake Champlain to wonder whether the sun really went down into the lake at night.

The marble block was no evidence of wealth or luxury, but a kind of memento of my father's interest in a then almost valueless marble quarry. The country had not then developed to the art use of marble. There were few great public buildings of marble, and few private marble fronts in Northern Vermont then; so that our doostep was made of inexpensive material, as well as something with which there were pleasant associations. The jams of the great kitchen fire-place and the broad hearth to the same were of the same marble; and there was nothing incongruous, to us, in using marble for the kitchen fire-place, and making the jams and hearth of the parlor fire-place of brick.

I have been a great lover of animals all my life. I believe I owe to that love almost the first enjoyment in life that I can remember—feeding my kitten from a marble “saucer,” as I called it. In our kitchen fire-place hearthstone there was a hollow, flaked out from the beautiful white marble by the carelessness of the workmen in laying the hearth, and I was permitted to feed my cat and dog there with the foam of the warm milk as it was brought from the cow-yard. The marble was as fine and white as the piece I am now tempted to take down from the shelf to compare in memory with the stone of our doorstep. The piece on the shelf is one over which the hands and chisel of Phidias himself may have passed. I picked it up at the foot of the Parthenon, it having evidently become detached from its sculptured frieze.

The mention of our fire-place hearth and door-step ✓ has awakened ten thousand childish remembrances, and summoned an innumerable company of the "choir invisible" around me; for both the door-step and the broad hearthstone have very tender associations. Spot, my black-and-white cat that I fed morning and evening, made me a lover of cats from that day to this. Her fur was as soft as sealskin, and she was never rudely driven from her warm and sheltered nook; and she never returned anything but kindness for the kind treatment given her. Ponto, the dog, was a dog-saint, and he earned his saintship in this wise:

My father owned woolen mills, long before the days of steam, when the great water-wheel was turned by a fast-flowing stream. Going down to his mill one morning, the dog of one of his workmen came running toward him, and, with an appearance of great distress and anxiety, pulled at his trousers, then ran back down the stream, and again returned, greatly excited, to try and induce my father to follow him, which he did, and found that a little boy, the child of the workman, had fallen into the water, been carried some distance down stream, and was lodged against a large rock in the middle of the stream. As soon as the dog saw that my father was aware of the case, he ran into the river, seized the child and, with great difficulty brought him to the shore, for he was not a large dog; but it was in time to resuscitate the child

and save his life. Not long after this occurred, my father heard of the child's father trying to sell the dog. My father bought the dog, but he dismissed the workman; for he said he would not employ a man who, for mere money, would dispose of a dog that had saved his child's life. I was brought up with Ponto, who was "folks" as much as any of the family. Under these circumstances I learned to approach animals on their best side, and a dog never snapped at me; and a cat never scratched nor bit me. It was a lesson that kindness begets kindness, which could not have been taught by precept alone.

Situated as we were, between the two college towns, we generally had in the winter, as a school-master, a student from one of the colleges. Ours was the nearest house to the district school-house, and it was the custom, always in those days, for the teacher to "board around;" but, as nearly as I can recollect, the teacher seldom went farther than our house to board. My mother always said that the board was a small affair; and we felt that the teacher amply paid for his board by his good company. I am sure that my tastes as to books, love of books, value of libraries, etc., were very much influenced by these associations. We almost always had college-bred ministers, and, though I can recollect some very hard things in the Puritan orthodoxy of those times, I recall ministers and schoolmasters to whom I owe a vast deal.

When I was twelve years old, all the enterprise

and enthusiasm and material resources of the country town of Hinesburg were enlisted to build an academy; and before I was thirteen years of age I was a student in this academy. When I first began to go to this school, I walked every fine morning from my home, which was two miles distant from the village; and I remember I used to pass the "whipping post," which was the monument of a stage of civilization which was then passing away, though this method of punishment was still used in my early childhood. At the time to which I refer, however, it was mostly used as a kind of bulletin board, on which were advertised stray cattle, special town meetings, etc. It was erected for its original purpose on the slope of the great church green, with a vast space around it to accommodate a goodly crowd of spectators. I remember, also, standing on tip-toe to look into the window of the debtor's jail, nearly opposite, to see the man who was incarcerated there for debt. How his face saddened me all day! I recollect hearing that subject discussed in my home in an animated manner, and decried as a thing unworthy of our civilization. I recollect, also, that the insane were in some instances treated with great inhumanity. I went with other school children several times to see a crazy man who was kept in a cage, similar to the cages in which lions and tigers were kept at the "shows."

When I was fifteen years old, I taught my first school. An older sister had married and gone to live

about seven or eight miles from home on a farm that belonged to her husband, and I was employed to teach the summer school in that little district. I enjoyed the teaching very much, but the neighborhood was a very lonesome one to me. The people were entirely different from those at home; there were few that read anything; and I was at times very homesick. I went home once a month on Friday night, to stay over Sunday, and returned to my school Monday morning. I recollect very well how I counted the days till I could go home and that they went very slowly. Still, as I look back upon this time, I can see that these days furnished some very good lessons, which have helped me all my life.

I recollect my sister's home was very near the foot of the Green Mountains, and I enjoyed the scenery exceedingly. Many a piece of poetry, too, has since been a great comfort to me, from being interpreted by that mountain scenery and the brook that ran in the space. I learned, too, that among very common people who had not read many books, there was often a vein of common sense that made their conversation really instructive.

In our own town all the influential people were very religious, and the very narrow prejudice prevailed that nobody could be respectable without belonging to the popular church. I looked down upon the Methodists and Baptists, of which there were a

few in our neighborhood, with a kind of contempt; but here where I was teaching they were nearly all Methodists, and I found that my prejudices had been many times ill-founded. Then there were several families in which I boarded who did not believe in any church, and I had always heard such people called infidels. I found, however, that they had a standard of morality higher than that of many church members—a higher standard of justice and of true righteousness. This was a puzzle to me; it afforded me a study, and I derived from it lessons which have followed me all my life. It has led me to discriminate more carefully as to what Christianity really is. I heard more harmful gossip in some of the families of church people than in other families who were thought to have no religion. I found, too, that these latter had read many books of which I was ignorant. Altogether, this experience led me to think twice before I made up my mind about anything. When I went home in the fall, from this first school teaching, I went right into the academy again and pursued my studies; and the next summer I taught again.

*Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God himself. Thy
Soul is but an emanation from the whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea,
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll;
Go seek them—but let pilot Will control
Those passions which thy favoring winds can be.
No man shall place a limit on thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe
In thy Creator and thyself. At length
Some feet will tread all heights now unattained—
Why not thine own? Press on; achieve! achieve!*

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.

Mrs. Stone's school-day experiences in academy and seminary are thus told by herself:

I think the love of study and of teaching was natural to me; it was an inheritance. In tracing my ancestry back to my Puritan forefathers, I find that my direct ancestor, Robert Hinsdale, was the first man in America to propose free schools. This was in 1638, in Dedham, Massachusetts. Another ancestor was among the founders of Harvard college. Although a poor man, schools were the object for which he was most ready to give, though the sum might seem like the widow's mite; and in each succeeding generation I have found ancestors who were active workers in establishing common schools, academies, lyceums, clubs, and churches. I do not know that I ever applied for a school or a situation in my life, but I have been a teacher ever since I was fifteen years of age.

From the academy in my native town I went to Middlebury Female Seminary, which ranked among the first of ladies' seminaries in that state. At that time a woman's education would not have

been considered at all complete without the "finishing touches" of a ladies' school. Shortly after my arrival I was asked to instruct some classes, which I did. When very young I had had unusual advantages in French under a teacher who had been educated in France; so I was deemed competent to teach a class in French. I was particularly fond of geometry, so a class in geometry was given me, by the teaching of which I paid for my music lessons. To one of my pupils, some years older than myself, mathematics seemed unconquerable. One day I had been over a theorem in the fifth book of geometry again and again, trying to make her understand it, and at last I said, "Now, Miss Agnes, don't you understand that?" She looked very downcast, sighed, and said: "Yes, Miss Hinsdale, I do understand it; but I don't feel it here," putting her hand on her heart, "and for truth's sake I won't say I do." This has been a lesson in truth-speaking to me all my life.

While at Middlebury Female Seminary I learned how superior our home academy was in thoroughness of instruction to a ladies' seminary, and I returned to the academy for more thorough special study and partial teaching, whence I was called to teach in Burlington Female Seminary, the principal having asked for a teacher who had been educated by a man. I was recommended to her

because of having been taught by men, and with young men. While teaching, I always found an opportunity to pursue special studies under special teachers.

While a student in the young ladies' seminary, I often felt irritated by the petty rules of the place. It angered me to be headed and followed by a teacher in our walks for exercise, and to be watched and guarded in going to and from church as well as everywhere else. We were as closely secluded from all society of gentlemen as we would have been in a convent, being guarded from a call from one as though it were a deadly sin. We were forbidden to bow to a young man in the streets, though he might have been from our own town. Indeed, there was a kind of proscription and conventionalism both as to conduct and study in this school which not only prevented the pupils from doing original work in their studies, but militated against the development of character. The school was governed by very strict religious rules: we had prayer-meetings without number in the school buildings; we were expected always to go to church, and to the church prayer-meeting once a week; we had a great deal of religious instruction at morning prayers in the school. But notwithstanding all this, there was a greater evasion of rules and more deceitfulness practiced in regard

to meeting gentlemen, than I had ever seen in all the years of my attendance at our academy. Hence, my experience has taught me that it is folly to try to contravene the laws of nature. The stricter the laws against all association of young men and young women, the stronger the inclination to break them. Young men and young women will seek one another out in some way; hence, as a teacher, it became a study for me how best to direct their association during those years when both are pursuing an education.

My school days in the seminary made a deep impression on me in favor of co-education, and awakened an irrepressible desire for the higher, more thorough, college education for women, which should cure the affectation and pettiness of school girls,—in short, give them something worthy to live for and to do for others.

Mt. Holyoke school, at the head of which was Mary Lyon, had come very much into vogue while I was in the Hinesburg Academy, and I had made up my mind to go to Mt. Holyoke and finish my school course there. But the trustees of the Hinesburg academy were making a strong effort to do something noble for that institution, and my minister persuaded me that it was the right thing for me to stay at home. "Go right into the class with the young men fitting for college," he said, "and

pursue the same studies that they do. Greek and Latin are as good for you as for them." He knew I could keep pace with them, and that I would enjoy those studies as well as anything I could get at a ladies' school. He urged loyalty to a home institution upon me so strongly that I yielded to his advice and stayed at home, entering a college preparatory class. I took up, with the young men, the studies required to enter Burlington or Middlebury college. In my class was a son of William Slade, afterward governor of Vermont, one of the first abolitionists of the time, also a son of Senator Allen, afterward our minister to some foreign court.

I not only kept up with the young men students, but studied French and music extra. I do not know that I ever fell behind them, and we enjoyed going down academy-hill talking over together a Greek or a Latin sentence in all its bearings, just as well as if we were boys going to college together. I can remember some things in which they were ahead, or quicker to perceive than I, yet in some other things I was ahead of them. I always took greater interest in the people of Greece and Rome than they did. I wanted to see the places where the characters in the Iliad and the Odessey lived, and I wanted to know more about the Greek nation—the character of the Greeks themselves—than they did. In many things I was a help to them,

and in many more they were a help to me. We enjoyed our student life together very much, and I think were a help and an inspiration to each other. I was sorry to part from them when they graduated from the academy, and went on to college. Talking it over with a companion, I just breathed out what I felt, "O, I wish I could go to college." But I had gone a step too far. My remark was repeated and ridiculed. Our postmaster took it up and talked and gossiped about it with people who came into the village post-office. He proposed that the people of Hinesburg send in a petition to the Vermont legislature to have Miss Hinsdale admitted to the university by special privilege. I doubt if I ever cried so much over any other *faux pas* that I ever made, or felt so hurt by the innocent expression of any wish. But this remembrance was a strong incentive in working to make Kalamazoo College co-educational, and in seeking to pry open the doors of the University of Michigan to women students. But even then I had not thought of women as professors in our university, which afterward came to me as a thing very desirable on a great many accounts. One step always leads to another.

I did not enter Vermont University, but I have lived to see the institution opened to women. A niece of mine, who was a great deal better prepared to enjoy and improve its privileges and advantages

than I was, was a member of the first class in which women were admitted to that university. I have lived to see all restrictions withdrawn, and all odium upon a woman for going to college removed. I have lived to see the University of Michigan—a much larger institution than Vermont University, opened to women, which I should never have so earnestly desired and worked for but for this passing unhappiness; and it has always seemed to me a special and beautiful reward of justice that a girl of my own town was the first woman to enter its doors, though a thousand have followed her since; and, moreover, it has been opened to a woman professor, and will, doubtless, yet be as open to women professors as to men. I did not dream of such advance when I simply breathed forth the wish that I could go to college, because I so much enjoyed the studies that I had chanced to pursue with the young men in Hinesburg Academy.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

*"When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flower of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!*

*"Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
'No,' say thy mountains; 'No,' thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people.*

*"When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, 'Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! thine are they,
Thy children, as thine angels fair.
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people."*

CHAPTER IV.

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF SLAVERY.

By Mrs. Stone.

While teaching in Burlington Seminary, I received an invitation to go to Mississippi to teach in the family of a wealthy planter who lived near Natchez. This was one of the most wealthy and aristocratic neighborhoods in the State. The first impressive event that I remember of this new life was, that in driving from Natchez to my new residence, we passed through a slave market on a market day. Although I had heard of slavery, I had no idea of it. A girl stood upon the block. The auctioneer was showing off her good points, making her open her mouth to show her teeth, use her limbs in various antics (as he would show off a young colt) to test her agility, while he chuckled, wheedled, scolded, and threatened, by turns, to make her do her very best. It seems strange to me now that I could have lived through such a scene, but I am not the same person or being now as then, else I could not have borne it. In looking back to that time, it seems to me that I must have been benumbed, or had not the same senses that I now

possess. To me there can be no greater proof of the doctrine of evolution and the "Ascent of Man" than to contrast the impressions produced upon me then, by such scenes as I was compelled to witness, with the effect they would have upon me at the present time.

I found myself in a cultivated, Christian family. They owned several hundred slaves. My pupils were four girls and one boy, the oldest one being fourteen years of age. They were as bright, sweet children as I ever saw, and were very kind and considerate to their servants. Few slaves have fallen into the hands of such kind masters, but one could not shut out the sights and sounds of the institution. Stories of the unimagined cruelties of slavery would come out in tales told carelessly by the children and by the servants, and one was obliged to be a daily witness of its horrible characteristics.

At one time our usual morning horseback rides before breakfast were omitted for about two weeks, as Edmund, the colored servant (a bright, handsome young fellow), was unable to accompany us. After morning horseback rides were resumed, one day as Edmund was riding along beside me—the girls dashing off at pleasure wherever they chose—he told me about the teacher in the family who preceded me. I think he was a gentleman from Prince-

ton College. Edmund was praising him very highly, and telling me what a gentleman and scholar he was, but, lowering his voice, he said:

"But, Miss Lucinda, what do you think! He was an abolitionist, and he had to escape."

"What is an abolitionist, Ed?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied, "but its something dreadful; for when it was found out that master was a dreadful abolitionist, he had to get away the best way he could, and he died on his arrival in Cincinnati."

The case was as follows: This teacher had written a letter home, in which he had mentioned some of the customs of slavery which he had witnessed. It found its way to the *New York Evangelist* and back again to the neighborhood from which it was sent; and had he not escaped through the assistance of the lady who employed him as a teacher, he would have been exposed to lynching.

I recollect that one time a servant from a neighboring plantation was found almost senseless in the reeds and willows on the banks of a stream not far from the house. She was brought to the house, and I first saw her one day as she was standing under my window, where she had been brought; and the master of the house and the servants who had found her were trying by questioning to draw from her who she was. She was either feigning

madness or was stupefied and insensible from recent severe punishment. She did not seem to know her master's name or her own. Her discoverers were telling their master of the condition in which they found her in the reeds, and showing the gashes upon her shoulders and whole body. Her flesh was literally hanging in shreds. Mr. and Mrs. H. remarked that they knew very well whose servant she was, because of the inhuman punishment to which she had been subjected. I learned that it was not an uncommon thing for Mr. C.'s servants to die from the effects of punishment; yet this was a place where I was accustomed to visit. Their children were friends of my pupils, and they were very polite and kind to me, treating me as an equal. This illustrates the spirit of slavery.

One day the children were telling me of a visit to their uncle, who lived on a plantation in the country and owned a large number of slaves. He was a very rich man and was unmarried, but an old servant acted as his housekeeper; and Lizzie, one of my pupils, was telling me of her visit to her uncle's. "They are the queerest folks at Uncle William's that I ever saw," she said. "Why, in whipping a servant, they think nothing of cutting him all to pieces. When I was there, Uncle William thought one of the servants had been stealing, and he called him and said, 'Put your hand

down on that log,' and then he took an ax and cut off three of his fingers. Another servant he made open his mouth, and then took an instrument and pulled out every one of his teeth."

Now, this was a good man in many respects—kind to white people and relatives. Scenes like these I was obliged in a way to witness; stories like these to hear, and they were not uncommon. From the mistress of the family by whom I was employed as teacher, I often heard this expression, "The greatest curse of slavery comes upon white people." She told me of her brother's history. He had inherited a handsome fortune, been educated at West Point, and after his education was finished, he had been given the opportunities of a year's travel; but he came home, and sank to association with colored servants on the plantation, and at that time was acting as overseer on his brother-in-law's plantation. Forced by the agony that she was enduring, his sister confessed that her own brother could not mingle with the company that they continually entertained at their table, because he had associated with the negroes so long that he preferred their society to that with which his family mingled.

Another younger brother returned from a Northern college while I was there, and was fast following his elder brother's example to the same

ruin. I could not but see and feel myself that the greatest evils of slavery came back upon the doers of the wrong.

Garrison was right in calling slavery "the sum of all villainies." It had a branch root that fed every wrong and sin that a human being could commit or conceive; yet how insensible was I, a Northerner, to what was inwrapped in the very life of it. Jesus knew what was in man when he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." As an example of how it encourages and justifies theft—going down from my room early one morning, I had to pass the store-closet, the door of which was open; and old Esther, the cook, was there taking out her breakfast supplies. (She was a daughter, it was said, of Aaron Burr, and surely she was smart and cunning enough to be his daughter.) I noticed that, as she dipped her ladle in for the coffee for breakfast, she would dip a second time and put some into a bag, which she carried, laughing to herself, and saying, "I will take it, so there! I work hard enough for all I have, God knows." By this plea many a ham was taken off to the negro quarters and hidden under the floor.

What a different thing is crime and sin and wrong when seen from different standpoints. I often think what an awakening will come to us when

"Each in his separate star, shall paint the
thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are."

When Ed, the bright, handsome, scarcely-colored boy, who had told me, with suppressed breath, of my gentlemanly and scholarly predecessor's being obliged to escape—in a manner which caused his death—for the awful crime of being an abolitionist, he was himself so lame, gashed, and sore that he could hardly sit in his saddle, from the effects of the most severe punishment that, to my knowledge, was ever administered on that plantation. And for what? His master had given a great dinner party. Ed was the table waiter, a service which he performed to the pride and satisfaction of his master. Not one of the gentlemanly guests arose from that table as sober as this colored youth; but in removing the champagne glasses, he had been tempted to drain some of them, in which a little wine had been left, so that his master noticed that his hand was a little unsteady. That was a crime which could not be passed over, so the following night Ed was called to account for it, and suffered what was considered an orthodox punishment, which an uncommonly good master and a gentleman thought such a crime in a slave was worthy of. Real drunkenness, however, in a free man and a gentleman was all right. Ed was taken

to an outhouse, in the same building where my school-room was located, "strung up," as was the phrase, and the slave driver called to inflict the punishment. From my room I could see the place perfectly, and hear the boy's screams and pleadings for pardon, at first distinctly, but finally the voice became almost inaudible. The dear little girls, pale and trembling, came into my room, wringing their hands and crying: "We shall die, if Ed doesn't; we can't bear this. Good Ed! He is so kind to us! Oh, we can't live!" They flung their arms about me for strength to bear it. At length, seeking their mother, they persuaded her to go and "beg him off." Yet in this boy's ignorant prejudice an "abolitionist" was something dreadful.

All my life that experience has been a lesson of the influence of ignorant prejudice, sometimes called Christian, often indulged in toward different religious sects. I never yet heard a minister read the prayer of Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," with quite the accent, tone, and emphasis with which my inner heart heard it.

The young girl who became the wife of Jefferson Davis was a most intimate friend of my pupils, and often spent weeks with them, during which time she, too, was my pupil. She was a brilliant, charming girl, but not so tender, kindly, and loving as my Lizzie and Laura.

Years later, after the war, I met one of these girls. She saw my name as one taking classes abroad for study, and that I was about to sail for Europe with a class. Knowing that I would be in New York, she wrote begging me to come and see her, which I did. From wealth and luxury she had been reduced to poverty. She had lost everything, and the scenes that she described as having passed through during the war seemed almost beyond belief. She had seen her handsome, dignified father dragged down the steps of their noble mansion by the "Yankee mudsills" (of whom she could hardly speak with patience), their beautiful furniture thrown out like rubbish, their slaves let loose before them; but with all this, slavery had gone too, and she rejoiced that it had. She could look upon it soberly. "It was an institution that ought never to have existed," she said. But neither she nor I had had our eyes open to the real monster in the light of the true Democracy, the true brotherhood of man. You must come out of wrong before you can really see it.

I might have seen the wife of Jefferson Davis some years later, when I was in the same hotel with her at Montreal. I presume she would have received me courteously, but I did not seek the privilege of seeing her. She was not in a position to see the thing clearly, nor was I. I had not

gotten far enough from the monster to see it with any degree of clearness. Its character cannot be given with any degree of justness. It was the "sum of all villainies," degrading in itself, and the experiences here recorded do not give its worst character.

WAITING.

*Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! My own shall come to me.*

*I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.*

*Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me.
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.*

*What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.*

*The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.*

*The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.*

*Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Whate'er the storms of life may be.
Faith guides me up to heaven's gate,
And love will bring my own to me.*

—John Burroughs.

CHAPTER V.

HER WORK AS TEACHER IN KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.

From Mississippi, and her teaching work there, Lucinda Hinsdale went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where she spent several months with her sister, Mrs. Mary Hinsdale Walker. Here she was married on June 10, 1840, to James Andrus Blinn Stone, a Baptist minister then settled at Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Mr. Stone was principal of Hinesburg Academy during the latter part of Lucinda Hinsdale's student life there. "It was very evident to the other students," said another pupil of those days who afterward moved to Michigan, "that Mr. Stone was much attracted toward Miss Hinsdale," and their marriage a few years later occasioned no surprise. It would be interesting to read the correspondence that passed between these two earnest, gifted, and sympathetic young people (both of whom held strong abolition sentiments), during her years in the South and the months that followed. But the letters were not preserved, and Mrs. Stone lived so much in the present, even up to the close of her life, that no one ever gathered from her any incidents of her courtship, nor

what passed between them in correspondence. We simply know that James A. B. Stone came into her life as a teacher in Hinesburg, and that a few years later she became his wife. No one is left who can tell us more. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Ballard, of Grand Rapids, father of Mrs. Elizabeth Ballard Thompson, who is well known to Michigan club women. The sea-faring town of Gloucester, which Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward so vividly pictures in "A Singular Life," was their home for about a year and a half. Here their first child was born. Doctor Stone was then called to fill a professorship in Newton Theological Seminary. They remained in Newton until the spring of 1843, when he accepted an invitation to come to Kalamazoo, Michigan, to take charge of a branch of the University of Michigan established there.

When Doctor and Mrs. Stone went to Kalamazoo, Mrs. Stone had no intention of teaching, but the way opened, and she could no more resist the power which drew her to it than a magnet could be disobedient to its law of attraction. In writing of their educational work in Kalamazoo, Mrs. Stone says:

"My love of teaching grew with every day of my work. I think few teachers have loved their work as I have. To watch the development of a young intellect has been with me an enjoyment akin, I think, to that

which the artist feels in seeing his work grow under his hand, and I wish to insist here that the life of a true teacher may be full of noble enjoyment."

Referring to the more than one hundred and thirty young women students whom she was accustomed to meet in chapel exercises each morning in her department of the college and those unique and remarkably helpful exercises, Mrs. Stone says:

"Brighter, more intelligent, more lovely and spiritual faces I have never seen in any school or audience composed of young people. So marked and noticeable was this characteristic of the school that an old teacher of a popular ladies' seminary, visiting the college, said to me:

"Mrs. Stone, this is a beautiful assemblage of girls; there is really something peculiar, something very striking in their faces—a brightness, a spirituality that I think I never saw so marked in any school before. Study cannot be a dull thing to such pupils."

"Theirs were faces youthful, yet disciplined—soul-informed, beaming with a light irradiated from both the heart and the understanding. This, I think, was not a chance circumstance, but an effect of principles of study and methods of instruction.

"Those chapel exercises were the rising sun in whose light the pupils studied through the day. I have never met any of my pupils since who did not refer to them as a joyful remembrance—something

they could never forget, an influence which they have felt through all the succeeding years of their lives. The secret, I think, was this, and I record it for the lesson there is in it and as an affectionate tribute to any of my pupils into whose hands this record may fall:

“In these morning exercises the wall separating sacred and secular things seemed, without any design on my part, to have been broken down, or to have sunken of itself out of sight. Teaching had become to me not only one of the fine arts, but one as sacred as temple or cathedral building. Here, in the chapel exercises, as opportunity offered itself, I expressed what I so deeply felt,—that life was the finest of the fine arts; that it was full of days and duties which it was in our power to make sacred and joyous; that every hour might be a sacrament, and every day a true Sabbath.

“A few stanzas from a poem like Longfellow’s ‘Ladder of St. Augustine,’ Lowell’s ‘Vision of Sir Launfal,’ or something from Mrs. Browning, or a paragraph from an old author was used to paraphrase and further impress Scripture readings. These chapel exercises were in no sense formal, and they were as thoroughly prepared for as any recitation in school. The Bible was studied just as any other book would be. A very few verses only were read, and the true meaning of these, with any lesson they might contain,

was explained and impressed. I never took a hymn to be sung at random. It was chosen for something in it which would harmonize with the Scripture read, or the thought to be left in the minds of my pupils that morning.

"Very sweet is the remembrance of those communings of my soul with the souls of my pupils. It often seemed as though an inspiration came from their faces like a heavenly light, illuminating my own understanding of the passages chosen for the morning lesson. Many of them have since assured me that through the influence of these exercises they read the Bible, history, nature, and life in a new light, all intercommunicating, and each helpful to interpret the other. God was in all, the life and light of all."

Lucinda Hinsdale Stone was one of the greatest teachers of this or any other age. Her ideas and her methods are in harmony with the latest thought of to-day. This being true, it is not strange that forty years ago there were some who could not understand and appreciate her, and who considered some of her ways of thinking and doing as very heterodox and harmful. For example, complaint was made that a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* had been seen on her table. Current literature of this nature was not considered the proper thing for a teacher. Again, she had required of her pupils to commit to memory some of Byron's descriptive poetry in connection with cer-

tain history study which it was designed to thus illuminate and vitalize. Was not Byron an infidel? She had also recommended to her pupils the reading of "Ivanhoe," which was a novel. Such criticism and charges as these were considered of most grave and serious import by some, and there came a time when, to use her own words, "I felt I could never there realize my ideal of what teaching should be—more, that I could not retain my own self-respect and my position in the college, and I resigned in November, 1863."

This was a heart-breaking step, but a necessary one. I give in her own words the story of that parting day:

"Vivid as though it were passing to-day are the scenes of the day of my parting with the beloved pupils who had been more especially under my charge in Kalamazoo College. I had sent in my resignation to the board of trustees, but my pupils had no hint of it. I went as usual to the chapel exercises that morning. The lesson was the story of the Transfiguration. I read it as related in one of the evangelists, explained the circumstances, told them what it seemed to say to my heart and understanding, little comprehending what divine illumination would come to me through this sad experience, on Raphael's picture of that scene of earthly agony, complemented and interpreted by heavenly consolation. I had at that time

never seen more than a print or an engraving of that wonderful picture that I have seen many times since, and studied more deeply than almost any other picture that I ever saw. Verily,

'The passive master lent his hand
To the Great Soul that o'er him planned.'

"As a sort of paraphrase to this scripture of the Transfiguration, I read or repeated on this occasion parts of Mrs. Browning's 'Fourfold Aspect' (of life), or the successive transfigurations through which we see life, and the means by which, through all, we may ascend to a clearer vision of that which lies behind and before us. The poem was familiar to some before me, for it had, with others of Mrs. Browning's poems, been a class study.

"At the close of the exercises I simply told my pupils that circumstances were such that I felt compelled to resign my position in the college, and that after that morning some one else would probably fill my place there. I tried to tell them a little of what life would probably prove to most of them—a little plain sailing in a calm sea, and then a crisis of some kind; that life was full of crises like this, and we must meet them with brave hearts. I could hardly utter the words, for I felt that my own heart was breaking. Such a weight lay on it that it stopped my breath. My mouth was dry, and sometimes when I moved my lips to speak, I could utter no sound. I felt as if para-

lyzed; and when, on leaving the chapel, my pupils crowded weeping around me, and threw their arms around my neck with such expressions of affection and grief as I never thought to call forth in any one, I could not return their embraces by a word or a movement. I felt as if it were death creeping over me, and I more than half believed it was. I went home mechanically, threw myself on my bed, and lay for hours almost powerless to speak or move. I learned then for the first time in my life the meaning of 'stony grief.'

"At length the pulses of my feeling began to move, and remembering some papers I had left in my desk at the college, I roused myself to go after them. Coming back, I stopped in the path across the college park, and turned to look it an adieu. The college building had been erected at a cost to my own soul which none but my own soul, surrounded by circumstances which no other human soul can understand, could ever estimate. A dark cloud curtained all the western sky, when, as I stood gazing, my tears falling like rain, suddenly it lifted, and the setting sun burst forth, flooding the college towers with such a glow of light that they seemed ablaze; and in this sudden glow I read a promise, or heard my own thought voiced, or heard, as Paul and many another tell us they have heard,—I know not which,—'Behold a promise of illumination and enlargement that shall

come to your own soul through this day's sad experience, and through the liberation it shall effect for you.'"

The life of Doctor Stone as president of Kalamazoo College, and of Mrs. Stone as principal of the "female department," were full of arduous, though dearly loved work, and of the most exacting self-sacrifice. They not only gave of themselves to the uttermost, but they gave of their means freely and continually. "For many years," says a history of the college published in an old Kalamazoo directory in 1867, "the president of the college and the principal of the female department (Doctor and Mrs. Stone) maintained the instruction of the female department at their own expense, paying all the teachers. As, during this time, the expenses of the male department were some \$20,000 more than the tuition received, the trustees refused to make any appropriation for the other department until the fall of 1859."

Property whose value has now reached hundreds of thousands of dollars went lot by lot into the college, and to support the open house which their position required. So deep was Mrs. Stone's interest in a new college building for the girls' department that she personally subscribed the second largest amount pledged to the building. To pay this subscription she borrowed five hundred dollars on her own responsibility, and instructed the treasurer of the college to

withhold her salary as it came due quarterly, and apply it to this debt, lest she should, by pressing circumstances, be led to use it for other needs if it came into her own hands. This debt still hung over her like a pall, at the time of her resignation. Quoting from the history mentioned above: "Upon the resignation of Doctor Stone as president of the college and Mrs. Stone as principal of the female department, November, 1863, Mrs. Stone, acting upon the advice of Hon. J. M. Gregory, who has since assumed the presidency of the college, and several of the trustees, and yielding to a number of the leading citizens of Kalamazoo, opened a school for young ladies." This school was known as the "Kalamazoo Young Ladies' Seminary."

The resignation of Doctor and Mrs. Stone, very unexpectedly to themselves and to the trustees, resulted at once in the withdrawal of two-thirds of the students from the college; and when it was found that Mrs. Stone would conduct classes in her own home, by far the larger number of those withdrawing from the college applied for admission there. Of the more than one hundred and thirty young women students, not a score was left in the college. When this surprising and appalling result was realized by the trustees, Mrs. Stone was urged to return to her old position on her own terms. But experience had taught her that this could never be. She was then urged to leave Kalamazoo and establish a school elsewhere.

She could not feel called to make this sacrifice, and so continued her work in her own home in Kalama-zoo. This marked the beginning of a persecution which is the saddest chapter in Mrs. Stone's life story.

In writing of this experience, Mrs. Stone says :

"A denominational college was in danger on one side, and only one man and woman's interests on the other. It was the Inquisition over again, as far as the laws of to-day would permit. It was the cause of infinite suffering, but through it all came a clearer vision, a larger understanding of men and truth. It has given a meaning to the prayer of Jesus, 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do,' that I had not then at all comprehended. Neither did I for a long time afterward enter into the fullness of its meaning. I am convinced that under strong excitement a mental hallucination sometimes seizes people, and that it may become a kind of moral epidemic, reacting from one to another, until men are really transported out of their right mind, and their ordinary moral balance so disturbed that they do not know what they do. Not that they are not in some sense responsible for what they do, but the responsibility consists in having suffered themselves to get beyond the power of reason and safe control,—in cultivating a state of mind and morals that makes an act justifiable to their distorted vision."

Such was the encouragement given Mrs. Stone in

her home classes, despite the efforts against her, that she was obliged to erect a building and establish a regular school. This school continued until Christmas, 1866, when their large dwelling house on the hill, many rooms of which were used for school purposes, was burned. The handsome home of the late Senator Stockbridge now occupies this site.

In writing of this experience, Mrs. Stone says:

"Such friendship, such kindness, such sympathy, manifested in ready and efficient aid, it seemed to me could never have been shown to any one or ones before. I can never forget it. It has endeared and hallowed the place to me, and made me desire it above all others as my last home. There is a silver lining to the darkest and most threatening cloud; the sun still shines behind it, and though while you walk in the dark shadow you may not be able to believe this with a faith that brings any comfort, the illuminated side will appear some time, and you will recognize that an angel still walked beside you in the midst of that great darkness."

The following regarding her requirements of teachers in her school gives much insight into the thoroughgoing earnestness which characterized her life. It also affords an explanation of the real beginnings of club work in Michigan, through the stimulus of her Saturday evening teachers' classes, which came to be the real center of literary and educational culture and higher social enjoyment in Kalamazoo:

"I could never be content that my teachers should vegetate, any more than I could be satisfied to do so myself. A teacher's life should be, of all lives, a growing one. I required of my teachers a preparation for their class recitations. I expected them always to come to their classes fresh from a review of what they were to teach. I held that it was never safe to trust to a past understanding of a lesson, however simple it might be. This they the better understood, by knowing that I practiced what I preached. I never pretended to acquirements in anything I taught that exempted me from daily study and reviews. I told my pupils and teachers that I needed to add to my own knowledge in order to prepare for every recitation that was before me to hear. I recollect often to have placed before my teachers the example of Mrs. Siddons, who said that although she had personated Lady Macbeth more than a thousand times, yet she never went to a representation of that character without having freshly read the whole play, and she always found something new in it, was impressed with something more than ever before. A new light was thrown on some passage by every reading. I also encouraged my teachers to be always pursuing some study outside of and beyond what they were teaching,—a language, some branch of science, art, or literature, or to read some work in a foreign language with which they supposed themselves to be familiar, not stopping to scan the grammatical relation of the

words, as they had done in their school course, but reading for the purpose of becoming familiar with the thoughts of the writer as expressed in his native language. I urged them to read, read, read, until they forgot they were reading a foreign language. I advised and encouraged this, that they might feel in themselves continued growth, rather than die of routine work and mental exhaustion,—chronic diseases with which so many teachers “break down,” as it is phrased, and are sent to a sanitarium or an asylum for recovery, which ought never to have been necessary. Teachers, generally persons of more than ordinary mental endowments and culture, usually live much secluded from society, with little inflow from superior minds. The waters of the fountain within them stagnate, or they die of a kind of inanity—emptiness. In this way pupils are often defrauded of the services of inspiring teachers. Principals of private schools, superintendents of public schools, and school boards, defeat their own ends if they strive to get all that is possible out of their teachers, taking no thought or care for the soul or spirit of the mere mechanical instrument which they tax to its utmost limit. Broken-down teachers are often only worn-out machines. I could never regard the noble profession of teaching in this way. I must see myself that my teachers were growing, or I could not be satisfied with their labors. They, like the scribe of old, must be able to bring something new as well as old out of

their treasure-house daily. Pupils should always feel that their teacher has in reserve better wine than is offered. They should always come to the close of a recitation with regret and surprise that the time is up.

"In studies which I encouraged my teachers to pursue, as I could, I studied with them. I am sure my teachers will remember these little reading circles with pleasure. Sometimes it was a play of Shakespeare which we read and discussed, with some particular point in view that something had called up; sometimes it was a poem from Mrs. Browning; again, an essay from Emerson, or Ruskin, or perhaps chapters from the life or writings of Margaret Fuller. Sometimes we spent one or two hours, or even a whole evening, as leisure permitted, or the subject interested us. These readings were, I am sure, reflected in all the classes of the school. Each teacher gathered from them according to her needs something that vitalized and enriched her teaching. They were not teachers' meetings, which are generally considered as something to be dreaded.

"These home or school readings, which soon came to include persons outside the school, finally grew into delightful Saturday evening reunions, which I maintained for several years, and which filled my large parlors.

"Classes in historical studies connected with the Ladies Library Association were the outgrowth of

these Saturday evening gatherings, as were also many other classes connected with the Library Association. Also, the conversations in French and German, maintained for many years, were suggestions or developments of these classes."

During 1880-82 Doctor and Mrs. Stone spent much time in St. Clair, Michigan, as valued helpers in the educational work of the Somerville School, which was established there in 1880. The students of the classics in this school found the dryer, technical details of their earlier studies, and the interest of their more advanced work, greatly illuminated and sustained by Doctor Stone's deep knowledge and sympathetic treatment of all things Greek and Roman. His wide and accurate acquaintance with the history of the world's first empires, and with the evolution of thought, characteristics, and ceremonials, rendered his instruction invaluable to teachers and pupils alike.

The residence of these cultured and veteran teachers at the school was helpful in the extreme to its founder, Mrs. Caroline Farrand-Ballentine, because of their lively interest and cordial co-operation with the purposes and workings of the institution. Mrs. Stone shared enthusiastically in the large hopes for the establishment of a permanent and widely known college for women on the banks of the St. Clair river. Her teaching and personality shed a rare luster over

the school's first years, and contributed greatly to its rapidly gained reputation as a thorough and cultured home school for women. Somerville School of twenty-one and more years ago was a pioneer in our state in the endeavor to carry out, on a large scale, the combination of practical with advanced literary training, in the atmosphere of a carefully conducted home life. The life and work of Mary Somerville very appropriately gave name to the school. Established as a school of special aims, it flourished as a rare exotic in congenial surroundings, so long as these special features were harmoniously developed, and the highest attainments possible were demanded from each department.

Mrs. Stone shared the deep grief of the students and friends who loved "Somerville" when its name no longer stood for that upon which so many hopes had been builded, and its beauty and meaning had suffered eclipse.

Scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in lands over the seas, are hearts that beat in throbs of touching loyalty to the remembrance of the elder days of the Somerville School, when Mrs. Stone ministered as high-priestess at its altar of culture, and led the way to a clearer view of life's meaning and possibilities.

CHAPTER VI.
TRAVELING SCHOOLS.

Events recorded in the preceding chapter opened the way to a new work for Mrs. Stone, as she here explains:

"The burning of our house did not immediately break up my school. Neighbors kindly took in my teachers and young lady boarders. But it was teaching under such difficulties and disadvantages that the next summer I discontinued my school, to take a class of young ladies to Europe to continue, by travel, studies which they had pursued under my instruction in school. This was the beginning, as far as I know, of a practice now common, of teachers' taking classes to Europe for the purpose of studying history and art from the monuments themselves, which impart a life and reality to facts and events hardly conceivable by those who study without the advantage of travel.

"This was my second visit to Europe. I had been there once before with my husband, and experienced for myself the great advantages of European travel in illuminating the studies of history, literature, and art. Shakespeare's English plays will

be found quite another thing after having visited the old cathedrals of York, Westminster, Winchester, and Canterbury, and seen the tombs of many of those whose characters he has so wonderfully portrayed. Shakespeare himself is no myth after having visited, with an intelligent teacher, the place of his birth, and its neighborhood. Take up what play you will, you will find in it glimpses of the scenery around Stratford. The 'blue-veined violets,' of which his maidens sing, 'the daisies pied,' the 'pansies that are for thoughts,' and 'ladies' smocks all silvered white,' still strew the meadows of the Avon. It is wonderful how they speak to us from the poet's pages, after having talked with them in their homes.

"The same is true of Scott, and Burns, and Wordsworth. All will be studied in a course of English literature with an entirely different spirit and understanding after a few months, or even weeks, of travel in England and Scotland. I have always, therefore, greatly encouraged travel in Europe, not as a finishing of the education, but as a part of a course. I do not approve of sending American girls to Europe to be educated, but I most earnestly advocate the advantages of European travel, intermingled with the opportunities afforded by our own best schools.

"I have eight times conducted classes to Europe

for the purpose of study, and always with profit to the young ladies. The advantages of European travel for study, over a trip made merely for pleasure and Paris shopping, cannot be overestimated."

The idea of a traveling school or class was thus inaugurated in 1867, and fortunate indeed was the young woman who had the privilege of a year or more in one of these classes. Mrs. Stone's long experience as a teacher of history, art, and literature, as well as of modern languages, had well prepared her for planning and carrying out a most interesting and valuable itinerary of travel. It meant hard work for her and for the young women, but hard work was her life. She counted not the cost in effort of anything which seemed to her worth while to achieve for herself or for her pupils. And she never gave up. Whatever she set herself to do in the way of study or research she always somehow attained; and she possessed to a remarkable degree the power of inciting a love for study and research in her students, which made their hardest work a pleasure. One can work hard without hurt if there is "joy in the working," and there was always this in those associated with Lucinda Hinsdale Stone. Said a member of one of her traveling classes to me, "She was the most enthusiastic, persistent searcher for the real and the true, whom it has ever been my fortune to know."

No parties ever went abroad before hers in so thorough and so complete a way and with so fine a leader. There was the preparatory study and the study on the ground; the reading about things after seeing them, and then the seeing again after this last reading; and finally the crystallizing of impressions of things seen, into notes. Thus a true and lasting impression was made.

In a "club talk" in later years Mrs. Stone gave some hints to travelers which are a key to the methods used in her classes: "You will find it most profitable, first to inform yourself thoroughly by reading all you can about a place you expect to visit, before leaving home, and afterward by repeating the reading on the spot. With such preparation you may make your visit to a great cathedral like that of Chester, which, with all the assistance you can get from the best guides to be obtained, will be found sufficiently confusing until after the first visit you have carefully reviewed your guide-book and compared what you have seen with plans there given. This second reading you will find very different and far more enjoyable than your preparatory study. Names of the parts of the building will here come to have some real meaning to you; you will review and recall them intelligently, and in a third visit, if you are fortunate enough to secure one, they will come into clear and beautiful distinctness. Most American travelers make simply one hasty

visit to such a place. It is a mistake, and especially is it a mistake to take a mere hasty glimpse of the first great cathedral one visits. Another mistake is to spare or grudge the money needful to obtain the very best guide it is possible to get. Ruskin's advice in this respect will be found sound. He says: 'Whatever else you economize about, let it not be about paying for a good guide,' and, let me add, for good guide-books and maps. You cannot afford to grope your way through places that at best you have too little time to see. I have felt the difference in the enjoyment of visiting a place,—a cathedral for instance, about which I had some education, knew something of great events of history connected with it; of distinguished persons whose tombs were within its walls; or of the curious and significant sculptures and paintings that recorded the faiths or superstitions of other ages,—and in visiting one about which I knew almost nothing until by chance I came upon it in some route of travel."

In Mrs. Stone's travels no pains was spared to secure the best obtainable interpreters of history and art, as guides. Now it was a university professor, and again some noted archeologist whose interest in his specialty made him a willing instructor of so interesting and interested a group. They always saw and heard the most famed statesmen,

orators, and ministers who were to be heard, while in any city. Herbert Spencer, William Morris, Dean Stanley, Victor Hugo, Spurgeon, James Martineau, Moncure D. Conway, Gladstone, Disraeli, and scores of others, were seen and heard, and some study made of their life and work. It was a feast of intelligent hearing, seeing, and enjoying of the best, everywhere, under a teacher of rare powers and gifts. Little side journeys to people and points of interest were continually being planned by her. The home of the Bronte sisters was included in one of these. She knew all that the best literature contains of fine description, and these descriptions were their guide-books in travel. The "Lady of the Lake" was one of the most valued of these. The "Marble Faun" was a guide to Rome. They visited the veritable Hilda's tower. Everywhere it was a continuous process of happy, progressive school work. One of her traveling pupils says: "We continually studied as we traveled. Before going to any city or to see any cathedral or famous work of art, we each had our essays to prepare and a certain amount of reading to do, and thus always went prepared to see to the best advantage. We would always go in groups, and Mrs. Stone would converse with us on the subjects of our study and sightseeing, on the spot. There was always great range and variety to these conversations and

studies. At times we engaged a guide and went into the lower parts of large cities in order to study the condition of the people. These excursions were made a text for interesting discussions of sociological problems. The homes and haunts of literary men and women were visited; the literature of each country studied as nearly as possible under the conditions which produced it. At that time many American ladies going abroad made great pretense of showing their wealth, but this Mrs. Stone would never allow us to do, and we were always compelled to dress plainly, and be modest, unassuming, and respectful in our behavior, and economical as to the expenditure of money."

It was her custom to carry a spirit lamp; and as soon as it was light, a cup of tea and a biscuit were taken, and then she was off to some church or cathedral for several hours of study before breakfast.

Many chance experiences of much interest and help came to them. Mrs. Stone was one to secure the attention of any great searcher after light and truth, and the fact of her traveling school added to the respect and attention which she would naturally have received. They met Dom Pedro in a most interesting way as a fellow traveler. When Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer were in Egypt on their wedding tour, Mrs. Stone and her class were at the same hotel with them for two weeks.

Mrs. Stone had a supreme genius for making the most and best of travel, for her students. Literature, history, art, biography, people, conditions,—everything,—was illuminated to them through her power to bring the best to best use at the best time.

But Mrs. Stone never attempted the business management of her travels. There was always a business manager for the party, who made all plans as to trains, hotels, carriages, etc., and who carried the common purse and kept careful and strict accounts. Sometimes this was her son, James; on one occasion it was her daughter-in-law, Mrs. C. M. Stone. Mrs. Stone was in no sense a business woman. Her genius for management did not extend to business matters. She was an easy prey of the unscrupulous. To use the words of one of her pupils in commenting on this characteristic, "I never knew any one so utterly without guile." She was the embodiment of honesty and sincerity herself, and she expected it in everybody else. On one occasion she had been commissioned to buy some expensive lace for a friend at home. The purchase was so valuable that the hotel keeper recommended her to carry it in her hand-bag. She chanced to say this to some of her party, not taking note whether there were others to hear. Not long afterward they met a gentleman and lady who seemed to have fallen by chance into the same plans for the day

which Mrs. Stone had marked out for her party, and they became quite friendly. The gentleman was very attentive to Mrs. Stone, and as she was stepping from a boat offered to take her bag to relieve her. The matter slipped her mind for the moment; she had come to regard these people as of their own party. But neither the man nor the woman was ever seen again.

Mrs. Stone's incapacity for business detail extended to household affairs. She was an ideal home-maker, but the details of housekeeping worried her; and fortunately there was rarely any great need for her to take on these cares. During many years of her married life, Doctor Stone's mother was with them. She was the typical New England housekeeper, and everything was perfectly looked after under her management. On one occasion when Mrs. Stone chanced to be left in charge of affairs, she said to a neighbor with great earnestness, "Do tell me how you manage to get a dinner without using every knife, fork, and spoon in the house, in the cooking."

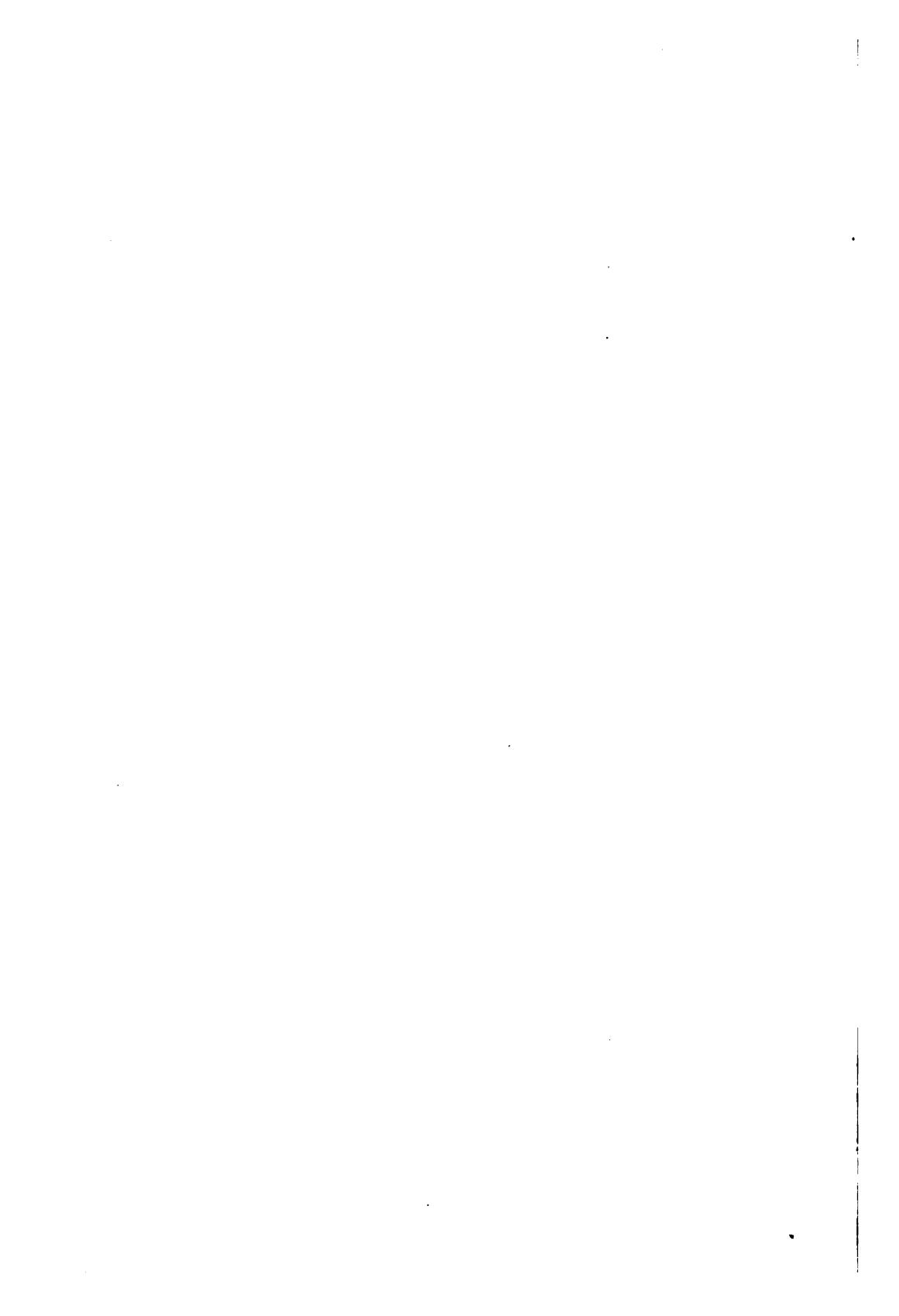
While she was always dressed with the greatest taste and care, even to the last, yet the planning of her wardrobe and the care of it was a burden to her. Her absent-mindedness about putting things in their proper places, while absorbed in her work, was the occasion of much gentle and good-natured

raillery on the part of Doctor Stone. He often declared he could not find a pen or a pencil where Mrs. Stone was at work, and he once asked a neighbor, with great seriousness, if both herself and her husband kept their clothing in the same closet, and how they managed,—Mrs. Stone's clothes always hung everywhere. He wondered if it could be because she had so many.

The home life of father, mother, and children, in the Stone home, was ideal in its companionableness and perfect sympathy of interests. Doctor and Mrs. Stone always worked together. He was as great a teacher as she, so say their old pupils in the college and the girls' seminary. He drew out and helped his pupils to develop their own thought, and gave the needed help at the right time and in the right way.

Mrs. Stone was interested in all that made for progress, and whenever possible she attended the great national conventions which brought leaders together to discuss educational, scientific, sociological, and other living questions. In 1886, with a party of former pupils, some of them married and accompanied by their husbands, she attended a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Ann Arbor. Such conversations as they enjoyed when they came together between meetings were a treat and a luxury! It

was indeed a feast of reason and a flow of soul. Some of the party were at a hotel, but most of them were with Mrs. Stone at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. C. M. Stone, who had turned her whole house over to the occasion. The hotel-stoppers begrudged every moment away from the charmed circle, for they knew they were missing the best of the convention. They finally flatly refused to stay elsewhere than with Mrs. Stone. They would eat anything or nothing, but they could not miss those conversations. "It was an occasion of a lifetime," said one of the party to me. At a great banquet given by the citizens of Ann Arbor during the convention, Mrs. Stone was taken to the feast on the arm of the president of the association. This compliment was the source of much pride and pleasure to her old pupils.





J.A.B. Stone

CHAPTER VII.

SKETCH OF DR. JAMES ANDRUS BLINN STONE.

The lives of Doctor and Mrs. Stone were so inseparable in interest that the story of her life would be incomplete without at least a brief sketch of the noble man who walked by her side for nearly half a century, and who was always her sympathetic counselor, comrade, and companion:

"James A. B. Stone was born in Piermont, New Hampshire, October 28, 1810. He was educated in the district school of his native village and fitted for college at Royalton, Vermont. In 1834 he was graduated with high honors from Middlebury College, Vermont, having sustained through his college course a high reputation for scholarship and character. He was made tutor in the same institution immediately after completing the course. From Middlebury, he accepted the position of principal in Hinesburg Academy, which flourished under him greatly for two years. He was a natural teacher, and in teaching, lost sight of every other thing in promoting the best interest and progress of his pupils. No one under his instruction ever forgot him or the benefit they received.

Mr. Stone possessed the remarkable faculty of kindling in his pupils a desire to know, an enthusiasm for study. There were few dullards in a school of which he was teacher. He knew personally every pupil in his school and everyone knew him. He contrived to find out some way in which a love for the study of something could be awakened in the dullest. His influence in this respect will never be forgotten while one remains who came in personal contact with him.

"From Hinesburg, Mr. Stone went to Andover Theological Seminary, where he remained for three years. His first settlement as a minister was at Gloucester, Massachusetts, which place he left to fill the professorship of Biblical Literature and Interpretation for Dr. Horatio B. Hackett in Newton Theological Institution, during his absence for a year or two of study in the German universities. This he did with great acceptance to students, trustees, and Doctor Hackett himself.

"In 1843 Doctor Stone received a call to a small Baptist church in Kalamazoo, and also to take charge of the 'branch' of the University of Michigan, located there. There were eight of these branches in the state, which, when they were established as feeders for the university, or schools preparatory to the university course, it was supposed would be as permanent as the university itself. But after a few years, the state funds

not proving sufficient to maintain these branches, appropriations ceased to be made to them.

"Very early after the first settlement of Kalamazoo, the Baptist Convention of Michigan had founded there the first literary institution in the state, called the Baptist Institute. This had been suspended when a branch of the university was located in Kalamazoo, upon a promise made to the trustees of the institute that if they would suspend instruction in their school, the Baptists might nominate the principals of the branch. But when the branches were cut off from the university, there was no longer any reason for suspending instruction in the institute, which was therefore revived and, mainly through Doctor Stone's efforts, converted into Kalamazoo College, for which he was instrumental in obtaining a charter from the legislature and of which he was made president,—a position which he held nearly twenty years.

"To this work Doctor and Mrs. Stone gave the best years of their lives in service as arduous, unremitting, and unselfish as was ever performed. No thought of self ever came between them and their educational work. There was also connected with Kalamazoo College, a theological seminary, at the head of which Doctor Stone was placed. So flourishing was the college under Doctor Stone's administration that it sometimes numbered four hundred and fifty students, and the standard of scholarship was very high. From this

standard there was a great falling off upon his resignation, which occurred in 1863.

"While Doctor Stone was employed the greater part of his life in teaching, he still found time to bestow considerable hard work upon other pursuits. His experience as a journalist began as far back as 1838. He was for several years editor and publisher of the Kalamazoo *Daily Telegraph*, his three sons assisting him in the work. He was also postmaster at Kalamazoo four years, during President Grant's administration. He was at one time president of the Michigan State Teachers' Association, and afterward president of the Michigan Publishers' Association. A number of his sermons, lectures, and addresses, and numerous letters from Europe and the Orient, have been published from time to time. He visited the Eastern continents twice, spending at one time several months in different Mohammedan countries, including Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Asia Minor, and visiting Troy, Constantinople, and Greece.

"Doctor Stone was eminently a public-spirited man, and in all the educational, intellectual, and benevolent interests of Kalamazoo and the state, he took a deep interest, giving to them, time, labor, and money, according to his utmost ability. The arduous labors of his life told seriously upon his health during the last five or six years, during which he was subject to paroxysms of terrible suffering, which he bore with

great patience and cheerfulness, often gaining his breath after one of them with a look of death upon his face, but with a joke so characteristic as to provoke irresistible laughter in those watching with intense anxiety to see if the heart-beat or the suspended breath would ever come again. But as soon as his breath was restored, his book, a newspaper, or writing, was resumed, and scarcely any allusion was ever made to the suffering endured. He died instantly, seized with one of those paroxysms of pain, while on a visit to his son, James H. Stone, in Detroit, May 19, 1888. In his literary tastes he was a great lover of the old classics, especially Homer, which he read up to the last days of his life, sometimes inviting in the young people and explaining to them passages in the wonderful Iliad and Odyssey, and showing them how Schliemann's excavations, in which he always took great interest, had corroborated Homer's story. So thumbbed and marked are his Bryant's translations of those great poems, which he greatly admired and which he closely compared with other translations and with the original Greek, that it would seem, as has been remarked by persons coming into his library, 'as if Doctor Stone might speak from either of these volumes.'

"Doctor Stone had the spirit of a true reformer. He never asked who had embraced this opinion or that, or 'Is it popular?' but rather, 'Is it true or right?' Thus, though brought up in the Congregational faith,

educated in a Congregational college and theological seminary, he was convinced from his own study of the Scriptures that immersion was Scripture baptism. To the great astonishment and disappointment of his fellow-students in Andover, he was baptized and joined a little Baptist church, a most unpopular act in that stronghold of Congregational orthodoxy. So, too, with the most unpopular anti-slavery sentiment among the Andover students, he avowed his cordial acceptance of the doctrine, his firm belief in it and its ultimate triumph. He would go down to Boston from Andover to hear Garrison and Wendell Phillips, in the days when Garrison was led through the streets of Boston, hooted and stoned by the mob, with a tarred rope around his neck. From the first utterance of anti-slavery sentiments in the seminary, Doctor Stone said: 'This, my brothers, is the true gospel; the infidelity is on the other side; no man can believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, accept Christ's teachings in the Sermon on the Mount, and believe in the righteousness of slavery at the same time. This new truth is God's truth, and it is sure to prevail.'

"It was the same when the question of woman's suffrage came before the public. He said: 'This is right; it is the natural, and must be the inevitable, evolution of the Declaration of Independence. Taxation and representation are inseparable—must be in a true Republic.' From this opinion he never wavered, al-

ways expressing it on any occasion when his opinion or vote was called for. He always said that Mary Wollstencraft struck the keynote in this subject nearly one hundred years ago, when she based man's rights on human rights—woman's suffrage on the rights of all suffrage and the rights of human beings.

"Doctor Stone was also a believer in co-education, and did more than any other man in the State to secure the admission of women to the University of Michigan. He thought they had a right to all its privileges and it was for them to decide what they wanted to study. Men could not judge for women, any more than women for men, as to what tastes they might indulge, or what they were to do in life. He was not a fanatic in anything, but he never made any compromise with expediency. Much of the trouble which caused his resignation from the presidency of Kalamazoo College arose out of his insisting upon an open, rather than a purely Baptist corporation, for the college. He wanted Kalamazoo College to be an educational institution, not merely a Baptist college. As such he wanted it to take hold of the people of the city and state, and be a moral and intellectual force.

"Of no man who ever lived could it be more truly written as an epitaph upon his tomb: 'With malice toward none and good will toward all, lived and died this man.' "

The following tribute to Doctor Stone is from one of the most devoted of his pupil-friends, Miss Mollie V. Gibbs, of Kalamazoo:

Doctor Stone was a great lover of books, and a wide and omnivorous reader. Barring one department in literature, I think his reading must have covered every line that a first-class publishing-house might issue, in science, poetry, the arts, and philosophy, but I believe he never *enjoyed* a modern novel; I do not remember to have heard him quote from Thackeray, Scott, or Dickens, though lines and whole stanzas from his favorite poets were ever springing to his lips to embellish or emphasize some thought or story. I often wondered at his indifference to a good novel, as he was one of the best narrators to whom I ever listened; no matter what the subject of conversation, or who his listener was, he always had a "that reminds me," and off he would take one into the storehouse of his great memory, where always a treat was waiting, with never a dull or lagging thought, for he took it for granted that his listeners were as well informed as himself.

His sense of humor was ever a pleasure to himself and friends; and wit, keen and sharp, even though directed at himself, when no malice accompanied it, was enjoyed by him; but woe to the unfortunate wight who thought he had scored against the Doctor; for in some quiet moment, when the guards were up, down would come his good-natured revenge, accompanied by

his jolly, ringing laugh, covering the former victor with confusion.

After failing health obliged him to give up, first his ministerial work, then the control of his newspaper, he refused with scorn to be an idler. Hence, gems for the women's clubs, in whose progressive mission he was a sincere believer, columns for the state papers, lectures and debates on important themes, occupied his busy leisure until he went abroad the second time, accompanied by Mrs. Stone and a party of ladies. His letters during this trip are among my most valued treasures, revealing, as they do, his richly-stored mind. Almost every one who takes "the tour" feels the inclination to blossom into print, if never before; but how incomparably few are capable of giving the accurate description of what the American eye sees, and the story that is revealed between the lines to the cultivated American brain. In this respect his letters are gems.

His home life and home relations have left an ideal memory. He was proud, in the best sense, of his family. The fact that his ancestors for generations back had been teachers was ever a source of pleasurable speculation with him, as he watched his children's children develop. I shall never forget the evening he came over to our house and related with much gusto, that he had just discovered a branch of the Stone family of which he had lost track from the time of their going West years before, but that he had just been

informed they had located (I think) in Southern Illinois, "and," said he, "do you believe it, Mollie, every one of the adult members of that family is a teacher!"

In Doctor Stone's college life, in his experiences as a teacher, minister, lecturer, traveler, and newspaper man, he had been thrown with some of the most distinguished men of his time, both at home and abroad. Only mention the name of some public character at the moment of special interest to the public, and one could see by the brightening of the eyes, the quickly erect position in his chair, that he had something to say. Sliding so close to the edge of his seat that it would be impossible to advance farther without falling off, he would give a rapid *ahem! ahem!* and then begin to tell an anecdote about that man or his family that would invariably illustrate the topic in hand, throwing light on motives or methods of the character better than any previous information. So wide and so intimate was his knowledge of people that his family would often jokingly inquire if So-and-so were classmates of his, little thinking he knew anything about them; and he would answer seriously, "O yes, I know them well." I once heard his son say that it would be a strange car-load of people that his father could walk through and not find two or three acquaintances aboard, whether the train pulled out from San Francisco, Chicago, or New York. I have seen him claim acquaintances on the "Dancing Bridge" at Lucerne, on

a midnight train in London, and in Pere La Chaise in Paris.

As an evidence of how high he held a genial nature, I once remarked in an indifferent tone that I did not know a certain old settler in Kalamazoo. "Well, Mollie, I am sorry to hear it," was his reply; "take the first opportunity to meet him; learn to know and like all people, and inform yourself about their affairs; the more we know of people, the better we are able to understand life."

The following is the record of the births, marriages and deaths in Doctor and Mrs. Stone's family and the families of their children:

Clement Walker Stone—Born May 30, 1841, Gloucester, Massachusetts; married Miss Carrie Moore at Mooreville, Oct. 12, 1863. Births: Charles Perce Stone, Kalamazoo, December 24, 1869; Carrie Lucile Stone, Roscommon, May 13, 1880. Charles Perce Stone married Miss Louise Marie Schirmer at Saginaw, Aug. 24, 1892. Born to Charles Perce Stone and Louise Marie Schirmer (Stone): Clement Albert Stone, at Saginaw, November 26, 1894. Clement Walker Stone died October 3, 1887, at Kalamazoo.

Horatio Hackett Stone—Born December 7, 1843, Kalamazoo; died March 4, 1870, Kalamazoo.

James Helm Stone—Born July 19, 1847, Kalamazoo; married Miss Margaret Clare Webster, at Ply-

mouth, New Hampshire, December 3, 1879. Births:
Samuel Webster Stone, Detroit, October 24, 1881;
Lucile Hinsdale Stone, Detroit, February 19, 1883;
James Blinn Stone, Detroit, March 11, 1884.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road.—*Homer*.

*There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

*Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

*I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,*

*The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.
I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.*

*Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are
strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

—Sam Walter Foss.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MRS. STONE.

By Mrs. Lucia Eames Blount.

Mrs. Stone became a part of my life before I can remember. She and my mother were intimate, as only two congenial women can be, who are pioneers in a new country, and among the first settlers in a small village. Having been teachers before and after their marriage, and both having had such an education as in that day was very seldom given to girls, they were naturally drawn more closely together than they otherwise would have been. My mother kept a select school before Doctor and Mrs. Stone came to Kalamazoo, and at three years of age I was one of the pupils; but before I was eight years of age I was going to Mrs. Stone at the "old branch," and, quoting from one of the lines she wrote in my copy-book, "I love to think on mercies past." I count it one of the greatest mercies of my life that I was privileged to enjoy her instruction to the very last of her life.

One of her rare qualities was that she never grew too old to learn, or to search eagerly for more truth;

and what was more marvelous still, she so inspired her pupils that they never felt their education was "finished," or could be, while they lived. She was absolutely free from bigotry. When I look back to that time, and remember what the old Baptist doctrines used to be, as propounded by their minister, I wonder how Doctor and Mrs. Stone could have remained so long within that fold as they did. Their influence was always for the widest interpretation and the broadest charity for all mankind. My father was for years a leading skeptic; and when at last he yielded, it was only the judicious treatment given by Doctor Stone that brought him even as far as he came. At the examination into his fitness to join the church, my father said, "I believe as much of the Bible as I can;" and Doctor Stone had the wisdom to see that such a statement was far more for him than whole chapters of belief from another type of man.

I remember one evening when a pouring rain prevented the students from leaving the hall where a strawberry festival was being held, and the whisper went forth that those young people were probably indulging in a dance! Mrs. Stone was reported to have said, "Poor things. I hope they are dancing, it will help them to while away the time." When it is understood that in the eyes of her Baptist brethren, to dance was to commit an almost unpardonable sin, it can be

seen what a broad-minded woman she was, even when a leading member in a church with a narrow creed. She was always most devout and religious, but she sometimes incurred the same censure that was given Christ when he ate with publicans and sinners, or when he plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath day.

She was very fond of music, and had her favorite songs that she used to ask us to sing, particularly on Friday afternoons when she gave us her memorable "talks." I suppose much of her advice fell upon stony ground during those years; but I know that nearly all that I am I owe to her; and I am sure that her talks, on every conceivable topic of manners and morals, which were so often spoken of by her pupils in after years, did more to form our characters than any other influence that was brought to bear upon us in the formative years of our lives.

Never a strict disciplinarian, she made more out of us, or rather inspired us to get more out of her instruction, than the strictest one among the professors could ever have hoped to do; for she always interested us, gave us something to think of and work for. She used to read to us in the history class from books we could not have access to, and then require us to bring an abstract the following day of what we had heard. I have always considered the drill I received in that direction one of the most valuable of my acquirements. I was able to go to a lecture, remember each point made, with the illustrations given,

and the following day write a most complete abstract of the lecture, getting each point in its proper order.

One of my most valued possessions is a long letter which accompanied a Christmas gift of a package of assorted stationery from her to "her little errand-girl," as she called me. I was very proud of the title, and of the gift, but most of all of the letter, which I understood better as I grew older, as she said I would do; but I did not realize then as I do now, what a wonderful thing it was for a busy woman to take an hour of valuable time to write a long and serious letter to a child,—a letter whose advice and suggestions have never been outgrown.

I never knew any one who had such a gift for knowing the very best things to read, and putting others in touch with them. I miss to-day her wise recommendations of the best things, which never failed to be just what I most needed at the time.

She was most generous in lending valuable books to her pupils, whenever a subject was under consideration that required some research not found in our text-books. I used to wonder how she could be so willing to let them go into the hands of those who did not know how to care for books; but although they were sometimes lost or injured, yet I think the benefits received by the girls more than over-balanced—in her eyes—the loss or injury. I remember she once remarked to her class that she would much

rather they would scratch the faces of her children than to deface her books; for the former would heal again, while the latter were irretrievably ruined.

Even in the morning devotions she was sure of finding some new way of putting an old truth, so that it should become real and vital to us. It was during the War of the Rebellion that so many beautiful poems by Whittier and Holmes appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*; and often she would have them reprinted on slips and placed on our desks, to be sung to some familiar tune. One such in particular made a great impression on me. It was that beautiful one by Holmes, beginning:

“Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory beams from sun and star.
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.”

I thought then it was the most beautiful hymn I had ever heard. We sang it to the tune of Dundee, and I never hear it now but I am carried back nearly forty years, to the morning in chapel when we first sang it.

Mrs. Stone was a most indefatigable worker. Nothing was too hard for her; no effort too great that yielded any new truth for herself, or enabled her to share it with others. In fact, possession with her meant sharing with all who would or could partake. As one of her poet pupils has so well expressed it:

"Long years a gleaner, thou hast sown
Thy garnered holdings broadcast with a great
And generous gesture; eager, early, late,
Untiring hast thou wrought."

She began the study of German at fifty, and always carried a French or German book in her pocket when traveling, that she might snatch a few moments on the train, or while waiting at stations. Never was a moment wasted. As she never spared herself, so she taught her pupils to be generous in word and deed. We were taught, among other things, how to be agreeable as guests; never to take anything for granted, and above all to be punctilious about such little things as postage stamps, or even the smallest thing we borrowed from each other—that because of its very smallness we must never forget to return it.

She was an ideal traveler, always looking carefully after the comfort of those she had in charge, but never insistent upon her own rights; and, to the shame of human nature, I must say that she was often imposed upon by those who failed to appreciate the quiet, unselfish putting aside of her own preferences, even when satisfying them could have inconvenienced no one. I remember once, after she had seen that her pupils' orders had been properly filled, she ordered a cup of tea for herself, and coffee was brought instead. She was going to take it. "Didn't you order tea?" said I. "Yes," she replied, "but it doesn't matter about me." "Indeed it does," said I; and it was a delight

to me to see that all was made right. I have come to the conclusion, after several trying experiences, that it requires more grace to travel with people one month than it does to live in the same house with the same people one year. There is nothing that serves to show what manner of creature one is, like a trip abroad. If there is a grain of selfishness in one's make-up, it is sure to show there. I have a rich store of memories of our trip to Egypt together, and I have never ceased to rejoice that I was privileged to look after her comfort on that trip. I was in a constant state of indignation at the lack of consideration shown her by those who should have venerated her, and much of the trip was spoiled for me on that account; but there were amusing incidents that helped to make it bearable.

At a foreign port it was noised about that an English nobleman and his wife were stopping at our hotel, and some of the tuft-hunters watched for their appearance in the dining-room. Finally a handsome and showy couple entered, and our Americans managed to sit next to them, and were very gracious indeed. Mrs. Stone was pushed from her accustomed place farther down the table, next to a very plainly dressed, ordinary looking old couple, whom nobody noticed, or seemed to think were of any more account than the old lady who sat next to them. True to her instinct, Mrs. Stone entered into quiet conversation with them, and found them most charming, genuine

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people, and for two days they were left unmolested to exchange ideas on all subjects that would interest such people. Then suddenly the appalling discovery was made that the flashy people who had been receiving so much attention were ordinary tourists; while Lord and Lady ———— had been having a delightful time with Mrs. Stone. It was laughable to see with what hot haste the tables were turned; but for once it was too late—the mischief was done; and what had been meant for a slight was really a blessing in disguise.

I shall never forget the day she and I climbed to the roof of the temple at Philae. The sun beat down with terrific force, and reflected into our faces from the white roof. Umbrellas offered little relief, and Mrs. Stone, who was over seventy years of age, nearly fainted; but she found some wonderful records of the resurrection of the body there, and at another temple the idea of the immaculate conception was all carried out on the walls, two thousand years before Christ. It was a liberal education to go sight-seeing anywhere with her. She was a born teacher, and a spiritual mother to hundreds of young people, who now rise up and call her blessed.



CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF MRS. STONE.

By Mrs. Julia Beerstecher Thomas.

In 1861, having entered Mrs. Stone's department of Kalamazoo College, it was my good fortune to become a member of her family, and for six years I had the rare privilege of enjoying the ennobling friendship and inspiring teachings of both herself and Doctor Stone; for in all essentials they were one, and ever encouraged in the young people about them, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

The friendship formed during this time lasted to the end, and for nearly forty years no shadow dimmed its luster. Doctor and Mrs. Stone never seemed as teachers and masters, but rather as older and wiser companions and friends; nor do I remember any impatience on their part, or complaints about our shortcomings. They both possessed the happy, not to say "divine," faculty of seeing others at their best, and had unbounded charity for our faults, as if evil were only perverted good, and by their belief in us they led us to believe in ourselves, thus ennobling our lives.

As an example of this, I recollect that Mrs. Stone, after giving the pupils a little motherly lecture on "order," offered as a prize for the best-kept room during the school year, a fine copy of one of the poets. Books were not as plentiful and as cheap then as now, and I coveted the promised volume, but deprecatingly remarked that I should never win it on those conditions. Mrs. Stone, turning to me, said, "Just try; you may be the very one to get it," and I was. It was a set of Longfellow, duly inscribed, which I shall ever count among my treasures.

The lessons received in this wholesome, moral and intellectual atmosphere were not imparted so much in the class-room and from books as in daily companionship and conversation, especially at the table. Their great knowledge of life, their large circle of friends, their wide acquaintance with literary people and books, their own vast mental resources and fund of wit and wisdom, made association with them a liberal education. They always had time to devote to us, read to us and with us, and made us love the English poets as smaller children enjoy Mother Goose. I once asked Doctor Stone how he knew what all those poets wrote and sung, and how he could always turn to the right place for the right thing. He explained that it was mostly by association, and that he had once devoted an entire summer vacation to becoming acquainted with the contents of a complete set of the poets which

he owned—an excellent suggestion, by which I greatly profited later. Mrs. Stone was always helpful and suggestive, and never lost an opportunity of elucidating or illustrating her meaning or teaching from some of the books always at hand. Her books were at our service and, like the treasures of her mind, always accessible, and not imprisoned behind glass doors with lock and key. She encouraged storing the mind with beautiful thoughts in prose and verse, as one would adorn a house with rare pictures and statuary, saying that such a fund had been of great value and comfort to her and others in long, sleepless nights, or while waiting for railway trains, or to while away the tedium of the sick room. She would have us know by heart all of our national hymns, and the words to all familiar church music and favorite psalms and Bible chapters. Her selection of hymns for morning worship in school was full of meaning and suggestion, and no ordained priest ever unfolded the beauties of the Bible with more clearness and profit than did that sincere, devoted, truly Christian teacher in her daily expounding of the simple words of our Lord. Her exposition and application of the parables was simply an inspiration, and no one either before or since, has ever made a noble, unselfish, true Christian life seem so natural and attainable to me.

Unselfishness was the basis of all her character, and she was continually making personal sacrifices to help

others on. I recollect her giving up a summer trip, of which she was in much need, to buy an outfit for a poor young man starting out in life. And at another time she did without a new winter garment to enable an old German widow to have a cistern of her own. These are but instances of the practice she kept up through life of denying herself for the benefit of others. Although burdened with many cares, and leading a most laborious life, her hospitality was ever cordial and generous. No one at all worthy ever appealed to her in vain. Every noble ambition was encouraged by her, and the calls upon her sympathy and assistance were continual. Any woman with a mission, real or otherwise, found a patient, listening ear, and the flickering flame of many an embryo genius was fanned back into life by the breath of her kindness. For many years a frequent visitor at her home, I do not remember seeing any aspirant leave her door unheard. If of silver or gold she had none, of such as she had she freely gave. There was always one more place at her board, and room for one more guest under her roof, even when the house was full. I recollect her devising impromptu accommodations for the explorer, Du Chaillu, out of the library, by having the book-cases moved forward and placing a cot in the improvised alcove behind them. Nothing that she did for others seemed an effort—it was so natural for her to be kind.

I once remarked to her to that effect, and smilingly she quoted,

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Her great heart was open not only to all humanity, but extended to the animal kingdom, to dogs particularly, the largest and most savage-looking of which she stopped to pet on the streets and talk to as if friendly acquaintances. Her own pets grew to be most intelligent. All her pupils in the early sixties will remember the "yeller dorg," as the boys called it, her constant companion, which attended all class exercises, sitting up in a chair next to hers, and showing the utmost decorum. We used to think that "Prince Stone" could do almost everything but talk. He died of old age, and was succeeded by "Jim Stone," a very learned terrier of the modern school, whose faithfulness to his mistress ended only with life. If a boy, no matter how wicked or vicious, only loved a dog, or nursed a sick cat back to health, or tied up some stray bird's broken wing, in Mrs. Stone's eyes there was hope for the lad.

A lone old Frenchman had gathered about him to people his solitude, various disinherited, wandering, mongrel curs, for which he made a home. He once had the opportunity of saving the life of the child of a very rich man, who as a reward presented him

with a large family Bible. The recipient could not read. Hearing of the incident, Mrs. Stone feelingly exclaimed, "Oh! why didn't he give him another dog?" Her sympathy for suffering animals was particularly wrought upon during our trip through the far East, where she gave expression to the hope that there might be a heaven for them somewhere in the hereafter. The abused donkeys, starving dogs, and overworked camels never had a more earnest champion. On one occasion while wandering with her in the suburbs of Beirut, Syria, in search of the reputed spot where St. George slew the dragon, we came upon a group of camels being laden with stones, held in nets of heavy rope. One of them, unable to rise under his load, was being unmercifully beaten by the driver. Mrs. Stone, although not conversant with Arabic, plead for the poor creature in the universal language and tone of pity, which the man understood. With gentler handling and a lessening of the load, the camel soon stood on his feet, but there was something so pitiful in the trembling of his lip, and pathetic in the great tears that rolled out of his sad eyes, that the brave woman put her hand to his huge gray face, and patting it, whispered close to his ear, "You'll tell the Lord, won't you?"

Her sense of justice was most keen, and yet ever tempered with mercy, often finding excuses and extenuating circumstances for offenses which to others seemed unpardonable. She thought that much of the

sin and wrong of this world was due to ignorance and unfortunate inheritances and surroundings; but she insisted on truthfulness, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Among the college songs was a parody on "Where! oh where! are the Hebrew children?" representing each member of the faculty riding his or her particular "hobby" into the Promised Land. Mrs. Stone's was "Truth," to wit:

"Where! oh where! is the good Lucinda?
Where! oh where! is the good Lucinda?
Where! oh where! is the good Lucinda?
Gone over to the Promised Land.
She went up on Truth unvarnished,
She went up on Truth untarnished,
She went up on Truth unblemished,
Way over to the Promised Land."

The "good Lucinda" was more amused than displeased with the mode of transportation assigned to her. Her sense of humor was very keen. How quickly she seized a situation or saw the point of a joke, and how her fine gray eyes lighted up with mirth at the recital of a witty story, or even of a bright conundrum, or in relating, as she often did, some funny incident or experience. Both she and Doctor Stone had a great fund of stories and anecdotes ever ready, and when at leisure to indulge in the lighter vein, were fascinatingly entertaining.

One incident more I will mention, which has always

remained indelibly engraved on my mind, because it is so characteristic of Mrs. Stone. I went to her on one occasion, hoping to beguile her into seeing a certain question in a light which would have been highly advantageous to me, materially considered. It was simply a matter of breaking an engagement made with the principal of a home school, in order to accept another far more desirable and remunerative, but later, offer from Colorado. Mrs. Stone listened patiently to my eloquent argument, and simply said "No, it would injure the school, it would be wrong, and nothing ever repays one for doing wrong." I need hardly add that I did not teach in Colorado.

I have made no attempt at a careful delineation or subtle analysis of Mrs. Stone's character; that were beyond my power. I have simply drawn the outline of a few of the pictures with which the chambers of my memory are so replete. I might multiply indefinitely instances illustrating her many-sided nature as revealed to me in the course of a long intimacy, and yet the best would remain untold. Her life was a constant benediction; and, gone from our mortal sight, she is still present to our immortal sense in the work she wrought for us, in the good she did to us, and in the love she gave us.

*Somewhere the spirit will come to its own,
Through tear-mist or star-dust, from circle to zone;
In the scent of dead roses, in winds, or in waves,
From the gold of the sunset to flower-kissed graves.
Sing on, and trust ever! be steadfast! for, see!
The true and the lovely are allies with thee.
Stretch up to the heights the brave toilers have trod;
Somewhere there is recompense—everywhere God!*

—Helen Hinsdale Rich.

CHAPTER X.

THE OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN TO
WOMEN.

The story of the admission of women to the University of Michigan goes back of 1870, that memorable year when it actually came true. There is record that in a faculty meeting twenty years before, in 1850, "an application was received from a young lady for the privileges of the university so far as to be permitted an examination in all the studies and, if passed, to receive the customary degrees." But it is not stated what reply, if any, was made to the young lady.

At a state educational convention, held in Ann Arbor as early as 1855, Dr. Erastus O. Haven, then a professor in the university, spoke in favor of opening the institution to women. As president of the university, in 1867, the opportunity came for him to do something to bring this about, but he seems to have experienced a change of view. Speaking of his early advocacy of co-education in the university, Doctor Haven says in his "autobiography": "So far as I know, the subject had not been

suggested before. It was considered wild and insane. Not a member of either faculty approved it, but usually it was regarded as rather a dangerous joke on my part."

"In March, 1858," says Elizabeth M. Farrand in a "History of the University of Michigan," published in 1885, "Miss Sarah E. Burger announced to the board of regents that a class of twelve young ladies would apply in June for admission to the university; and three at least did so. Decision was postponed until September, when a lengthy report adverse to the admission of women, was made by Regents McIntyre, Parsons, and Baxter. * * * The objection was to *co-education*, and in the association together of young boys and girls, unrestrained by parental influence."

From the same source it is learned that President Henry P. Tappan and the entire faculty of the university were opposed to the admission of women, and that in September, 1858, the board of regents adopted this resolution:

"That to adapt the university to the education of both sexes would require such a revolution in the management and conduct of the institution, that we think it wiser, under all circumstances, both in respect to the interests of the university and the interests of the young ladies, that their application should not be granted, and that at present it is in-

expedient to introduce this change into the institution."

Application was again made in 1859, and again refused. But people were beginning to think, and the matter came to be much discussed, pro and con, in newspapers and elsewhere in the years that followed, to 1870. Doctor and Mrs. Stone were among the very earliest advocates of the measure, and their efforts did much to hasten the result. So deeply in earnest were they in giving young women equal opportunities with young men, that the young women's department of Kalamazoo College was maintained at their own expense for a number of years. Kalamazoo College in those days prior to the Civil War was really a larger institution than the university itself. Doctor Stone pleaded with President Tappan for co-education in the university, and spoke for the measure before the state legislature.

In 1867 the subject of admission of women again came before the board of regents, this time through the state legislature, which, in that year, declared unqualifiedly for the admission of women to all the rights and privileges of the university. President Haven's opinion on the subject as stated in the President's Report of 1867 is here given:

"I am confident that such a change could not be made without a radical revolution that would

require a large expenditure of money, and give totally new character to the university, and infallibly be attended by a temporary breaking up of its prosperity and success."

In his Report for 1868, however, President Haven reviewed the subject of the admission of woman, and, yielding to the position of the legislature of 1867 and the pressure of a growing public opinion, he recommended in a mild way the admission of women to the university. This resulted in the passing of the following resolution by the legislature of 1869:

WHEREAS, The legislature of 1867 declared as its deliberate opinion that the high objects for which the University of Michigan was organized, will never be fully attained until women are admitted to all its rights and privileges; and

WHEREAS, There is a general and growing feeling throughout the state in favor of furnishing to the young women of the state all the advantages for education furnished to young men; and

WHEREAS, The president of the university declares as his belief that the best method for Michigan, in furtherance of this object, would be to make provision for the instruction of women at the university on the same conditions as men; therefore be it

Resolved, That the board of regents be requested to take such action as may be necessary to carry into effect this recommendation of the president of

the university, as soon as practicable, without prejudice to the best interests of the same."

In April, 1869, Regent George Willard, of Battle Creek, a strong friend of the measure, presented to the board of regents a resolution, "That in the opinion of the board no rule exists in any of the university statutes which excludes women from admission to the university."

This was laid upon the table. The subject was again brought before the board on January 5th, 1870, by Regent Willard, who presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the board of regents recognize the right of every resident of Michigan to the enjoyment of the privileges afforded by the university, and that no rule exists in any of the university statutes for the exclusion of any person from the university who possesses the requisite literary and moral qualifications.

On motion of Regent Gilbert, the resolution was temporarily laid upon the table. It was afterward taken up on request of Regent Willard and passed, the vote standing as follows:

Ayes: James A. Sweezey, of Hastings; Cyrus M. Stockwell, of Port Huron; George Willard, of Battle Creek; Thomas D. Gilbert, of Grand Rapids; Jonas H. McGowan, of Coldwater, and Joseph Estabrook, of Saginaw.

Nays: Edward C. Walker, of Detroit; Hiram A. Burt, of Marquette.

The university was now open to women. Mrs. Stone chanced to be in Ann Arbor when the resolution was passed. On her return home she went at once to see Miss Madelon Louisa Stockwell, a graduate of Albion College and a student afterward of special branches in Kalamazoo College. Through the advice and influence of Mrs. Stone, Miss Stockwell made immediate application for admission to the University of Michigan.

Here is a letter to Miss Stockwell from acting-President Frieze in reply to a letter of inquiry:

Ann Arbor, Jan'y 10, 1870.

Miss Stockwell:—

Since the receipt of your letter of inquiry the regents have adopted a resolution which in effect removes every obstacle to the admission of ladies into the university. The qualifications for admission, of course, are those which you will find specified in the catalogue. You can pursue the studies of any class in the university which you are qualified to enter, upon examination.

It is true that I should have given ladies permission to be examined for entrance, even without the recent action of the regents, because there was

a tacit understanding that I should be sustained in such a course of action.

Very respectfully yours,

H. S. FRIEZE.

Miss Stockwell had only hoped to pass the examination admitting her to the sophomore class in the classical course. To her joyful surprise, she was found fitted to enter the junior year, and she became a student in the University of Michigan on February 2, 1870, less than one month after the passage of Regent Willard's resolution.*

In writing Mrs. Stone soon afterward, Miss Stockwell says:

"My examinations in the various authors with whom an acquaintance was required were longer and more severe than those given the young men. Whether this was because the professor wished to

*Miss Alice Boise (afterward Mrs. Wood) was a student in her father's Greek classes in the University of Michigan from September, 1866, to Christmas, 1867. In writing of this experience in an article in *The Inlander* of April, 1896, Mrs. Wood says: "Just when the thought formed itself in my father's mind of taking me into his class room, I do not know. I remember, however, vividly, an event which occurred at the close of our last public Greek examination in the high school, in June, 1866. Our teacher, Professor Lawton, stood near his desk; at his right stood President Haven of the university; at his left my father; before him President Haven's son and my father's daughter. Suddenly my father laid one hand upon the shoulder of young Haven, and one upon me; then, gazing earnestly at President Haven, he said in impassioned tones, 'And your son can go on, but my daughter can not!' * * * None of my father's colleagues in the faculty, except his assistant, Professor Spence, approved of the admission of women."

escape the charge of partiality, and so leaned too far the other way, or whether it was from curiosity to see what I knew, I cannot tell. Among other passages in Livy I had the celebrated crossing of the Alps and the destruction of the Titans, and the soliloquy beginning with, 'O divine ether,' in 'Prometheus Bound,' which is in itself a senior study, but I had read it the year before. The professors were kind enough, but they were severe.

"As an instance of the irony of fate, the very first recitation I ever made in the university was to give this translation from the 'Antigone' of Sophocles: 'But it behooves us in the first place to consider this, that we are by nature women, so not able to contend with men; and in the next place, since we are governed by those stronger than we, it behooves us to submit to these things and things still more grievous than these.'"

In a later letter to Mrs. Stone, Miss Stockwell says:

"The young men of my class were, without exception, very kind to me throughout the course. But this I can hardly say of the young women of Ann Arbor during the first few months after I entered. I once attended a senior party of about two hundred, and not a woman except the hostess and her daughter spoke to me during the whole evening. The members of the senior class, how-

ever, seemed very kindly disposed, and by their agreeableness atoned as they could for the slights offered me by the other side."

Miss Stockwell graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of A. B. in 1872, taking the highest honors of her class.

The following beautiful tribute to Miss Stockwell, now Mrs. Turner, written by Mrs. Stone, is a splendid justification of her own efforts for women and co-education:

"Miss Stockwell went to the university more especially because of the advantages it would give her for her favorite study, Greek, and she remains, twenty years after she entered, the most modest and shy of women, though daring to do anything that she can do well, and seems called to do, whether it be reading Greek for her pleasure, which she has never given up or fallen back in; managing a farm, which she does well and profitably; writing a splendid essay when called for by the woman's club; exchanging lessons in English for lessons in German with the Jewish Rabbi; painting china, for which she has taken several prizes; embroidering the most elegant drapery for her parlor; tiling her floor most artistically; and keeping house with exquisite taste and neatness. Going to college did not spoil her for getting married either; she has made a good wife, taking the most tender care of her husband through a long illness—faithful even

unto death. She is a faithful and devoted daughter, as everybody well knows; and surely she furnishes one notable example of a girl's going to college and not being spoiled for everything else."

Farrand's "History of the University of Michigan," previously quoted, says:

"It is gratifying that the first woman who entered the institution as a student was fitted in every way to satisfy the expectations of the friends of the new movement, and allay the fears of such as had looked upon it with alarm. Miss Stockwell was the only woman connected with the university till the fall of 1870; at that time eleven entered the literary department, three the department of pharmacy, eighteen the medical department. Of the eleven who entered the literary department, three chose the classical course, five the Latin scientific, one the scientific, and two a select course. Most of them were past the average age of students upon entering; several of them had been teachers; and several were supporting themselves. They were a trusty band of pioneers; the university contained few better students."

Four women were granted degrees in 1871: Miss Amanda Sanford, of Scipioville, New York, from the Department of Medicine and Surgery; Miss Sarah Killgore, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, from the Department of Law; Miss Amelia Upjohn (afterward Mrs. Archibald Campbell, now deceased), and Miss Mary

Upjohn (now Mrs. William Sidnam, of Kalamazoo), both of Galesburg, Michigan, from the Department of Pharmacy.

In the university catalogues of the first years following the admission of women to the university, appeared this paragraph :

"Recognizing the equality of rights of both sexes to the highest educational advantages, the board of regents have made provision for the medical education of women, by authorizing a course of instruction for them, separate, but in all respects equal to that heretofore given to men only."

In the calendars of recent years the following appears in regard to instruction for women in the Department of Medicine and Surgery, and in the Homeopathic Medical College :

"The course of instruction for women is in all respects equal to that for men. Practical anatomy is pursued by the two sexes in separate rooms ; but in the lectures, in public clinics, in the laboratories, and in various class exercises, it is found that both sexes may attend with propriety at the same time."

"Year after year in his annual report," says Far-
rand's History, "has the president said that none of the evils which it was feared would follow upon the admission of women to the university, have been realized. No embarrassment has arisen from their presence ; the standard of scholarship has not been lowered ;

the question is never asked, 'Is this best for the women?' but 'Is it best for the students?'"

The number of women students has gradually increased, until last year (1900) the total number enrolled was seven hundred and fifteen.

The following table gives the number that have received degrees for each year, to and including 1900, also the total number who have received degrees in the various departments:

Number of women who received degrees in 1871..						4
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1872.. 10
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1873.. 15
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1874.. 23
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1875.. 27
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1876.. 30
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1877.. 38
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1878.. 25
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1879.. 27
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1880.. 33
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1881.. 26
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1882.. 35
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1883.. 45
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1884.. 42
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1885.. 39
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1886.. 48
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1887.. 55
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1888.. 60
"	"	"	"	"	"	" 1889.. 49

Number of women who received degrees in 1890..	75
" " " " " " 1891..	68
" " " " " " 1892..	80
" " " " " " 1893..	101
" " " " " " 1894..	87
" " " " " " 1895..	100
" " " " " " 1896..	91
" " " " " " 1897..	114
" " " " " " 1898..	130
" " " " " " 1899..	126
" " " " " " 1900..	166

Total number who have received degrees in the
various departments, from the opening of the
the university to and including 1900.....1,769

Medicine and Surgery.....	472
Law	41
Pharmacy	33
College of Dental Surgery.....	40
In all other courses.....	1,179

1,765

Honorary degrees conferred on women.. 4

Total number of women who have received de-
grees 1,769

The women on whom have been conferred hon-
orary degrees are: Alice Freeman Palmer (a graduate

from the literary department of the university in 1876), Doctor of Philosophy, in 1882; Lucinda Hinsdale Stone, Doctor of Philosophy, in 1890; Angie Clara Chapin (professor of Greek in Wellesley College), Master of Arts, in 1895; and Caroline Hazard (president of Wellesley College), Master of Arts, in 1899.

The story of how the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was received by Mrs. Stone is here told by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who was then her pastor:

"It was during my earlier acquaintance with Mrs. Stone that the University of Michigan honored her and itself by conferring upon her the title of Doctor of Philosophy. There had been some previous talk upon the subject, and Mrs. Stone had said frankly that she would be very glad if the degree were given, but she hardly thought it would be. However, during her absence from home, the telegram came to Mrs. Madelon Stockwell Turner stating that the degree had been conferred. Mrs. Turner was unable to meet Mrs. Stone on her return and make the important announcement, so I was asked to do so. With much pleasurable excitement I took the slip of yellow paper, and met Mrs. Stone at the carriage that brought her from the train to her house. As I opened the door, I said, 'Mrs. Stone, I have the honor to salute you as Doctor of Philosophy.'

"A look of great pleasure came over her face, and she said, 'Is it really so?' For confirmation I offered

the telegram. But at this moment the household cat came rubbing against her dress and purring welcome. Mrs. Stone dropped the telegram unread and reached for the cat. 'You poor little thing,' she exclaimed, 'I don't believe you've had a bite to eat since I've been gone;' and to the pantry she went, murmuring fond things to pussy, while I meekly followed with my despised telegram of greatness, laughing in spite of myself, although something like happy tears were mixed up with my laughter, to think how far beyond any institution's recognition, were the highest and finest things in this woman, and how this swift, unconscious and sure response to even a fancied need of a dumb creature, carried her out of herself completely, even at the moment something she really cared for came to her.

As the years passed, it became more and more apparent to Mrs. Stone that there was pressing need of another step in co-education in our state university—that of women on the faculties of the different departments of instruction. She felt deeply that no education is really co-educational, which is given wholly by one sex. She also believed that there was grave injustice in limiting the honors and emoluments resulting from fine scholarship, obtained in a state university, at state expense, to one sex. She argued, too, that as men and women differ in their methods of doing intellectual work, an education must of necessity

be one-sided in which the teaching is done entirely by either men or women alone. But her strongest reason for demanding superior women on the teaching force of the university was the influence it would have upon young men and young women. In those crucial years when young men are first cutting loose from the home influence, and are thrown often under those influences which tend to undermine their reverence for women, there is a great need of the superior woman to whom they can look up with the reverence of pupil to teacher. In the case of young women coming strangers to the university, she held that there was a need for counsel and advice in regard to courses and methods of study, and suggestions as to modes and ideas of life in student years which only women could give.

And so for years Mrs. Stone threw the strong force of her personal influence and effort to the work of making a public opinion for this next step in co-education. In daily and weekly newspapers, before women's clubs and various organizations, by personal letters, calls upon thoughtful people and people of wealth and influence, she presented her cause, and steadily won friends for it. Only those who personally knew Mrs. Stone can understand the earnestness and devotion which she brought to this work. It was the spirit of Mary Lyon and Dorothea Dix over again.

The heaven was slowly working. Regent Levi L. Barbour finally became a strong friend of the cause,

and at a meeting of the board of regents on June 25, 1894, the following resolution was offered by him, and passed without a dissenting vote:

"Resolved, That henceforth in the selection of professors and instructors and other assistants in instruction in the university, no discrimination be made in selection, between men and women, but that the applicant best fitted for the position receive the appointment."

The members of the board of regents of this date are as follows: Charles Hebard, of Pequaming; Roger W. Butterfield, of Grand Rapids; Levi L. Barbour, of Detroit; Wm. J. Cocker, of Adrian; Henry S. Dean, of Ann Arbor; Peter N. Cook, of Corunna; Herman Kiefer, of Detroit; Frank W. Fletcher, of Alpena.

At this same meeting of the board of regents, and previous to the passing of the resolution admitting women to the faculty, Regent Barbour had presented and read a memorial signed by one hundred and thirty-five members of the graduating class and post-graduates, asking that in the future appointments, women be given representation in the faculties of the departments of the university.

In 1896, Eliza M. Mosher, M. D., a graduate of the Medical Department of the university in 1875, became Professor of Hygiene, and Women's Dean in the Department of Literature, Science and the Arts, in the University of Michigan. Besides Dean Mosher, the faculty of the university included in 1900 the follow-

ing twelve women teachers and instructors in a faculty of two hundred and thirty-eight :

Alice G. Snyder, M. D., Instructor in the Women's Gymnasium.

Julia W. Snow, Ph. D., Instructor in Botany.

Alice L. Hunt, Instructor in Drawing.

Jeanne C. Solis, M. D., Demonstrator of Nervous Diseases in the Department of Medicine and Surgery.

Lydia M. DeWitt, B. S., M. D., Assistant in Histology.

Helen Bender, Assistant in the Women's Gymnasium.

Cora J. Beckwith, Assistant in Zoology.

Gertrude Felker, A. B., Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Mary A. Goddard, Assistant in Botany.

Elma Chandler, Assistant in Botany.

Alice S. Hussey, A. M., Assistant in English.

Fanny E. Langdon, M. S., Instructor in Zoology.

Mrs. Stone had lived to see hundreds of young women students enjoying the opportunities of our state university, and the institution pledged not to discriminate against women in its faculty and teaching force. But she had still another work to do. There was great need of a special building for the use of young women students, and Regent Barbour was ready to give property valued at twenty-five thousand dollars toward the erection of a women's building. There was urgent

need of further gifts, and Mrs. Stone set herself to securing pledges to this fund, with all the ardor of her earlier years. She was anxious that many should give, rather than to have the sum raised by a few large gifts. The personal gift means personal interest, and Mrs. Stone wanted Michigan women to feel a personal interest and pride in a fine and well-equipped building for women students in the state university; and so hundreds of women became small givers to the Women's Building through the personal efforts of Mrs. Stone. She presented the matter before the State Federation of Women's Clubs and before individual clubs and club women in different parts of the state, thus doing something in developing a public spirit among Michigan women which was not second in importance to that of securing needed funds.

Mrs. Stone realized fully that there are many valid objections to co-educational colleges as they exist today; but, to use her words:

"Whatever these objections are, they are just as great in regard to sending young men there as to sending young women, for these objections lie in the line of manners and morality. We can never have a true civilization until morality is measured by the thing done and the motive in doing it, rather than by the person who does it, man or woman. If I could make the environment for the young women in the University of Michigan, for example, I would greatly prefer

sending a daughter there—or a son either—than to any exclusively female or male college. But the University of Michigan, which may be taken for as high an example of co-education as any that exists, never will nor can be the best place to educate boys or girls until there are earnest, noble, and highly, broadly educated women on the faculty—until there are such women in all departments to which women are admitted—women from the foundation up—women on the board of regents—women who will see what women need, as men never can see it—noble, high-minded women who have had all the advantages that the world can give them, working side by side with just as noble, high-minded, broadly educated men.”

Mrs. Stone felt deeply the need of homes for young women students of the university, after the manner of the boarding-house homes under cultured and competent matrons at Smith, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr colleges. Could she have been granted the vigor of middle life in her last years, she would have seen the beginnings of this much-needed accompaniment to student life in Ann Arbor in her own life-time; for she was endowed with an earnestness and a persistency of purpose which stops not short of success. But her active work for women in the university ceased with her work for the Women's Building.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

*Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.*

*But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.*

*For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love.*

—R. C. Trench.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REUNION OF THE PUPILS OF DOCTOR AND
MRS. STONE.

By Mrs. Lucia Eames Blount.

In August, 1883, the American Association for the Advancement of Science met in Minneapolis. Mrs. Stone and a number of her old pupils from a distance were in attendance. A number of the graduates of Kalamazoo College had become residents of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and one of their number invited us all out to her cottage on Lake Minnetonka to meet Mrs. Stone. This informal gathering, to the number of nearly twenty, proved so very enjoyable, that the spontaneous wish was expressed that a more formal reunion of all the old pupils of Doctor and Mrs. Stone should be held in Kalamazoo in the not distant future.

In pursuance of this suggestion a meeting of resident pupils was called in Kalamazoo in the summer of 1885. Committees were formed, invitations sent out, and the effort made to reach every pupil who had attended the old branch of the University of Michigan, Kalamazoo College, or the Young Ladies' Seminary,

"from 1843 to 1868." The result was that on September 24, 1885, two hundred and twenty-three registered their names in a book provided by the reception committee, and were assigned quarters in private residences, the citizens of the little city vying with one another in opening their beautiful homes for this hospitable purpose. These preliminaries over, the newcomers were free to welcome in their turn "Ed" or "Jim" or "Lib" or "Mollie" as, after careful scrutiny of some matronly figure or tall graybeard, one or another of their old schoolmates was recognized. That day's experience I would not have missed for worlds. Such shrieks of laughter, and such wiping away of tears, as old times were recalled, and old friendships renewed. One vivacious little body, in the exuberance of her joy, cried out, "Why don't you kiss me?" as a tall gray-haired man was recognized as "Joe." Twenty years slipped off like a garment, and they were rollicking boy and girl again. The same recognitions had to be gone through with at the Ladies' Library, where Doctor and Mrs. Stone would be asked to "look hard and see if you can tell who I am," and then there was the laughter which is twin to tears, as one after another was recognized by some trick of voice or manner. What warm greetings and hand-clasps, and what reminiscences each group in turn brought to the remembrance of the others! Many called it a foretaste of what we imagine heaven will be—all cares

and sorrows forgotten, only the beautiful joyous things remembered; for good only is immortal.

In the evening the Presbyterian church was opened for the formal exercises. There was an address of welcome in behalf of the citizens by Henry Hoyt; Doctor Stone's address to his pupils and fellow-townsmen; a response by Major W. C. Ransom, one of the "old boys," interspersed by songs from the old (in more senses than one) College Glee Club. Then came Mrs. Stone's address, which was so like those memorable "talks" to her pupils that I cannot forbear giving you a few excerpts culled almost at random:

"But were you, I can but ask these middle-aged matrons and these gray-haired men, were you the gay, young, mischief-loving boys and girls who used to file before me into the recitation seats in the 'old branch'? Why, its homely structure has so long since disappeared that its very site on our beautiful park, is, I dare say, unknown to many here to-night. What full and crowded scenes, what varied details fill the panorama that some invisible angel of memory unrolls before me, or that are evoked, as by magic, from the past, by your presence here to-night. How they fill and people all that corner of the park! Do some of you recall them, I wonder? Were you really partakers in these very scenes that fill *my* picture? No, it was not you, but another than you; for neither you as pupils nor I as a teacher can be the same as we were then.

The same and not the same, is a paradox that life alone can solve.

* * * * *

"The question that pressed upon me as the one that I wanted most to ask each of you, and to hear the answer without disguise, as I pondered over those dusty old catalogues, was nothing touching what the world calls prosperity or honor. It was this: In what has your soul grown since then? In what is it more to live to-day than when you were young and life was so full of hope and bloom and promise? What, since then, through love, and the sacrifice of self, that helps a brother man, have you learned of love to God (for it can be learned in no other way)—or of what F. D. Maurice called 'continued intercourse with the Father of Light'? What have you learned of gain through loss? From sowing in tears—shed for others, not for yourself—from vigils kept by night and day with those who weep? In what has every little child whom you may have met or passed on the street become more like the little child that another teacher called and set in the midst of his pupils, saying, 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.' Not a kingdom far off, my friends, and to be entered only on Sunday, but a kingdom within you—the privileged sanctuary of every living soul, and where every truth of science, art, philosophy or life, can be

studied in its truest, clearest, divinest light. What of that kingdom have you learned since then?

* * * * *

“Would that I had been wiser earlier, to perceive many things that I now see, and could have made you participators with me in the blessing and the divine illumination there is in them. But we never know the good we may do for another, or, better, what we may share with a wayfarer for a day even, until the day or the hour of sojourn together is past. For me the days when such knowledge would profit me are few; for most of you, I trust, the best, the real glory of life, remains; and do not forget that you are permitted to live in wonderful times; that it is more to live now than in any previous age of the world’s history; it is more to live this year than last, to-day than yesterday, even.

* * * * *

“A dear, good old minister whom I knew, and under whose ministry I sat for years, on closing, one Sunday, a very memorable sermon, said: ‘Brethren, I wrote this sermon that I have preached to you this morning just fifty years ago; I have preached it precisely as it was written and as I preached it then, without the alteration of a single word. I have not found occasion to change a letter of it since. It represented what I believed then; it represents what I believe to-day.’

"My friends, I was not made a follower of that good man. I taught the best I knew when I taught you in the old branch, but I think that I could teach a great deal better now than I did then. And more than this, I believe you would not now be content with teaching which would have been satisfactory then. Growth is the law of every true life. No to-morrow should find any of us where we are to-day. We have grown since then, I trust, both you and I, under instruction with which no human teaching can vie. Life, experience, success and disappointment, friends and foes, joy and sorrow, have been the teachers of us all. To the dark more than to bright and prosperous days I think we should all acknowledge we are indebted for the best of all we know.

* * * * *

"No labor performed as the old cathedral builders wrought can be in vain. They built, believing with all their hearts that God and the angels were the witnesses and the true inspectors of their work. They believed, too, that not only every faithful stroke of the chisel would be noted, but that not one living thought that inspired the stroke could be lost, or in vain. This they believed just as much as we believe that no particle of matter can ever be lost, and just as truly they believed that no bad work could be hidden or bear the test of time—be it the work of the hands, the head, or the heart—or that any wrong, be it wrong in deed,

or word, or plot, or plan, could ever in the long run prosper; for, as there is but one God, so his law is one. Older by a thousand years than the discovery of our continent are the words of an old philosopher and seer:

‘As the outer, so the inner,
As the great, so is the small;
There is but one law, and he that worketh is one;
There is nothing great or small in his economy.’

“Would that I could transfer or bequeath to you who sit before me to-night, the understanding of this truth as my life and my experience have written it in my own heart—illumined it to my soul’s vision! It would be a bequest more valuable than measures of gold, heaped up, or the title-deeds of houses and fair lands.”

* * * * *

Here are a few words from Doctor Stone’s address on the same occasion:

“Whether the teacher’s remuneration is inadequate as compared with the pay of other professions, depends very much on the manner in which you make up your accounts. We have been taking an invoice to-day, and find ourselves richer than we supposed. We have no bonds or stocks, but we have a large amount of jewelry—a sure indication of wealth. As Cornelia, the Roman matron, said, ‘These are our jewels.’ These make us all rich. Estimating friends at their true value,

this seems to me like a convention of millionaires. Our property is all personal, and yet we are consolidating it in a common fund, which is practically inexhaustible, and these consols are buoyant to-day."

Mrs. Jackson made a short response on behalf of "the girls," and then many letters of regret were read, all breathing the same spirit of thankfulness that the writers had been allowed the privilege of being pupils during those magic years. After the close of the evening's service, every house became the center of animated discussions and reminiscences carried into the "wee sma' hours," for how could any one think of such a prosy thing as sleep when there was a bridge of twenty or twenty-five years to be crossed together?

The following day a meeting was held, where it was decided to print all the proceedings in book form, and where a spontaneous movement resulted in a handsome purse of gold, as a slight testimonial of the regard in which Doctor and Mrs. Stone were held by those whose lives they had helped to mould. A few of the old girls, whom fortune had smiled upon, could not rest with a simple contribution. Moved by the thought that these dear teachers had been too busy with the training of immortal souls to think of laying up money for themselves, and realizing that no amount of money could ever repay the debt that was due Doctor and Mrs. Stone for their untiring zeal in behalf of humanity, they gladly signed a paper pledging a cer-

tain sum each year during the life of the last survivor.

At one o'clock, three hundred people, counting husbands and wives of pupils, sat down to twelve long tables that had been spread in the skating rink, as the largest and most available place in town. The resident pupils prepared the banquet, which was delicious, and the serving was perfect; indeed, how could it have been otherwise, since the waiters were our own children, expert, noiseless, and as eager to hear and see as any of their parents. In many cases even these children had been pupils of Mrs. Stone, which made the tie doubly strong. The hours flew by as on the wings of the wind, and it was dark before we knew it. It was intended to have toasts and speeches from representative pupils in each decade. In fact, after several hours of recalling the time from '43 to '53, there were loud calls for—as one expressed it—some of the “latter-day saints;” but the stream of reminiscence was too full, and overflowed its banks on all sides. Every gray-headed “boy” who sat down, was followed by another even whiter, who recalled stories of the very earliest time; and it was no use to protest. One lady said: “Oh, let us have this time, you younger ones can meet again, while we never shall on this earth.” Sixteen years have passed, and this dear sister, with scores of others, has passed on to meet their teachers on the other side.

It is a question whether the younger pupils will ever meet at a formal reunion this side of the grave, but we are glad we gave the older ones this chance; and to me there can never come a happier or more tender memory than of that last afternoon together. Doctor Stone was almost transfigured with joy. He said to me with a tremulous voice, "Oh, if my mother could only have lived to see this day." Perhaps she did see and enjoy it; who knows?

He lived two or three years after this, going in and out among his old friends and fellow-townsmen, happy as a child, all the bitterness of his former trials transmuted into sweetness and joy by the divine alchemy of love which surrounded and enveloped him. Mrs. Stone lived fifteen years longer, active in mind-if not in body, as eager to learn and to discard her old ideas for newer ones, if found to be truer, as she was at twenty; and even to the very last few weeks of her life, teaching classes, that came as eagerly as ever for her wise instruction.

She has always been my model of how to grow old gracefully; and if there is anything in emulating a shining example, there will be a good many men and women in this present generation who will never really grow old, because, as Longfellow says, they will "make new wood every year;" and because they keep up with the times, they will never feel themselves useless, and therefore unhappy.

What more, or better, can any life bequeath to those who follow?

CHAPTER XII.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

On September 30, 1894, fell the completion of Mrs. Stone's fourscore years. Many weeks before, her minister, Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, looking forward to that event, made the discovery that the day would be Sunday. Accordingly, she decided to make the regular morning service at the Unitarian church the occasion of a unique harvest festival, the harvest celebrated being not the fruits of the earth, but the fruits of a long and useful life.

To add to the richness of the festival service, Miss Bartlett wrote to many friends of Mrs. Stone all over the country, suggesting that they send appropriate birthday greetings to be read on that occasion.

When the day came, the church, which was beautifully decorated with autumn flowers and foliage, was filled to overflowing. In the congregation were many relatives and friends of Mrs. Stone's who had come some distance to participate in the service.

Mrs. Stone, however, had no suspicion that the day was to be noticed in any way. When her son had come from Detroit the previous evening to spend Sun-

day with his mother, she remarked his being there on her birthday as a happy accident. She walked to church with him on the Sunday morning and sat in her accustomed place, serene and unexpectant. The opening exercises, while significant to every one else present, conveyed to her no suggestion of herself. The minister's address began with a reference to nature's harvest, and then continued:

"But, listen to another gospel of the harvest. There is a harvest, of which the sheaves are years, and the crown of glory is the hoary head. We see the spring-time blossoms no more, but shall we not remember that that for the sake of which the blossoms existed is here? The tinted petal dropped away, to yield its share of life to the more precious fruit of which it is the har-binger. The soul of childhood's beauty is—its promise. The essence of youth's subtle charm is its hint of yet undeveloped possibilities. And so a life, like a year, is a unit, and the last days must shed the light that makes luminous with meaning all that has gone before. Sings the poet:

" 'Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
afraid!" ' "

" 'Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby,
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.'

" 'So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
'This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

"And with this high faith wrought out of the years,
the poet faces the future, being old:

" '—All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay en-
dure.'

"Well would it be for all of us if the garnered years
shed such a luster over both past and future. But such
revelations are only for those to whose hoary heads,
in the words of the psalmist, wisdom has given 'a
chaplet of grace' and delivered 'a crown of glory.'
'Wisdom,' in Bible phrase, means righteousness, piety,
the beauty of holiness; and when to the crown of silver
hair is added this crown of glory, then life's harvest,

fair and complete, explains all that has gone before, and holds the key to all that shall be.

"To-day is our 'harvest home.' To-day we celebrate an autumnal festival more full of precious meaning to us and to the world than any heaped-up stores of golden grains and ruddy fruits. The sheaves of eighty blessed years are bound together for the Master of the harvest, and we know not what gleanings remain of precious years to come.

"There is one who has taught us all, I trust, to see old age beautifully,—one whose face, sculptured by the hand of time, bears 'no line that wisdom could regret.'

"And how could we better honor this day or ourselves than by honoring her? How can we better worship God than by uncovering to our hearts the features of one of his children who has so helped to reveal him to us? How better refresh our faith in that providence which leads us all toward the valley of the shadow, than in beholding how gently and tenderly it has dealt with one we love? If it be a part of religion to meet and commemorate a noble life after it has passed away, surely it is more religious to commemorate virtue while it is yet with us—to offer our homage and gratitude while not only we but they, too, understand, and our alabaster vase of precious ointment can pour some added sweetness into the earthly years that remain?

"My words to-day shall be few. This town cannot contain the rejoicing, nor am I the one to try to voice

this rejoicing, of those all over the land who yearn toward her to-day.

"The supreme message of my heart I can put into those words of one poet, sent to another as his birthday greeting: 'I am so glad that you have lived; I am so glad that you still live, and I am so glad that you will live forever.'"

During the address the minister had lifted the veil from a portrait which stood on an easel by the pulpit. At the sight of her own countenance, framed in the beautiful autumn foliage, Mrs. Stone started slightly, pressed her hands for a moment to her face, and then leaned a little upon her son, as if for support. During the singing of the beautiful hymn, "Twin Crowns," written for the occasion by her friend, Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley, of Chicago, the full significance of the occasion seemed to dawn upon the dear object of congratulation and praise. She sat quiet, but evidently much affected. Then followed the reading of the greetings of her absent friends, which more and more astonished her, until the last one, a poem written by her beloved grandson, Blinn Stone, almost overcame her strength with an excess of feeling. Another hymn, written by the minister, was sung, after which the service was ended with the following sentences and benediction:

Minister—Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain.

Congregation—But a woman who feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Minister—She spreadeth out her hand to the poor ;

Congregation—Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

Minister—She openeth her mouth with wisdom,

Congregation—And in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Minister—Give her of the fruit of her hands,

Congregation—And let her works praise her in the gates.

All (rising)—While her children rise up and call her blessed !

Our benediction upon her :

And now the Lord bless thee and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee
and give thee peace. Amen.

At the close of the service, Mrs. Stone was conducted into the parlor, where her friends came to take her lovingly by the hand and offer most heartfelt congratulations upon the beauty of her fourscore years. As her grandchildren and other relatives (of whose presence she had been unaware) crowded around her, the look of puzzled astonishment that came over her face caused much merriment on the part of her friends. All were thankful, too, to see that the surprise and ex-

citement were not too much for her strength, and that she returned home not over-tired, and very happy.

It was announced that the portrait of Mrs. Stone was the gift from Mrs. Stone's adult class in the Sunday school, and that when the new People's Church building was completed, the parlor in which this portrait should hang would be known as "the Stone parlor."

The morning hour did not suffice for the reading of all the messages of congratulation that had come from afar. An impromptu reception was arranged for at the beautiful home of Mrs. Marie Waterbury Richards, and there the friends gathered around Mrs. Stone while the remaining letters were read, and the choir of the church sang some beautiful selections. Mrs. Stone was called upon to speak, and this she did with a power and fervor that went to everybody's heart. She could not understand what it was all for. It had taken her breath away, and it had not come back yet. It seemed as though it were all for somebody else. She had just done from day to day the things she had seen to do and could not help doing, and she had always come far short of what she wanted to do and saw to be done! She had done her work because she could not help it, and her message to others was, that the things that pay best in this world are the things we do without a thought of self, but just because we see a way to help others, to glorify God by serving man.

The choir led in "Auld Lang Syne," and then we said a loving good-by to our friend, at the close of a day that had been very happy and blessed to us all.

A feature of the evening reception which touched Mrs. Stone very tenderly was the reading of the following lines by her pet grandchild, Blinn, ten years old, who always spent more or less of his vacation seasons with his grandma as long as she lived:

Dear grandma is eighty years old to-day;
Her hair is soft and silvery gray,
Her kindly face has many a wrinkle;
But through her glasses her eyes still twinkle,
Just as they've always done before.

Her hands are not strong as they used to be,
But she is ready as ever to do for me,
And for other boys and girls she loves so well;
And such nice stories she has to tell
Of things she's seen on the other shore.

She's crossed the big ocean eighteen times,
And visited people in other climes;
But she loves her own country the best,
And her grandchildren better than all the rest;
For they are her very own, you know.

And now, darling grandma, dear,
May you live many a year,
And teach me to be good and true,
To try and live and be like you.

Blinn Stone.

THE HYMNS.

THE TWIN CROWNS.

(Tune—"Auld Lang Syne.")

September's calendar is hung
In fields of golden sheaves;
His hand has dipped in liquid gold
The maples' burnished leaves.

He powdered summer's wealth of bloom
With gold from out his mines,
And set a harp for winds to play
Among the lonely pines.

"My work is well nigh done," he said,
"And my farewell shall be,
To crown a life of noble years
Spent for humanity."

Low bending, smiling, then he set
O'er crown of silver hair,
The golden crown of fourscore years
Of life, serene and fair.

Love's halo shed its light o'er all,
Encircling smiles and tears;
And so she wears as life's best gifts
Twin crowns of love and years.

Lydia Avery Coonley.

"BENEATH THE EVENING STAR."

(Tune—"Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.")

Friend, upon life's summits fair,
Beneath the evening star's mild ray,—

Call out thy larger vision there
To us who walk the valley's way.
"Friends, the tangled thread of life
Shows forth a pattern from afar;
And meanings to its pain and strife
Flash out beneath the evening star."

O, well for us,—but speak again
(The valley's day soon fades in night)—
Speak of the glories that remain,
If any shine upon that height.
"Friends, I walk the foot-hills now,
And beacons flash from peaks afar;
Eternal light falls on my brow
While standing 'neath the evening star."

O, tell us how that vision fair
May fall upon our longing eyes!
O, where the way, the hidden stair,
That leads to view of Paradise?
"Friends, oh! seek it not afar,
But walk in faithfulness the way;
And thou shalt find thine evening star
Is herald of a grander day!"

Caroline J. Bartlett.

MESSAGES OF CONGRATULATION.

O fair are youth and strength; but fairer yet
The face of age when sculptured by a soul
Where love for God and man have held control,
And wrought no line that wisdom could regret.
The dawn is glorious, but the grand sunset
That means not darkness, but another sky,
While all the stars come out and gleam on high,
This all includes, for earth with heaven has met.

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O, friend, whose life has measured out the years
The psalmist set, not "labor, sorrow," thine,
But joy in earth and God and man and hope!
Long may thy twilight last, while life's arrears
Be paid in blessing; and thy path's incline
Lead up and out toward heaven's grander scope!
Minot J. Savage.

Detroit, Mich.

I know of no person who has done more for the women of her adopted state than our dear Mrs. Stone, and who so little appreciates her own doing. How grateful we are for her persevering endeavors to make us fit company for ourselves.

LUCY CRAPO SMITH.

St. Louis, Mo.

I knew her to be a beautiful soul the first time I saw her serene face. I send her my love, and I hope to greet her as I have done before where free souls meet for conference, and then in some other clime to bid her good morning.

L. W. LEARNED.

Somerset, Philadelphia.

To look into so soulful a face as Mrs. Stone's is indeed a benediction which I wish I might enjoy with you all. It is well to have lived such a life as to win the respect and esteem of one's friends, but to have lived so as to add to these their love, is noble; but when one has lived, as has our dear friend, so as to win the

reverence and love of the noble and true of all parts of her own and other lands, it is sublime.

I am glad to be one of those whose life has been made truer and whose work has been done better from having known Mrs. Stone.

ANNA HOWARD SHAW.

Telegram:

Chicago.

A wayfarer sends greeting to the pilgrim sage, the Stone of the apocalypse, the nameless ideal.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Chicago.

It is good for one to live threescore years; better is threescore and ten; and best to have lived fourscore years. That you thus stand in the crowning day of a long and useful life, not of existence alone, but of being, of doing and becoming, calls both the sincerest rejoicings and congratulations from your many friends among whom I am proud and honored to have a place. Such a life is an inspiration to us all, and with you we join thanks to our Father in heaven.

H. W. THOMAS.

Philadelphia.

All younger women who are now entering upon the heritage which Lucinda H. Stone has done so much to make theirs, should be taught, as my own three

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little daughters shall be, to gratefully reverence her name.

RACHEL FOSTER AVERY.

South Portsmouth, Maine.

I will ask you to present to my much-honored friend, Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, my warmest congratulations on the occasion of her eightieth birthday. I would congratulate, not my friend only, but the world in view of the prolongation of so noble and useful a life. An example of the womanly graces, uplifted by energy of belief in all good things and by energy of purpose in all good deeds, may she still be spared to fill the place which she has won in the gratitude and appreciation of the community, and especially in those of her fellow-workers.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Geneva, Ill.

I have known Mrs. Stone many years, and count that friendship and acquaintance among the most cherished and helpful influences that have entered my life. Above everything else in her helpful and beautiful character is to be placed that loving spirit which judges every one by his best, and which has only kindly sympathy and interest in every human creature. She is the dear mother and teacher of us all. May her closing days be crowned with peace and sunshine.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Indianapolis, Ind.

I have always accounted my meeting with Mrs. Stone a personal blessing, since she is one of the finest illustrations that I have ever met of the fact that youth may be renewed and perpetuated by constantly bathing the soul and the intellect in those fountains of wisdom and knowledge which alone may be justly called the fountains of eternal youth.

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

Boston.

I want you to say for me that no one recognizes with more humble thankfulness what is due to Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucinda H. Stone, Mary A. Livermore, and such other women as these, than does Helen Gardner. I must congratulate you, too, for having this celebration in charge. You are honoring yourself in honoring her. What a fine thing it is to be eighty years old and be as young as Mrs. Stone is. I congratulate her and you and indeed all who have the capacity to appreciate her work and her worth. My husband joins me most heartily in all that I have said.

HELEN H. GARDNER.

Chicago.

This celebration is the spontaneous outburst of love and gratitude which is felt for Mrs. Stone all over the

state of Michigan. It finds voice in her own home, but echoes in every city, town and village. Wherever unselfish devotion to high aims is praised, there her name is honored. Mrs. Stone is enshrined in the hearts of the Federation of Women's Clubs, for whose advancement she has labored so zealously.

ELLEN M. HENROTIN.

Traverse City, Mich.

We are glad that you have lived, because you have done so great a work for the world and for woman. We are glad that you still live to see this glorious end of the century. We are glad that you are going to live forever, knowing that wherever you are in God's universe your life will be one of happy, helpful work.

M. E. C. BATES.

Chicago.

My own life has been enlarged and more firmly set in all good directions by the strength of her noble life and the singular sweetness of her spirit. She has preserved in the rare treasures of her soul and memory and character, so much that glorified the anti-slavery struggles of America, that I have been made to feel as never before how much we all owe to that historical group of men and women to which our cherished friend belongs. Eighty years are all too short in which such abundant love for humanity can expend itself. One

who helped so much to bring about a new birth of national honor and to touch into action all the deeper impulses of national righteousness, is still needed to help us to see with a clearer sweep of vision the new duties and responsibilities of to-day.

FANNIE BARRIER WILLIAMS.

Glenville, Ohio.

I need not tell you that few such lives have been lived, and rare indeed are such souls on earth. In some of my forming years it was my privilege to be associated with her as professor in Kalamazoo College, and to come into the pale of her inspiring influence. Her life is a grand march of travel, investigation, and discovery. To her, "all evil is but good abused" She is so strong, so wise, in her comprehension of all earthly things, such a seer into what the world calls unknown, that to me she is a prophetic type of what human souls can be and will be. That is the legacy of her life.

L. E. HOLDEN.

Melrose, Mass.

I am sure I can congratulate you on having lived in this world eighty years as I could not every one, for your life has been packed with good work for good and great causes. You have been a power in the educational world, and thousands are to-day nobler and

better men and women because of the right direction you have given their lives. You have been a wonderful leader of women, and have had the courage and insight to utter the right word at critical moments. Born through struggle and suffering into the broad faith that the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are the Christianity taught by Christ, you have not hesitated to announce your belief when ostracism was the penalty of such devotion to principles, and then you have made converts to the divineness of your religion by your life of beautiful import, and are to-day crowned with the glory of your fourscore years, which have been a daily benediction to the world. I congratulate you most heartily and hope you may continue your helpful ministrations for some years to come; but when they cease here, they will continue elsewhere, for we do not die. We bow our heads and pass out through a low gateway into another chamber of the King, larger than this, and lovelier.

With much love and grateful remembrance, I am,

Always yours,

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Many years ago there came to me, in a distant state, the story of a woman who was giving her life to helping other women to gather fruit from the tree of knowledge. She had herself plucked that fruit by

facing and overcoming prejudice, and now, through literature, history, art, and literature classes, and travel parties, was passing on her mind-treasures to other women. I was a young woman then, but my heart swelled with delight at the story. When, years later, it was my happy fortune to meet and know this woman, the "halo" only grew the brighter and the reverence deeper, with which I regarded her life work, and the character which had been developed in such work. Our dear friend, Doctor Stone, has found the famous fountain of perpetual youth, and is eighty years young to-day.

ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

How I wish I could be with you in person on the thirtieth. I certainly shall be in spirit, for there are few men or women whom I should more delight to honor than our dear old friend, Lucinda H. Stone, whom I have known for twenty years, and who has grown in sweetness and light every year. The deep respect felt for her throughout Michigan, even when I first knew her, impressed me very strongly, and I am glad that this has become reverence as she has ripened into sweet old age.

The sweetest thing at the Federation of Clubs last spring was the meeting of Mrs. Stone and Mary Grew, two such noble women, as fresh in their enthusiasm

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and earnest work for women as if they were just entering upon life. Let us honor these women, and hold them up as encouragement and stimulus to our young friends who are taking up the warfare of life which they will soon lay down.

TO LUCINDA H. STONE ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The days of God, from year to year,
Have passed, with joy and sorrow fraught,
Yet each has left its memory dear
And each its solemn lesson taught.

The joys of love, the parting pain,
Have left their impress on thy heart,
And we would count them all as gain
Since they have made thee what thou art:

More brave, more sweet, more true, more clear,
As age puts on her silvery crown,
Thou'rt not from heaven more far, but near,
Than when the innocent babe came down.

In utter reverence and trust,
We hold thy life a sacred pledge
That man cannot return to dust,
But onward goes from age to age.

Unceasing growth, immortal youth,
Or here or there, all life is one.
Thou wilt be ours in love and truth
When life's prophetic work is done.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

Rochester, N. Y.

Please tender to Mrs. Stone my loving and honoring appreciation of her great work for women; not only Michigan women, but the women of the nation and the world owe her very much for her persistent efforts to secure the perfect equalities of educational opportunities for girls. And what a revolution she has witnessed,—we all have witnessed! Give my best love to her, and tell her I am marching on toward her high attainment of the fourscore. Mrs. Stanton will be seventy-nine on November 12th, and I shall be seventy-five on February 15th, 1895. My! how old those years used to sound!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"MOTHER OF CLUBS."

The closing paragraphs of the chapter on her work as teacher in Kalamazoo College give a hint of the natural, and, considering Mrs. Stone's liberal culture and serving spirit, inevitable step from the Saturday evening circle in her own parlors during her later teaching years, to the beginnings, through her influence, of the club movement in Michigan.

As far back as 1852 another force was put into service in Kalamazoo, with Mrs. Stone as one of the chief promoters and founders, which may be said to be the earliest source of the club movement in the state, and which prepared the way and afforded the medium for systematic club work. This was the Ladies' Library Association, which always held monthly board meetings, with literary programs.

These two influences worked together and interchangeably to prepare the way for the woman's club in Kalamazoo, and to inspire other women in other towns to go and do likewise. They fostered art, history, and literature study, lecture courses, and an intelligent interest in the best in current literature.

The year following the organization of "Sorosis" and the New England Woman's Club, Mrs. Stone spent the greater part of the winter in Boston. While there she attended regularly the Saturday Club, and the New England Woman's Club. She observed the details of their management with the thought in mind of shaping the meetings of her own home organization after the best she was able to discover there in ideas and methods. She had come to believe that the women of the Library Association were ready for more serious and systematic intellectual culture. She copied the constitution of the New England Woman's Club, brought it home with her, told her people the story of her observations in Boston, and presented her plans. These met the approval of the board and were passed without a dissenting vote, even to that of calling the organization a woman's club.

That was in 1873. From this time forward there was a regular weekly club in connection with the library, and the club movement in Michigan may be said to have thus been regularly inaugurated. The club was organized with fourteen members. It grew in the course of a few years to more than two hundred. Mrs. Stone was made the first leader, which place she held until she began taking traveling classes abroad. She was commissioned to buy, during her travels, the many fine pictures and casts owned by the club. She was a member of the board of direc-

tors, either active or honorary, during the remainder of her life. The influence of this club in Kalamazoo and in the state is thus told by Mrs. Stone some twenty years afterward:

"No one can estimate the influence of that Library Association and woman's club for improving the society and promoting the culture of the people of Kalamazoo. I think it is not extravagant to say that it has done more to this end than all the schools, the college, and the Female Seminary, together, in the town. They have been the mother of many other similar institutions in the state. The library, managed by its board of women, with its pleasant parlors, fine pictures and casts, was for many years the most attractive place of which this beautiful town could boast. Ladies from away visiting Kalamazoo were sure to drop into the Ladies' Library rooms and its history classes or club if they were in session. Such visits were the suggestions for the establishment of similar classes in many of the cities and villages of the state. In fifteen at least of its larger towns, I have been solicited to organize and conduct classes similar to those connected with the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo. These classes have in most instances grown into permanent clubs."

In March, 1883, Mrs. Stone was a guest at the decennial reception of the Lansing Woman's Club. In her "Club Talks" in the *Detroit Post and Tribune* of

April 5, of that year, she describes this event and the evolution of the club movement up to that time, closing with the following interesting paragraphs:

"And now a word about this 'post-graduate education' that is going on all over the country, especially in our own state. The day is past when learning is to be considered as the exclusive privilege or appropriate adornment of one sex only. A quarter of a century ago, Tennyson evidently threw out tentatively upon the world his story of the 'Princess.' He wanted to see how the world would receive it. It was a story of 'sweet girl graduates,' written partly as a satire of their aspirations to learn 'all that men are taught in colleges for men,' and partly as a seer's or a poet's prophecy of a future of which he saw the dawn. Shorn of the extravaganzas of the satire, the prophecies have already been more than fulfilled. Then, Vassar College in our country did not exist. Since then, that and Smith's College, and Wellesley, and many others having nearly the same course of study, have sprung up. Cornell University, the University of Michigan, and almost or quite all Western colleges, have been opened to women on the same terms as to men. Harvard has granted her ungracious and satirizing 'Annex,' at which true prophets smile, knowing that Harvard will not long withstand the influence of examples like those of Cambridge and Oxford, and London University.

"But in the meantime, while the world has been

discussing this question of where women may properly be educated—if in universities with men, or in colleges whose curriculum has been patterned after that of colleges for men, or in ladies' seminaries and boarding schools of more conservative tendencies than either, women themselves, through the desire for knowledge, the feeling of the need of it, or for the sake of the enjoyment it gives, have, by the thousands, and tens of thousands in our country, laid out for themselves elective, or what we have termed 'post-graduate' courses of study which they are pursuing in associations which they call 'clubs,' and which, more than Vassar, and Smith, and Wellesley colleges, are the real institutions at present educating American women. Through the education thus gained by the mother, these clubs are no less forming the tastes of their children for reading, selecting the books that shall come into their families and into the town, village, and district school libraries all over the country. These clubs are established in almost every little village in our state—in many a country neighborhood, and they are preparing, as we venture to prophesy, for generations close upon our own, such a civilization as the world has never seen before, truly a new renaissance of which it may be said, '*dux femina facti.*'"

In order to obtain some definite knowledge of the extent of her influence in the club movement, I have made inquiry of club presidents regarding the influence

of Mrs. Stone in the formation of their clubs, or otherwise. From replies received I select the following as fairly indicative of Mrs. Stone's influence in the club movement in our State:

GRAND RAPIDS LADIES' LITERARY CLUB: Our club had its beginning in a history class conducted by Mrs. Stone. Her influence has been felt all through the history of our club, and it has not ceased with her life, for her memory is still an inspiration."

DETROIT WOMAN'S CLUB: "In the fall of 1880 the club engaged Mrs. Stone to direct its literary work. Under her superior leadership the club studied 'Spain, its history, literature, and art; 'The development of dramatic literature; 'Prominent American authors; 'Egypt; and 'Shakespeare.' Mrs. Stone gave a series of art talks before the club. Much of the success of the Detroit Woman's Club has been due to the large-souled, progressive ideas of Mrs. Stone."

LANSING WOMAN'S CLUB: "Mrs. Stone was the indirect cause of the organization of our club. When Mr. Bagley was governor, his wife spent much time here during the sessions of the legislature. Through Mrs. Stone's influence in Detroit, Mrs. Bagley had become infused with the club spirit, and under her direction our club was formed. Mrs. Stone's influence was very great in this club for many years. She was an honorary member, and gave several courses of lectures before the club on historical subjects."

YPSILANTI LITERARY CLUB: "Mrs. Stone's influence induced Mrs. Daniel Putnam to organize the first club in Ypsilanti, which is now the 'Literary Club.' The Ypsilanti 'Study Club' is an outgrowth from that."

BATTLE CREEK WOMAN'S CLUB: "In 1868, four years after the foundation of the Ladies' Library, Mrs. Stone formed a history class in connection with it, and thus became the foster mother of one of the oldest clubs in the State of Michigan."

DOWAGIAC NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB: "Mrs. Stone organized and named our club, which grew from a course of lectures which she delivered at Dowagiac. She attended our annual meetings and presided. We shall probably hold the name 'Nineteenth Century Club' forever, in her honor."

VICKSBURG WOMAN'S CLUB: "Mrs. Stone not only organized our club, but she favored us with lectures and attended our meetings a number of times. Her memory will always be held in reverence by the Woman's Club of Vicksburg."

THREE RIVERS WOMAN'S CLUB: "Mrs. Stone helped to organize an Isabella Club here in 1891. Two years later this was merged into the Woman's Club. Mrs. Stone came to see us again and again, and was always interested and ready with an illuminating word."

LAPEER TUESDAY CLUB: "The Tuesday Club of this city was organized in 1878 as a result of

an article in the *Detroit Post and Tribune* written by Mrs. Stone, in which she urged ladies to band themselves together in reading circles, which could not fail to be of great benefit. After reading this article, I called together five or six of our young ladies and we commenced to read Guizot's *History of France*. It took us two years to finish the work. This was the beginning of our club."

EAST TAWAS LADIES' LITERARY CLUB: "It was Mrs. Stone who inspired our first president to establish the East Tawas Ladies' Literary Club, and much good has resulted from it."

SCHOOLCRAFT LADIES' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION: "Our club is indirectly indebted to Mrs. Stone. We borrowed our idea, our name, and our first constitution, from the Kalamazoo association."

LESLIE END-OF-THE-CENTURY CLUB: "For many years Mrs. Stone has been an inspiration and a force in our club life. It was due directly to her that we became charter members of the State Federation. Her name is a household word with us."

LAWTON WOMAN'S CLUB: "We received valuable advice from Mrs. Stone in organizing our club in 1892. She addressed our club twice. We have the same constitution as the Kalamazoo club."

BAY CITY WOMAN'S CLUB: "On the afternoon of December 1, 1892, Mrs. Stone addressed a large audience in the Episcopal chapel here, upon the

history and development of women's clubs. This lecture inspired an energetic and successful organization of one hundred members."

PAW PAW COTERIE CLUB: "Mrs. Stone's last message to us, 'Do all the good you can,' has been adopted as our club motto."

JACKSON MOSAIC CLUB: "In the winter of 1889-90, Mrs. Stone gave a course of five lectures on art before the Mosaic Club. She also gave many useful suggestions for the program of the following year."

COLDWATER COLUMBIAN CLUB: "Mrs. Stone undoubtedly had an indirect influence upon the creation of the Columbian Club, as about thirty years ago she conducted a history class here, and from that time to the present there have been literary organizations in this place. Her instruction fell upon well-prepared ground, and the influence has continued to the present time."

SAGINAW READING CLUB: "One of the charter members of our club brought the club idea from Lansing, and the first club there was inspired by Mrs. Stone."

MENDON WOMAN'S CLUB: "Mrs. Stone's influence has always been felt among us since our organization. She met with us on several occasions, and talked to us on various subjects. She was an honorary member for a number of years."

LEXINGTON ATHENEUM: "The last few years of

Mrs. Stone's life were a great benefit to us. Her words of cheer and her soul-inspiring example have done us infinite good. God bless her memory."

BATTLE CREEK WOMAN'S LEAGUE: "Mrs. Stone was a great inspiration to our Woman's League."

DETROIT TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB: "Mrs. Stone had classes in Detroit years ago, and formed and conducted classes for European travel. Many of the members of our club were members of those classes. Mrs. Stone's influence has had much to do in promoting a desire for study and improvement among Detroit women. She was the one honorary member of our club."

ROCHESTER WOMAN'S CLUB: "During a winter in Lansing I first met Mrs. Stone. Through her influence I came home with the determination to interest the women of Rochester in organizing a club."

BENTON HARBOR OSSOLI CLUB: "Indirectly we owe our origin to Mrs. Stone, for it was owing to the good work accomplished by other clubs that our club was formed."

PORTLAND WOMAN'S CLUB: "The club movement instituted by Mrs. Stone was felt in Portland, and the result was the formation of the club now known as the Ladies' Literary Club."

ST. JOHNS LADIES' LITERARY CLUB: "Our club was organized after learning from other clubs, so we are indirectly indebted to Mrs. Stone."

MUSKEGON WOMAN'S CLUB: "On October 26, 1896, Mrs. Stone gave us her address on 'Prophecies of Literature and Art.' It was a memorable day to us."

KALAMAZOO TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB: "In 1890 Mrs. Stone organized an Isabella Club here, which expired by limitation at the close of the Columbian Exposition. It was then reorganized under the name of the Twentieth Century Club,—her last and best-loved club. Mrs. Stone was its loved and honored president until her death and, though failing health prevented her attendance toward the last, she was ever a liberal contributor, an influence for good, and an inspiration; and being dead she yet speaketh. She also organized the Frederick Douglass Club for colored men and women, and many classes for reading and study. We ne'er shall see her like again."

To Mrs. Stone's direct influence was chiefly due the formation of the State Federation in 1895. She was honorary president of this organization after her failing strength made it impossible for her to continue on the executive board as an active member. She was also one of the promoters of the General Federation, and was one of the three honorary vice-presidents of that organization, the other two being Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June). She regularly attended all meetings until 1896. Telegrams of affectionate greeting were sent her from the biennial meetings of this organization at Louisville and Denver. ■

The following memorial resolution was unanimously passed at the Milwaukee meeting of the General Federation :

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Lucinda Hinsdale Stone, of Kalamazoo, which occurred at her home March 14, 1900, the woman's club movement and the cause of woman and education, humanity and progress, have lost one of the foremost workers of the age, and one who made an impress on the life and thought of her time not exceeded by any other woman.

Resolved, also, That we pay the tribute of our loving recognition of the worth and work of this great and gentle soul, and that we dedicate ourselves to that high ideal of usefulness, the development of self for service to others, of which her long life of eighty-five years was a full and constant expression.

Resolutions of loving remembrance and appreciation were passed by many clubs and other organizations. Memorial services in her honor were held by many clubs in our state. She was an honorary member of more than fifty Michigan clubs.

Mrs. Stone's "Club Talks" in the *Detroit Post and Tribune* were widely read, and these had a direct and important influence in stimulating the club movement and in giving direction to study. They were read from week to week by thousands, and the progress of Michigan beyond most other states in organized club work is no doubt due to Mrs. Stone's influence in these

talks and in other ways, to an extent which few realize, so subtle a thing is human influence, and so often do we fail to note the springs of our interest and our activity.

There is no club in the state which does not owe its very existence in a way and to an extent which its members have rarely comprehended, to those earlier years of interest and effort on the part of Mrs. Stone. That influence, beginning with the Ladies' Library Association and the "Saturday evenings," in Kalamazoo, has come down the years through as many channels as there were people who came under the direct and indirect influence of Mrs. Stone in Kalamazoo and in the various towns and cities outside, and through her printed "Club Talks." More than this, the influence has extended to every city and town in other states where her pupils have gone and where Michigan club women have gone.

The influence of Mrs. Stone in directing club work through correspondence during the last twenty years of her life would have appalled and overwhelmed most younger women. To her it was a labor of love, though it consumed many hours of valuable time every week and necessitated no small outlay in stamps and stationery; for Mrs. Stone answered letters faithfully whether or not a stamp was inclosed for reply. But she deprecated the carelessness of women in this regard, and I have more than once heard her admonish young women in this small but important matter.

Mrs. Stone was particularly anxious to be helpful to clubs in remote places, and she was quick to recognize the ability of women in country clubs and country towns. The last time I saw her I read aloud at her request a brief review that I had made some years before, of a Chautauqua Reading Circle story, which particularly impressed her as expressing what the club movement had meant to thousands of women, especially in the earlier days of the movement. Thirty years ago, marriage, in the majority of cases, meant a gradual yielding up of all that had previously contributed to a woman's intellectual life, in the growing cares and duties of home. Mrs. Stone's tears fell rapidly as I read, and I give the story here as interpretative of Mrs. Stone's indirect influence, through the club movement, on a very large class:

It is the story of a California home in the early seventies,—a home where the mother's whole thought and energy were given to ministering to the material wants of her family.

The husband was a man of some education and literary taste. The half dozen children, ranging in age from eight to eighteen, were fast growing away from their mother in mental attainments. The realization of this fact caused her many a pang.

The children frequently brought their school work home for evening study. One would be diagramming sentences, another being deep in the intricacies of book-

keeping, while still another dug away at arithmetic, now and then propounding a knotty question to the father. Their knowledge seemed wonderful to the mother, as she sat mending from a heaping work-basket. Her grammar was coming to be frequently criticized by her young people. "Mother, it is 'sit,' not 'set'; or, 'ain't' isn't proper, mamma."

If a little help was needed in school work, they knew mamma could not give it, and they began to feel somewhat superior to their self-sacrificing mother. On the other hand, great deference was felt for the father, who was the counselor and helper in their new fields of research. The mother began to feel a sense of loneliness. One evening three of the children, having disposed of their lessons, were ready for a game of authors, and lacking a fourth player, one of them said: "I should think mother might play, even if she hasn't read the books," to which another answered, "No, she'd make as many mistakes as Dick. Let's wait for Mary."

The mother soon took little Dick up to bed; and as she kissed him good night, he said, "Why, mamma, your cheeks is wet; you ain't crying, be you?"

"Never mind, Dick," she answered, "go to sleep." But she went to her room for a few minutes and shed some bitter tears. She thought of her youth with its scant opportunities, every one of which, however, had been eagerly used; of her love of books and intellectual things, all of which had been gradually crowded out of

her life since her marriage by constantly increasing duties; and now her children, in their thoughtlessness, were showing in so many ways their perception of her ignorance.

Must it go on? Was there not still a ray of hope for her? Forty years old! She was given to finding a way out of emergencies in her housekeeping, and she was not without hope for this new emergency.

She brushed away her tears, opened her Bible to the Sermon on the Mount, and read with a new understanding: "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat, and the body than raiment?" She bowed her head for a moment on the book, went down stairs with cheerful resolution, and began quietly to put away her mending.

"Going to bed, mamma?" asked Mary.

"No, my dear, I'm going to read awhile with the rest of you." A look of surprise went round.

She picked up a paper, and the article which she chanced upon was an explanation of the object of the Chautauqua reading course. Here was her opportunity. A school for those who have been deprived of school privileges! She re-read the article, thanked God, and took courage.

It meant hard work, but she was used to that. She made a resolve; but she felt she must talk it over with the family. She had a strange hesitation about broach-

ing the matter to them, but she did it. Significant looks were passed about, but no one really spoke a discouraging word. The boys laughed, but Mary, who was eighteen, was her mother's loyal champion, and she said, "Mother is going to spend forty minutes a day in reading and study, and I am going to help her do it." The husband looked dazed.

Mary remembered that one of the library books was "Green's Short History of the English People," one of the very books needed; and she brought it home for a beginning. The mother had thought history dull and uninteresting as a school girl, but she read this with all the interest of a story. She was now reading history in the light of her maturer intelligence. The whole family grew interested; for the mother was too full of her new life to keep it all to herself, and the interest of the children was a happy reward. She redoubled her resolutions and her effort.

We cannot follow the four years of her experience in taking this course, but it was the evolution of Mrs. Thomas. The growing respect for the mother's opinion, the increased assistance of the girls about the house, the pride of the children as they often found themselves prepared to answer some school question because of home talk and help, the gradual but complete change in the home atmosphere, the blessed companionship of father, mother, and children,—all were beautifully worked out in her own evolution.

The influence began to be felt outside, and one day a Chautauqua Club was formed, and it was Mrs. Thomas who had to take the initiative and tell the others about it. Her voice trembled, her heart beat fast, her eyes threatened tears; but she managed to tell her story, closing with the words: "Only my Heavenly Father knows how thankful I am that I have had just the help and inspiration of this work."

She was made secretary of the club; and the time came when her voice did not tremble, her heart was steady, and she could express herself with perfect self-possession.

On one occasion a stranger asked of the minister, "Who is this Mrs. Thomas?"

"One of the noblest women I ever knew," was the reply, "yet you would hardly believe me if I were to tell you how she has developed since I first knew her. She proves a theory of mine, that the powers of mind and spirit strengthen with our strength, and the mature mind is better capable of growth, for it can grasp ideas with more force, and is infinitely superior in appreciation and perseverance than in youth; in short, that we are immortal."

During her last trip abroad Mrs. Stone was much impressed with the change which had come about in the development of American women since her

earlier years of travel. She thus expresses her impressions in a letter written while abroad:

"In Rome I have observed the greatest difference in the interest which is manifested by American and English people in things to be seen. The same was remarked to me by an archeologist here who gives lectures to classes on the antiquities of Rome. He said the brightness of Americans, especially American ladies, pleased him greatly. He liked to have them in his classes; they inquired into the meaning and the history of things. In short, the intelligence of American women surprised and delighted him. And, truly, I have myself been surprised to remark the difference between American girls and women that I meet in Rome now and those whom I was accustomed to meet here a few years ago. One not seeing this can hardly realize the difference. The agency that has produced this change and this improvement is, I am sure, the numerous, countless clubs for study among us. I really could not, at home, have realized what educational institutions these clubs have been, and I can not forbear to make this note of congratulation and encouragement for my friends in America."

Mrs. Stone saw in the women's club movement an important influence in breaking down the barriers of denominational prejudice, as well as that narrow spirit which would confine a woman's entire interest and

association in life to those of "her own set." She well illustrates the denominational prejudice of the old days by the following story from her experience:

"When I went to Kalamazoo in 1843, it seemed to me every man and woman was an Ishmaelite or a Philistine, except to the brother or sister of his or her own church. Bringing a letter of introduction to a minister, and his wife, whose brother had been from my childhood my beloved pastor, I took an early opportunity to deliver the letter. Weeks and months passed and I did not receive a call in return. I learned afterward that the minister's wife did not call upon me because she did not wish to make acquaintances outside her own church."

Mrs. Stone adds: "In removing the narrow prejudice of one sect against another, the influence of clubs has been most salutary. It is a wonderful step of advancement when people holding fast to what they themselves believe to be good and true, can yet respect the rights of others to their religious belief—can have confidence in the honesty and sincerity of a religious opponent. This I believe I have always endeavored to do—not only to perceive that another's right to his faith is as good as my own, but to feel in my heart that it is. And it has been a great pleasure to me to know intimately, people of widely differing religions. I am indebted to Roman Catholics and to Jews, to High and Low Church Episco-

paliens, to Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, for friendships that have enriched and sweetened my life. I once had most friendly conversations with a Mohammedan, a captain of a vessel on the Mediterranean, that have made points in a Moslem creed luminous to a better understanding of many monuments of art."

It may not be out of place to here add a further word in regard to Mrs. Stone's hospitality of ideas and her own religious development :

"I think there was in me by inheritance, a strong sense of the entire right of every soul to its own religious faith. As far back as I can remember, I liked to talk on religious subjects with persons who did not believe as I had been brought up to believe. I could not think that I was sure of my own belief, until I was willing to listen dispassionately to one of different religious views from myself. I read in the Scripture injunction. 'Be careful to entertain strangers, for thereby many have entertained angels unawares,' a spiritual law as well as one which enjoins the giving of shelter and food to strangers. When we entertain the bodies of men only, we but shelter the house they live in, by our own roof. True hospitality extends to the man himself, the soul within him, and there is nothing so much the man himself as his religion. 'All religions,' says Carlyle, 'have had a truth in them, or

man would not have taken them up.' That truth, illuminating our own faith, may be, and often is, the angel that comes in to dwell with us as a reward for our courtesy."

Her minister said truly when she passed away, "Her nature was deeply religious. The spirit of service early laid its sanctifying touch upon her and abode with her even until the end. Intellectually her faith changed in form. She continually sought more light, larger horizons. She did not remain stationary; she grew in spirit. In all changes she was conscious of an ever-deepening, ever-enlarging, faith." Her last years were spent in the fellowship of the Unitarian, afterward the People's, church, of Kalamazoo, of which she was one of the founders. She was "a Mother Superior" to some of its tenderest activities. One of the dearest of these was the Channing Library, which is one of the choicest collections of books to be found in the state. This library was designed by her to become "a memorial of the progress of religious, scientific, sociological, and humane ideas, and a repository of the history of the expansion and advance of thought."

The following is a portion of the tribute to Mrs. Stone which it was my privilege to give at the annual meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Lansing, on October 2, 1900. At the close of the reading the large audience arose as one person and stood for a moment with bowed heads:

At this first meeting of the M. S. F. W. C. since the passing of the spirit of our revered club mother, Lucinda Hinsdale Stone, it is fitting that we pause for a little time in the consideration of club interests, and call to mind lovingly and reverently the life and character of our departed leader, whose life-like portrait looks out upon us from above this platform. Interest in others seemed to dominate her life. The creed of the Sunshine Society was ever her rule of action:

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone,

Pass it on.

She enlarged its meaning to include all the treasures of learning, of travel, of literature, of art, of everything that enriches life, which had come to her so abundantly. Her long experience of "passing on" as a teacher and as a newspaper writer, helped to make this second nature.

She felt deeply that this spirit of sharing with others should be carried into club life. The woman who had lacked early opportunities and who hungered for knowledge appealed to Mrs. Stone in a way which would be difficult for one to understand who did not know her closely. She believed, too, that the more favored women, the women of gifts, have an opportunity which is a duty in club work. Not, "What can I get out of club life?" so much as "What can I give

to it?" "What have I to share?" is the spirit which Mrs. Stone taught. It was the spirit she would have the club hold toward the Federation. This was the latest message of Mrs. Stone to clubs and club women. It is the latest word of the times to clubs and club women.

It is given to few to make a deep and lasting impression as regards the things which make toward development on so large a number as was given Mrs. Stone. From the cradle to the grave hers was a continuous mission of service. Her life and character stand out strong and forceful as an example, not of sacrifice of self for others, but of the highest possible development of self in all ways for service to others. She was the eager student, the seeker after knowledge, after light,—not for self and these things in themselves, but for humanity's sake.

Her interests were as wide as human interests; her love, like the love of a tender mother, widened to include all the children of earth; her service was like that of the sun and rain,

"That give as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind;"

her culture the very flower of nineteenth century culture; her education at any moment in the last half century, the latest word to that moment; her attitude toward others and toward the opinions of others, like the calm surface of a lake, which interprets as truly,

as fairly, as sympathetically, the simplest object as it does the greatest. In a word, her aim and achievement through all the years, even to the last week of her life, was growth and service—growth for service.

What a noble legacy to the multitude of club women who have so reverently regarded her as mother.

Let us dedicate ourselves this day to that high principle so forcibly exemplified in her life, growth for service—growth through service. Thus and thus only can we fitly enshrine in our memory her who was chiefest among us because she was the servant of all.

In the words of Mrs. M. E. C. Bates: "As we love her, let us carry on her work. As we honor her, let us see to it that the world is better for her living, as long as we live. Let us pass it on—her life, her aspirations, her aims; and so build her monument, a work not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

MY PRAYER.

*"The harvest of a troubled day
I leave in God's kind care;
And as the night falls dumbly down,
I breathe this prayer:*

*"Let me forget for one brief hour
All my unworthiness,
And let me to the cup of peace
My parched lips press.*

*"Oh, may a new-born faith arise
In my despairing breast,
And may the cares that sap my life
Give way to rest.*

*"Bid what I am to stand aside,
And my soul sight to gaze
On all that I may grow to be
In coming days—*

*"When God's own purifying flames
That compass me about,
Have cleansed me white from selfishness
And pride and doubt.*

*"O, fair, chaste saint! so calm, so true!
Art thou my sometime fate?
How strong my will, how brave my heart,
To work and wait!"*

CHAPTER XIV.

NEWSPAPER WORK—MICHIGAN WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION—LIBRARY.

"Let us, as women, learn to put down self and work for a cause."

Mrs. Stone was a charter member of the Michigan Woman's Press Association organized in Traverse City in July, 1890, with Mrs. M. E. C. Bates as a moving spirit. Many of the newspaper women who came to this meeting were strangers to one another. With the idea of helping on the acquaintance, an "experience meeting" was arranged on the program, when each was expected to tell how she came to be a newspaper worker. Mrs. Stone's experience came toward the last. Many and various explanations had been given by others. The fact that a father, a husband, or a brother was a newspaper man had given opportunity or made demand on a number; others had drifted into this means of earning a living, with a variety of more or less interesting combinations of circumstances; others still had made their beginning because of a wish

to see their own writing or their own name in print. When Mrs. Stone's turn came, all were eager to hear. She began, "I wrote because I could not help it—because I had something to say."

Doctor Dewey says there is a vast difference between having to say something and having something to say. Mrs. Stone made the press women understand that difference as she told the story of how she was prompted to write because she must express herself on matters of vital interest of a social, moral, or educational nature which came up from time to time; and she told, too, how she had recognized in the newspaper a chance to share with others the enjoyment and advantage of her own travel and study; and so she had been writing for fifty years.

Mrs. Stone's words and presence had a marked influence upon that meeting and upon the women who were there. She saw in the newspaper great opportunities for usefulness, and she made others see it. She held the association always to an earnest purpose and high ideals. During all the earlier years of the organization she never missed a meeting, and she was honored and revered by every newspaper woman in Michigan.

Through her newspaper articles Mrs. Stone reached hundreds of thousands of readers, and her writings would make many volumes. Among the Michigan newspapers through which she reached the people on a

variety of subjects, ranging from nearly every topic of living interest for half a century,—to art, history, literature, biography, mythology, symbolism, etc., were the Detroit, Port Huron, and Kalamazoo papers. At one time for a number of years her husband and sons owned and published the Kalamazoo *Telegraph*, and her son James was for years editor of the Detroit *Post and Tribune*. The *Woman's Journal* and the *New Unity* were two papers which she greatly valued, and to which she contributed frequently for years.

At that first meeting of the M. W. P. A. Mrs. Stone, speaking with earnestness, said, "Let us, as women, learn to put down self and work for a cause." These words were the next year adopted as the motto of the association, and have been a continual inspiration to its members.

The following paragraph from an address given by Mrs. Stone at one of the annual meetings is characteristic:

"There is no better stimulus to growth than efforts to represent things clearly and truly. Journalism ought to be a growth to one engaged in it, though it is hard to conceive how collecting society news can promote the growth of any one; but yet I believe there is no situation in which a human being can be placed, but furnishes elements that can be turned into good and growth. Nature teaches this. The lily of purest white and sweetest odor, and the gentian of cerulean

blue, bloom above black and fetid mud. We cannot come in contact with humanity without learning something. In collecting news even, one will often meet interesting, touching facts that can be woven into a story, readable and instructing."

In 1893 a fine life-size photograph of Mrs. Stone was placed in the Michigan Building of the World's Fair by the Michigan Woman's Press Association. This portrait was afterward presented to the University of Michigan by the press women, and now occupies a prominent place in the Art Gallery of the university.

At the first meeting of the Michigan Woman's Press Association following Mrs. Stone's death, the report of the committee on memorials contained the following:

"From the Michigan Woman's Press Association have passed during the year several dear and faithful workers. Foremost among these is our revered Lucinda Hinsdale Stone, the mother of co-educational advancement for women in the state and also of women's clubs in Michigan. Her life was an embodiment of her motto, which stands as the rule of action for the Michigan Woman's Press Association: 'Let us as women learn to put down self and work for a cause.'

"To all who came within her influence she taught the principles of true living. In her departure we feel that a great soul has been translated; and in loving memory of her, let us, as press women, resolve to give

our services to the cause of humanity, which she loved and served so well. So shall we best enshrine her memory and keep it bright through time."

A TRIBUTE FROM MRS. M. E. C. BATES.

What Mrs. Stone was to those of the newspaper women of Michigan who came under her influence, no one knew or appreciated better than Mrs. M. E. C. Bates; and this she has told as only Mrs. Bates can, in the following words:

"One of the highest inspirations to active work which Mrs. Stone gave to the world, and especially to the world of women whose souls are on fire with desire to be of service to God and humanity, but are baffled by circumstances, was the fact that to the very last her life was one of active usefulness.

"After the allotted threescore years and ten, at a time when, according to the traditions of the race, women are, or were, relegated to the chimney corner, and where, even then, they were often in the way of the younger generation, and their days of usefulness ended, Mrs. Stone did some of her best work. A notable instance of this was her connection with the newspaper women of the state.

"What Mrs. Stone was, living, to the older members of the Michigan Woman's Press Association, and what her memory is to them since she has passed on to the higher life, there are no words to tell. In the

shaping of their lives there is no more important factor than her influence. Her earlier life work was perhaps mainly among the young. The work she did for the older women of this association was in most cases done for those whose life was more than half behind them, and in some for those whose steps were already well on the path to the sunsetting. Some of them were women who had had the hard teaching of experience,—the defeat, as it seemed, not the triumph of life. They had longed with an infinite longing to make something of life, to do successful work for God and humanity, and had failed. They were bearing the burdens of the world. To some it seemed as if the Christ within them had labored and suffered, and come at last to the hill of crucifixion. Almost they were ready to say, as did the Christ of Nazareth, 'My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?'

"To them at their first meeting came she who was from the moment of her coming a leader out into new paths. The fire was laid for the kindling. Her words, her presence, struck the flame that burst at once into a glorious radiance. Life was not ended—it was just beginning. For defeat there was yet the promise of triumph; for the ashes of senility, the fire of renewed youth. The wilderness, with its tangled paths, its stony ways, its utter weariness and hopelessness, fell away behind them. Serene and fair before them lay the 'primrose path' which, unseen to those whose eyes have not been opened, yet winds through

life to the very end and beyond. She showed them, in the words of another traveler on that way, how 'all progress on that way is done by working, and no good work is wasted, though the memory of it may not abide with men; so no stroke is wholly lost, even though it reach not its aim. And they who walk the primrose way know each the other, and each the other's work; and to each is given what his work demands. Yet do they not always see the reward of their work, for ofttime that cometh later; yet each knoweth if his work is good, and if it satisfy the worker, then is that a reward; for on this way go none but they who be earnest, not dallying nor yet pretenders, but men who do for the doing's sake, and for the things that are.'

"To the opened eyes appeared the comrades of the way. There was no more the sense of aloneness, but of blessed companionship, and always she was walking side by side, a fellow traveler who comprehended all. To those who came to belong to this organization in later years, to those who come in the years that are still to be, her influence remains and will remain, though they will perhaps not know it. It will not be possible for the Michigan Woman's Press Association to ever lose what this noble woman has done for it, and—who shall say not?—is still doing.

"There was yet another side to her connection with her friends in the association. She was more than

leader and teacher; she was the loving friend, the cheery, good comrade. From her wide experience came the power to be in touch with the experiences of all. She knew, she sympathized, she comforted. She was a delightful companion in all ways. She was full of apt reminiscences and a charming teller of little tales. Who that sat with her at the table, for instance, at her last meeting with the association in Traverse City, can ever forget the gaiety of the hour, her bubbling merry laugh that punctuated her own story-telling which set everybody to telling stories, too, but never one she could not cap with a better one. With all her keen insight into life, that searched into its darkest corners, there was no morbid gloom. She could blaze into an indignation that was at white heat against wrong and hypocrisy, but it was like the lightning and the whirlwind of a summer storm. It left behind it sweet, pure air, the songs of birds and the scent of flowers, and a whole world blown clear by it.

"The world's masters of thought were one with her. Apt quotations from poets and philosophers filled her conversation. From Plato to Kipling, she had something to fit every place, and Emerson seemed to be her other self. One felt after sitting by her side for an hour and listening to her, as if he had been in the company of the immortals, and there was no lower, meaner plane of living.

"Is it a wonder that those of us into whose mature life she came are filled with the tenderest memories, with a love that is eternal, a sense of loss on the earth side that is never missing, and a sure faith that is so strong that it is a knowledge, that somewhere in the infinite spaces she is still our own, and that as one by one we, too, pass beyond the veil, her welcoming presence will be one of the precious things the great, happy future of our next living will hold for us!"

HER LIBRARY, AND LITERARY TASTES.

Miss Charlotte I. Anderson thus writes of Mrs. Stone's library and her literary tastes:

"Perhaps the most accurate index to Mrs. Stone's mental temperament and range of studies is her library. In addition to the immortal classics of every land and age there is scarcely a book of real importance that has appeared in the last sixty years that is not, or has not been, upon its shelves; first editions of all the American authors as they appeared from time to time as Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, etc.; scientific works—Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall; in philosophy—Spencer, Fisk, Wayland, James; works of every phase of the religious problem, both conservative and liberal. She was a profound student of Egyptology and ancient civilizations, and on the other hand intensely interested in all our modern social

problems. In addition to this she was a student of the art of every land and age.

"Limiting myself to the domain of literature proper, it will be safe to say that the two authors most vital to her and to which she undoubtedly owed the most for guidance and inspiration were Emerson and Browning. Emerson she thought next to Jesus Christ, and his face the most expressive of human kindliness of any she had ever seen. His works were constantly at hand and were constantly read; they were a veritable bible of the soul to her. Should you suggest to read Emerson, she was always willing. Should you ask what essay to read, she would reply, 'Oh, any of them are good;' and she often said that she always considered the last essay she had read the best one. She continually found in them new depths and beauties. The essay she was most fond of reading was perhaps the 'Over-Soul.'

"Of Browning she was a profound student, and a thousand times I have heard her refer to this passage in Paracelsus :

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth,
A baffling and perverted carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error: and, to KNOW,
Rather consists in opening out a way

Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring
And source within us: where broods radiance vast,
To be elicited ray by ray, as chance
Shall favor.

"On Sunday, August 6, 1899, I read with her the whole of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' which she greatly enjoyed. She told me at that time that she had made it a practice to read Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' at least once every year. Walt Whitman she considered one of God's prophets, and the thing about him which most interested her was his ideas upon democracy.

"She would sometimes say that when she got to heaven she was going to inquire for 'Bobbie' Burns, and it was undoubtedly Burns' mighty love for humanity and his infinite kindliness of heart which won her admiration. The works of Ruskin were a source of inspiration to her, and Goethe she considered as one of the greatest of men.

"While she was interested in the new books as they came out from time to time, and read a surprisingly large number of them, they did not seem to give her the satisfaction and mental sustenance which the older authors did, although she was continually listening for a strong note to be sounded in modern literature.

The class of men and women which perhaps most interested her in her later years were religious and social reformers, and sociological and political literature of all kinds, along with religious discussions, were continually of interest to her. In relation to this subject an important lesson is to be drawn from one habit which she continually practiced—that of getting at the man as well as his book; and what most influenced her was not, for example, 'Les Miserables,' but the soul of Victor Hugo behind it.

"And so throughout the long list of books belonging to all great literature it was the souls of men and women that shone through the books that moved and interested her, and not merely the book alone.

"These are a few of the authors she loved, but the list is indefinite; although these are the greatest influences which shaped her aspiration and thinking. Hers was one of those rare intellects in which the analytic and intuitional faculties were equally balanced. Independent in her thinking and true to her convictions to the uttermost, she would not profess to believe anything which did not appeal to her best judgment and sense of right. She was eminently an investigator, and sought for truth in every new development of modern thought."

A TRIBUTE FROM MRS. CAROLINE FARRAND-BAL-
LENTINE.*

Few lives have been more rounded out, or more entirely a help and blessing to friends and pupils than that of Mrs. Stone. Hers was a life reaching out so far in so many ways, so full and vital in every part, so livingly in sympathy with the best and most truly progressive in the thought and effort of the day, so sympathetically in touch with the beautiful in literature and art, so completely filled with the sunshine of hope, and the glow of unceasing endeavor to lead out some groping mind into the light—that words must surely fail me in an attempt to deal adequately with the memory of my ideal teacher and friend.

With the pioneer educational work for the women of her state and century, Mrs. Stone was strongly and triumphantly identified, and hundreds bear witness to the value of her work in this direction, acknowledging it to have been deeply fundamental.

All that she wrought out, all that she taught, was accomplished in the spirit of a kindling and generous enthusiasm. She was frank, cordial, absolutely sincere, never intolerant of adverse opinion or unreasonable criticism; but with sympathetic patience she often-times welcomed the full expression of ideas dia-

*Mrs. Stone was for two years associated with Mrs. Ballentine in teaching at the Somerville School, on the St. Clair River.

metrically opposed to her own. She was always learning, always eager to know the *truth*.

In an address to the young ladies at Somerville School, in 1882, occurs the following passage, so characteristic of this unusual woman:

"Let all the lights be turned on to illuminate truth; keep back nothing that will bring out the towering heights of its grandeur, and when you find yourselves enabled to climb to higher vantage-ground, point out the lighted, glorious way to others; you must share with others your discoveries, as will all sincere and truth-loving souls. That which comes to you of higher thought, of clearer vision, reveal to others, and fearlessly and speedily, lest the precious privilege of sharing be lost to you. From the burning bush in that ancient wilderness, to God's flashing signal-lights of our own day, earnest, reverent seekers have received new views of old truths, and in the broad-sheeted light of a swiftly coming future, *truth* will shine forth in a glory whose splendor we can now but dimly conceive."

The field cultivated by Mrs. Stone was a wide one, enlisting her mental powers, executive abilities and tender sympathies.. Though great was the work she accomplished, those who knew her more intimately than the general public felt assured that what she did was only a small part of that which she was longing, burning, to do toward the uplifting of those whose views of higher things were but dimly conceived. In

a very deep sense Mrs. Stone realized that life here is a privileged part of life eternal, and that it largely depends upon our own choice and our own enlightened service whether the earth-portion of existence be glorious or ignoble.

I think of her now as I saw her last in my own home, and in that of our dear friend, Mrs. Henry Howard, about six years ago, where her presence was at once an inspiration and a benediction. Her strong and usually grave face was made noble by its lines of experience; its expression of loving interest and tender regard for all around her, added a touch of benignant grace. Crowned by the soft white of her hair, and a soft roll of snowy lace, it was a countenance lighted up by thoughts that come only to those made strong and gentle by the discipline of right living, right thinking, of right doing and right being.

Mrs. Stone will be remembered by all who knew her as a woman, as a friend or as a teacher, as an earnest seeker after truth, as a "beautiful soul," an ever-present influence toward higher striving and nobler living.

In all the utterances of her great loving heart, in the catholic sympathy and breadth she always manifested, and in the pure uprightness of her daily doing, the life of the spirit within her was made manifest. Into the land of unveiled truth and deeper harmonies and glad fruitions our thoughts follow her rejoicingly.

MY SYMPHONY.

*To live content, with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury;
And refinement rather than fashion;
To bear all cheerfully;
Do all bravely;
To listen to stars and birds,—
To babes and sages, with open heart;
To study hard, think quietly,
Act frankly, talk gently,
Await occasions, hurry never,
In a word,
To let the spiritual,
Unbidden and unconscious,
Grow up through the common,
This is to be my symphony.*

—William Henry Channing.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT I WOULD DO IF I WERE A GIRL AGAIN.

By Mrs. Stone.

I would learn the use of tools—how to make things. Have you not envied women who knew just what was the matter with their sewing-machine when it “wouldn’t go,” who could take it to pieces and put it in good running order again with half the tools a man would require to do the same thing? Women who could mark out and tell a carpenter just what they wanted done to remedy some mistake a builder had made in their house, and which had subjected them for years to great inconvenience? Would it not bring as much comfort and happiness into a family for a woman to know this as for a man to know it? I have seen a woman who could tune her own piano, regulate her own watch, take a troublesome lock off a door and “make it work” again as skilfully as a man. And is there any reason why it would not be as well and suitable for her to know how to do these things, and to do them if she knew how, as for a man to know and to do them?

Can it be less important for every girl to know something so well—to have in the range of her studies or accomplishments some one which she knows so thoroughly that it could be to her what a boy's trade might be to him, in case of necessity?

If I were a girl I would learn to swim and to row a boat, and as far as possible would practice all those exercises that would bring me into communion with out-door nature, as a companion, mother, friend. I would know more of the sky and the stars and the clouds, that we may always see. I would be able to record in sketches caught at the moment, wonderful pictures which it is often given one to see but once in a lifetime; so that I should know if scenes which others represent are true to nature. One does not need to be a professional artist to be able to get great enjoyment out of the art work of one's own hands; and the growth of character that is gained through the prosecution of a single study in the line of natural tastes, is often very remarkable. We all of us sometimes see wonders of sky or cloud, or the effect of the same on water or a field of waving grain, which, to be able to fix on canvas or a piece of millboard that may be kept always at hand, would afford a lifelong pleasure. I recollect to have entered the little attic work-room (it could hardly be called a studio) of a lady who thus pursued studies for which she had a natural taste, when the mutual friend accompanying

me took from a bracket a little picture, asking, "What strange thing is this?"

"That," replied the lady, "is a picture sketched on the spot, and true in every particular to the reality. I was on Lynn beach. We had stopped an hour for the next train. There had been a storm, and the clouds had broken away, giving just that appearance of sky and cloud and that strange light on the water. I have never seen anything like it before nor since. Having my materials in my satchel, I took out my brushes and fixed the scene on that little piece of millboard. One who had not been in the habit of noticing such strange appearances would not, I presume, believe that was a true sketch; but it is exactly as I saw it; and that little piece of millboard will be a lifelong treasure to me."

If I were a girl again, I would know more of the things that are all about me—of the plants that grew so near me that I must see them every time I went out or came in; of the trees and their foliage through all the seasons; of the mosses and their curious, almost sentient, ways; of the birds and all their various plumage and songs. I would know about the animals that minister to our daily wants and comforts, and I would not esteem it a vain thing to make even a dog's life happier by a kind word which I could bestow, or a kind act which I could do.

If I were a girl, and had given two, three, or four

years to the study of French and German, I would not allow myself to forget all that I had learned of these languages by neglecting even to open a French or German book; but a story or a book that I wanted to read for the story or book's sake I would read in its original French or German, and not through a translation. I would read even if I did not understand every word, and could not take time to consult dictionary or grammar. The understanding of a previous page will come in a succeeding one; and in a very short time one will become so familiar with a language which is made a medium through which something needed is sought, that he will become entirely forgetful of the medium, and a French or German book will be as readily taken to while away time on the cars, or on a steamer, as one in the native language. All the difficulties of reading with the utmost facility, one or two of the modern languages, are very soon overcome after the drill of a school course, which should always be merely preparatory to the real use and enjoyment of any knowledge thus gained. And the fuller, clearer understanding of an author that comes from knowing him in his native language, is adequate reward for the trouble, which will soon cease to be any trouble whatever. It is like knowing a friend in that friend's own home to know an author in his own native tongue; and this is a pleasure so easily attained, that any one who has

studied French, German, or Italian in her school course should not miss it.

I believe there is no one aid to growth so great as a habit, early formed, of keeping a simple record of what one thinks and sees and does and learns every day. Such records become mile-stones by which may be marked, better than in any other way, one's growth and improvement. There is nothing like it to encourage and foster habits of observation. I never knew an intellectually inferior person who had maintained such a habit for years. One outgrows intellectual incapacity in many ways through the unconscious gains gathered by such a practice. Keep a journal of each day's events, observations, mistakes, errors, and successes. Let there be in it some notice of every book you read, scenes you visit, sketches of characters that impress you, records of important public events. If you have time for no other mental work in a day, take time for that.

The following tribute to Mrs. Stone is from a "Sermon to Girls" given by Caroline Bartlett Crane in the People's church, Kalamazoo, in 1898. The sentiments seem so appropriate in thought with the foregoing from Mrs. Stone that the extract is given place here:

"Do you know Wendell Phillips' recipe for eternal

youth? 'Ally yourself early with an unpopular but righteous cause.'

"There is one I often go to see who will soon be no longer seen upon this earth. When I see the feeble form, I see, alas! all that the years have done. But this is all! When I want to know the latest that has been done or thought for others' good—I go and sit with her. When my heart burns with the thought of injustice committed by man or nation against another, I go for sympathy to her.

"And many a time in these nine years I have known her, a strange thing has happened: As I have looked at her when she was strongly moved, I have seen in her face and gesture a something young—forever, triumphantly, defiantly, divinely young—as if through her eye and voice looked and spoke the girl that threescore years ago chose the side of right, and chose with it, all unknowing, the perpetual heyday of the soul.

"My girls, would you be like this when white hair rests upon your brow? Then make the choices that she made when her cheeks bloomed as yours. No, not *those* choices! for, thanks be to such as she! many of those hard choices between right and wrong are no longer offered us. The wrong is dead; the right is ours. But make *your* choices in such fashion as she made hers, and witness the power of those

* * * Divine ideas below
That always find us young,
And always keep us so!"

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

*Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."*

*The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light, . . .
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,—*

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—Leigh Hunt.

CHAPTER XVI.
NOTES OF TRAVEL.

A DAY ON THE RHINE—LONDON'S POOR—VIEWS OF
WAR—SWISS LACE MAKERS—LACE MAKERS OF
BRUSSELS—GRAYFRIAR'S BOBBY—A DAY ON THE
RHINE.

Said one of Mrs. Stone's old college pupils to me:
"I have never seen anything equal to Mrs. Stone's
beautiful attitude toward all who served her. I have
never seen any one so appreciative of service, nor so
thoughtful of the price in human effort of the com-
monest things we enjoy."

The following from a description by Mrs. Stone
of a day on the Rhine, well illustrates this:

"I believe I spent the best hours of this day on the
Rhine in watching the mighty movements of the great
soulful machinery, so regular, so exact, so powerful,
yet so submissive to a power wholly unseen, which in
its dignified play was bearing us along. Again and
again during the day I found my way to the cabin
through the passage by the machinery, and stood long
each time to watch the giant arms bear along with

such majestic ease and grace their precious freight. I watched the begrimed, sooty, sweating firemen, too, with an interest that I never felt before. The value of their work, and our carelessness of the life poured out for our enjoyment, came to me as it never did before. Once in a while the one nearest me, as he heaved the great shovelful of coal into the glowing furnace, looked up to me with his glaring eyes as if to ask what I was standing there for. I wondered how he would take it if I should drop a silver thaler down into the coal he was scraping up. Would he take it as I really meant it—as a penitent's offering, that I had so little thought of the real cost of that day's pleasure to me, to us all, and which he, my brother, was paying so dearly for—earning by the sweat, not of his brow, but his whole body? for I observed, as he raised his arms, that the sleeves of his shirt, rolled up almost to the shoulder, clung and dripped as if lifted out of water, that ran in streams down his sooty arms. The engineer, too, stood there in a similar heat, watching every movement of the great arms and hands and fingers of the machinery into which he was putting his own soul, his eyes intent on every motion, that we might be borne safely to our destination. Surely there is nothing in the world that we less consider than the mighty cost at which we have everything that we enjoy."

It is impossible to put a money value on the ines-

timable worth to young people of close association with such a rare soul as Mrs. Stone.

LONDON'S POOR.

In her travels Mrs. Stone constantly observed people and conditions. Life everywhere appealed to her—animal life no less than human life—and her notes of travel are filled with observations which show how she was affected by the hard conditions which she saw. The following, written in London in 1886, illustrates this:

"Who are all these men in working dress lounging on benches in these gardens?" I asked of a London gentleman as he was walking with us through Battersea Park. "I saw, I am sure, yesterday, some hundreds lounging thus on church steps and leaning up against the walls just around the Bank of England, right in the working hours of the day, too."

"Oh, they are men out of work," he said, "and hanging about to seize on anything they can do—open a carriage door, do anything, in short, to keep from starving."

"And what if they cannot get anything to do?" I asked.

"They starve, I suppose," he said. "I don't really see what else they can do."

"Well," I said, "I saw a most wonderful machine in going through the Bank of England the other day,

that would weigh a postage stamp, or half a one. The instant the bit of paper was laid upon the plate, the hand would turn for a distance that on the face of a clock would mark five minutes. The man told us this was the only machine of the kind in the world, and they call it the 'Lord Chief Justice of England.' These hundreds of starving men, women and little children that I see wherever I turn in London, indeed, all over this beautiful England where I have been, and those poor little pale-faced boys, who cannot live out half a life, that I saw in this same Bank of England, striking off one hundred and one thousand pound notes, good as gold all the world over—the enormous wealth and luxury that I see on one hand, and this terrible, starving poverty on the other hand—have opened my eyes to see as in a vision another 'Lord Chief Justice of England,' who will be enthroned, one that shall take into account the souls of men, and count them as much, at least, as the hundredth part of a grain of gold."

"Yes," he said, "I often think there is a wrong somewhere that must be righted before the kingdoms of this world can become the kingdoms of our Lord."

"He was a really religious man; but what should he know about the starving poor! As he said, his 'had been a very indulged life.' He had never been obliged to work, and had always had plenty of leisure to read and study. On the soil of his life had grown a beau-

tiful spirit and a deep religiousness—a sweet, contemplative love of nature and of God. He almost lived, he said, in those beautiful Battersea gardens; there was not a nook, scarce a plant, in them but was an intimate acquaintance. But these pale-faced boys in the Bank of England he had never seen. He had never in his life, though he had lived more than fifty years in London, been in the Bank of England. Nor had he seen, it seemed to me, as much of the poverty of this great city and country as had been forced upon me to see in the one month I had been there.

“To the man who took us through the bank I ventured to say: ‘It makes me very sad to see these little boys do work which makes them so pale and sickly looking. They must have short lives.’

“O, yes,” he said indifferently, “it is doubtless very bad for ‘em, ma’am, so much heat and gas as they work in; but I suppose it can’t well be helped.”

“But if their lives, or the lives of the poor mothers who are kept from starvation by the wages they earn, were counted as much as the thousandth part of a grain of gold that the ‘Lord Chief Justice of England’ notes so jealously, would there not be found a way to ventilate the room in which they are obliged to work?

“I recalled the lines of Thomas Hood:

‘It is not linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives!’

"I recalled other words also: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' and, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

VIEWS OF WAR.

Mrs. Stone's views of war are forcibly expressed in the following excerpts from a letter written from Strasburg in 1886:

To-day we came upon greatness unawares, while stopping in Strasburg a few hours to see the cathedral and its wonderful clock. Though missing the emperor of Germany, who is sick at Metz, we came upon his son, the crown prince, the kings of Wurtemberg and Saxony, the grand duke of Baden, and princes and generals of almost all nationalities and countries of Europe, without number. Eight thousand of the picked men of the German army, with about a fourth of that number of officers, have been maneuvering before the emperor at Metz for a week or more, and thousands of these, after the day's drill is over, come into Strasburg, where they have their quarters. About two o'clock they came in a long procession from the field at Metz—a very proud one for them—in all the paraphernalia of a grand parade of military greatness—many of them alighting at the door of the Grand Hotel de la Ville de Paris, where we were stopping. It was indeed a wonderful display of waving plumes and white-feathered topknots, and gold and lace and

military cloaks and clanking swords, attached to generalship by silver ribbons, which, like the robes of Troy's proud matrons, "swept the ground." Doubtless it would not have moved any prince or duke or great general among them even to pity me could they have known that I, looking on from my upper window, was not at all dazzled by all these golden trappings. It was very grand to the outward eye of sense, to be sure, as we have educated our senses to regard things; but really it was to me a most impressive lesson as to the foolishness and frippery with which greatness must clothe itself when it is on the wrong track. It seemed to me beneath real manhood to deck itself out in this manner. This was the silly side of war. That awful picture of the field of Gettysburg after the battle tells the real story.

HUMBOLDT'S GRAVE.

Kings and emperors are much sooner forgotten than many humbler personages. Who, in our country at least, knows or could exactly trace the line of the Fredericks and Frederick Williams and Williams by whom the crown and heritage of the present emperor has been handed down? Very few, I suppose; while many of the humbler characters of Walter Scott, or the poems of the peasant, Robert Burns, are like their A B C's to thousands. I did put away carefully in my notebook some leaves of bay plucked from the dried

wreaths that were laid last year on the coffin of Frederick the Great, at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of his death; but in trying to inquire of my inner self *why* I did this, I found that Carlyle, who has written Frederick's life, and who was so unfortunate as to lose one volume of this immense work through the carelessness of a housemaid, when it was all finished for the press, and had to reproduce it through labor that was like tearing out his heart-strings, was a great deal more closely associated with the leaves I so carefully put away than was Frederick the Great. My remembrances of the great author, and of the friendly sympathy of Emerson with him in his loss, was the finest aroma of the dried leaves, after all; so that it was not imperial or warlike greatness that I was cherishing, but quite another thing. And all the way home I went humming to myself—I did not know why, nor why I was so persistent in trying to recall the exact words of the lines beginning,

“Kind hearts are more than coronets.”

Everybody knows the names of Alexander and William von Humboldt; and it was a greater pleasure to me to see the house and garden in which Humboldt wrote his “Cosmos,” and to sit a few moments under the great sheltering oak where he discussed with his friends—the leading spirits of his age—the divine laws of the universe that he had searched out, or that had

been revealed to him, than it has been to visit any king or emperor's palace.

The pleasantest day I have ever spent in Berlin, and the excursion which I shall remember longest, is the one I made to Humboldt's home and to the graves of the Humboldt family. These are at Tegel, a suburb of the city, and one of the loveliest places that can possibly attract the visitor. The family cemetery is in a sunny opening in a forest of the most stately, beautiful pines, which surround the inclosure like a garden arbor or the walls of a church, yet let in the full sunlight and an unobscured view of the sky above, so that on these graves the sun and the rain and the dews of heaven may fall freely. Indeed, I never saw a burial place that pleased me more than that of the Humboldt family.

SWISS LACE-MAKERS.

Every little toddler in Switzerland must earn its living as soon as it can lisp its own name, either in some work or in taking care of one younger than itself. All along the roadside through the valleys are little board shelters where, on shelves thus protected, wood carvings and Swiss lace are offered for sale, or a little bright-eyed, slender-limbed chamois, tended by some child, is to be seen for a few centimes. Under one of these sheds I saw two little girls. Both were making lace, their little fingers flying so that I could

hardly see them as they handled the bobbins. When I patted the head of the youngest one and expressed surprise that such a little thing should be able to make lace so nicely, the older sister told me, with loving pride, that Anna had earned her own living by lace-making already for two years. They begged me to buy the piece I saw her making, "for there are five of us, two younger than we are, and we are *sehr arme, tres pauvre*" (very poor), they said, trying in three languages to make me comprehend the situation and induce me to buy. Both could read and write, they told me. The elder seemed mother-like, and most anxious that the little one should make a sale of her lace, though little Anna said, "You see hers is nicer than mine, for she is older; it is better that you buy hers than mine." I thought of Wordsworth's idyl, "We Are Seven." The beauty of their kindness and love for each other in their poverty "made me glad."

We drove back through this valley, and the sun had long been out of sight behind the high western mountains when we passed their little stall. But both were there still at work, their little fingers flying no less nimbly than in the morning when I first saw them. They recognized me, bowed and smiled gratefully for the poor, small purchase I had made of them. I dare say it was the only sale they had made during the day. Dear little Swiss lace-makers, in the valley of Lauterbrunnen! you gave me far

more than I did you in the few francs I paid you for your lace. Your lives shall henceforth be a part of mine, and the red threads in your lace will signify to me the life-blood of two of my little sisters.

LACE-MAKERS AT BRUSSELS.

The lace shops, none of my readers if they be ladies, will be likely to neglect; but do not forget to go also to the manufacturers of the lace, and see the poor women at work, and from actual sight learn to estimate the real cost of Brussels lace. Here you will be likely to recall some lines of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," with a new comprehension of their meaning and pathos.

"O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

I saw lace handkerchiefs sold for twenty and twenty-five francs, the lace that bordered which no woman ever did or could do in one month's time, working from early morning till night. Many of the best workers, those who do the finest parts of the work, do not receive more than a franc (20 cents) a day, and out of this they have to live and often feed and clothe children. Alas! for the children, and still more alas! for the poor mothers who starve for them.

GRAYFRIAR'S BOBBY.

More than one American traveler abroad has been led to visit Grayfriar's churchyard in Edinburgh because Mrs. L. H. Stone had told them the touching story of the fidelity of "Grayfriar's Bobby." Here is the story in her own words :

This little Scotch terrier belonged to a poor man by the name of Gray, who lived in an obscure part of Edinburgh, and of whom little was known until he died and was buried in old Grayfriar's churchyard. The next morning after his burial the little dog was found upon his grave, to which he had come the day before as chief among the mourners. But nailed to the churchyard gate was an ordinance forbidding dogs to enter. Bobby, as he came to be called, was therefore taken from his place of refuge on his master's grave and rudely expelled. The next morning, however, he was found again upon the grave. Again he was thrown over the wall. But he returned the third night, and somehow continued to get over the wall, and when the last time expelled and shut up, his cries were so piteous that he was permitted to return. His fidelity at length attracting attention, a keeper of a restaurant near by carried him food, or attracted him to his rooms to get food, until at length the one o'clock gun from the castle became his call to go for his dinner to the restaurant or little hotel where he had been invited, as

regularly as the soldiers of the garrison went to theirs by the same call.

At length Bobby's benefactor was sued for the tax set upon the dog. But he disclaimed to be the owner of Bobby in any way; the dog did not live with him, never would follow him, and only accepted his dinner at his friend's hands. He would gladly pay his tax, he said, if he might possess the dog, but who was to give him this right? The case became notorious and was brought before the city council, and Bobby was rated exempt from taxation, the provost himself giving him the collar that I have just seen in the keeper's lodge, inscribed with the name by which he was christened, "Grayfriar's Bobby," and signed by the "Provost of Edinburgh." This collar is deemed worthy to be kept among other precious mementos in the keeper's lodge—and a much more sightly relic it is than the skulls seen in many a collection of saints' relics decked out with diamonds.

For twelve years and five months old Grayfriar's churchyard was Bobby's home. He never went beyond its walls except for his dinner, to which the great gun of the castle called him, and never for a single night slept elsewhere than upon his master's grave. No storm or cold could drive him to any shelter—any refuge but that. The keeper said he became the favorite of many ladies, to whom his history became known. He would recognize them fondly, and follow

them around the churchyard, but always return to his place when they were gone, and to no man would he ever for a moment attach himself. To the man who fed him he seemed grateful, but he never would follow him or give him the least right to claim him as his dog.

When he at last was found dead upon his master's grave, after a watch of twelve years and five months, the keeper deemed him worthy of a grave in the churchyard where sleep a multitude of Scotland's worthies who had proved themselves faithful unto death.

Lady Burdett Coutts, learning his history, begged permission of the city council to erect a monument as a tribute to the fidelity of the dog. The monument is a fountain just in front of old Grayfriar's churchyard. Around it many people gather daily to get a refreshing drink, while, looking down upon them from a column that rises above the basin of the fountain, is the almost living image of Grayfriar's Bobby. The image seems almost to bark as you draw near, but I think no one could ever fancy that Bobby would bite anybody. An oval of rich shrubbery of very luxuriant growth marks the spot where Bobby lies. This, the churchyard keeper told me, was *his* monument to Bobby. The shrubbery he planted with his own hand, and as long as he was keeper there it would be carefully tended by him in memory of a faithful love and friendship of which he thought there had been few such shining examples among men.

The following from a personal letter from one of Mrs. Stone's most appreciative friends is so characteristic as illustrating her love of animals, that it is given here :

Mrs. Stone visited me once on her return from a meeting of the Woman's Congress in Chicago. The day was warm and she seemed tired when she reached my house, so she allowed me to make her comfortable in one of my morning dresses, for a rest in bed. As I was leaving the room, she said, "Give me the kitty, Mrs. L——." We had a large yellow cat that she was very fond of. Wanting something from the room a little while afterward, I tiptoed in, and I only wish I had a picture of what I saw. She had the kitty on her arm, with its head resting on her bosom, and her own head bent down touching the kitty's; both were sound asleep. It was the sweetest picture I ever beheld.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTES OF TRAVEL—CONTINUED,

A VISION OF THE JUNGFRAU—MT. RIGI—GLACIER
GARDENS—HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

I am sure I never saw anything to surpass in beauty, grandeur, and glory the first kindling of the sun's fires this morning on the snowy peaks of the Jungfrau, which sits sublimely clad in flowing robes of white, as if posing for a painter, just within range of my window. It was the most perfect realization of the poet's "auroral flashes of the morn" that I ever recollect to have seen. At first a light, rosy mist, through which, however, the perfect form and sparkling whiteness of the highest peaks were distinctly visible, seemed like the thinnest veil to envelop it. As this gave place to amber and gold, clear as the crystals which, dug from the mountain-sides, glitter in the shop windows and make one of the staple articles of trade and living here, the rosy veil dropped down her sides, unrolling fold after fold of its airy lightness till the Jungfrau stood before me crowned with the sun, and arrayed for her bridal with the light of the world. It was a vision for

a lifetime. Words could no more picture it than they could picture the glories of the New Jerusalem. A painter may almost paint the sun's rays, but no painter could have painted the ensemble of this array of the Jungfrau and the glory of the mountains that encircled it in this valley as the sun rose in an almost cloudless sky and flashed its light along the whole rocky range, empurpling their sides till they looked like amethyst.

I said, and I sung in my inmost soul, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Lord"; and I wondered if the poor people of this valley, who must be used to such visions, took them into their souls, or felt the riches they possessed in them. Were they uplifted by them? or did they ever in their hard toil and in their poverty get through them the glimmer of something better laid up for them?

When I met my friends at breakfast, I said: "I have seen a vision this morning, but I cannot communicate it to you any more than Paul could tell what he saw when he was caught up to the third heaven; for only seeing is believing, in a case like this. I never saw anything that compared with it but once, and that was a sunset glory reflected from Mont Blanc."

MT. RIGI.

You will ascend Mt. Rigi by means of a panting engine, which pushes you up literally into the clouds of heaven and into an atmosphere whose coldness and

rarity both cools and dissipates your aspirations, and sends you to your bed under the feather-filled covering, of which you feel great need, and where you can alone find warmth.

If you can chance upon a clear sunset, and the next morning's clear sunrise, upon Rigi, you may consider yourself as among the specially favored of mountain climbers. But if you should not see a clear sunrise or sunset from the top of Mt. Rigi, but should see, looking out from your window in the night, or when the bugle on the mountain-top warns you that the sun is coming up, that vast sea of fleecy clouds below you and like unto nothing else you ever saw elsewhere, filling every fissure, bay, and inlet formed by the projection of mountain promontories and cliffs from the chain that encircles the lakes below—if you can see this and the rays of the sun when it has risen reflected from this sea of mist, which lies like sheets of the whitest cotton beaten to a feathery foam, or a sea of thistle-down, every point of which the rising sun tips with diamond dust, and the whole sea slowly breathing, palpitating, as if moved by sentient life, and all the life the world contains, for it wholly hides all the world below you—if you should see this, and *not* a clear sunrise, you will not have lost your journey; for there is nothing in the world like this phenomenon of nature seen from a high, clear mountain-top, and no pencil or word picture can interpret it to you or give you the

spirit of its lesson. Standing out upon one of the jutting cliffs that overhung this sea of mist, I met an English gentleman, evidently a scholarly man, who was greatly impressed with the scene. This he said was something that had taken him by surprise. He had been on mountain-tops before, but never on Rigi; and this was a wondrous and sublime surprise to him. No one had ever told him of this sea of white mist, and words could not tell it.

GLACIER GARDENS.

Here is a stray bit from Mrs. Stone's notes of travel, dated at Lake of Brienz, 1886, which may lead someone to visit the Glacier Gardens in Switzerland if the opportunity comes:

"Well, well! This is the most wonderful thing I have seen yet in Europe! This alone would repay me for crossing the Atlantic. Why have not people written more about these wonderful things? I have never read of this, as I recollect. And why didn't *you* tell me of it?"

"Why, I did," I said. "I told you the glacier gardens were more than Mt. Rigi to me; the glacier gardens close at hand, and Mt. Rigi a fearful climb to reach. But that is the way we do things in this world. You know what Lowell says:

" 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.' "

"But why have not people written about this?" she continued.

"I dare say they have," I said, "only the articles may not have chanced to fall under your eye when you were interested in or studying geology. Now you have seen them, nothing that should be written about them, or any illustration of them, would escape you. How many things we miss in life because we do not know what they would bring us if we would only open our eyes to behold them! For my part, I go through life with a regret ever at my heart that I could not earlier have known how to see things and learn their lessons. Did you ever think of the full meaning of that passage of Scripture, 'And whosoever will let him take of the waters of life'? It is *take*, not ask for, even."

Such was the tenor of a conversation had with a friend, leaning over a railing that protected us from falling into one of the mills of the gods in the glacier gardens at Lucerne.

The next morning we met on board the steamer that we had taken for Alpnach, an American party from Brooklyn, assiduous sight-seers.

"Well, did you see the glacier gardens in Lucerne?" was the first question put to us.

Our new acquaintance most heartily encored the remark of my friend quoted above, that these alone, and what he had learned from them, would repay him for

crossing the Atlantic. It was a perfect surprise to him that there were any such proofs to be read, just as plain as if you read them in a book, of the millions of years that this world must have existed, and these mills had been grinding out their lessons for us to learn.

In digging for the foundations of a new museum here, a rock shell at least four feet in length was found. One immense rock here is a perfect mass of the petrifications of earth-worms precisely like those we find upon our sidewalks after a hard spring shower. I was told when a child, and then believed the story, that they rained down. A great boulder of conglomerated angle-worms in their stone coffins may be seen here a good deal better preserved than the body of many embalmed kings when exhumed after a few years' burial. Nature is a very impartial mother, and takes as good care of her little children as of those dubbed with this world's greatness. Indeed, with her nothing is great, nothing small.

Here one rock shows the petrification of a palm, discovered by the breaking of a stone in process of the excavations. The impress of the leaves is as clear as the branches of the living, growing trees of the garden. Palms once grew on these glacier fields. There is no mistake about this. There is the record as plainly written and in the same way, by the finger of God, as the law given to Moses, "Thou shalt not kill," or the

later unfolding of that law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Truly, nature has left inscribed wonderful lessons upon tablets of stone within this small inclosure, just above where is carved on the living rock Thorwaldsen's dying lion, a wonderful work of art, happily though quite undesignedly, brought into juxtaposition with this wonder of nature; for the latter was discovered here in 1882, and the lion was carved here in 1821 in memory of the Swiss guards who fell in defense of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792.

On this small spot of ground we have before our eyes different pages of the history of the earth, representing the different aspects of what this same spot must have presented in the different eras of its development. For instance, one class of rocks dates from the period when the ocean covered all this land, while another represents the period when tropical heat produced palms and tropical forests. The glacier mills are records of the age of ice that once covered all the northern hemisphere, as the latter growth of plants and trees represent our own age. Thus we read as in a book the changes wrought upon the earth in the course of millions of years.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

Unless your interest is particularly centered in the Catholic Church, Holy Week in Rome will profit you

little. Almost everything that one comes to Rome to see is not to be seen at this time. The Vatican is closed. In all the churches the pictures and best works of art are covered. Only music, and of the kind adapted to the occasion, is at its best. Misereres or tenebraes by different great composers, rendered by the greatest singers in Italy, may be heard every day in St. Peter's, St. John's Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, the church of the Jesuits, and various other churches, as you would not be likely ever to hear them elsewhere, each church having some voices in its choir that certain musical tastes prefer above all others. This music is most impressive on the days when it is performed with the mass late in the afternoon, continuing until after dark; and after a time the lights around the altars are extinguished and finally, one by one, those round the altar where the special service is the attraction, until all are out and the whole church is in darkness (to symbolize the darkness during the crucifixion), when the mournful strains of the music cannot but move and subdue all hearts. What has appealed most to me in these masses, which are very long, and, as one must stand mostly for two hours or more, very tiresome, is witnessing the enjoyment of the poor peasants from the country who, full of devotion, come in to keep Holy Week, perform their penance of going up the Santa Scala on their knees, or feeding their natural and intense love of music in the churches.

To-day, in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, I have witnessed a scene that moved all my heart. A young peasant boy fourteen or fifteen years old had evidently come in from the country. He was very poorly dressed, was without shoes and stockings, though it was cold, but as handsome as the fawn of Praxiteles in the capitol, around which Hawthorne has woven his marvelous tale. He had in charge a little sister not more than three years old. Doubtless he could not come without bringing her. I had caught sight of them several times during the long mass, the little girl always holding his hand and pressed close to his side, and gazing up into his face with such a timid yet confiding look, for him to interpret for her every wonder that she saw, while his face wore an expression as wrapt as that of Correggio's St. John receiving the revelation from heaven. He looked as if the soul of Mozart might have been reincarnated in him. Indeed, the likeness to pictures of both was most striking. I never saw a handsomer though wholly untaught face.

As it grew dark in the church, and the timid child grew more and more tired and unable to resist her fears (I could see that the sad music affected her), she pressed closer to her brother, clung more tightly to his hand, her lips quivered, and the tears started as she murmured, "*Dio mio*" (his name must have been something that ended in "*dio*"); but he, intent upon hearing every note of the music, shook her off a little impa-

tiently. I could not control my sympathy for the little creature. I looked in my pocket for candies or chocolates, with which I always here mean to go out provided; but this time I had forgotten my supply. Neither had I any pennies in my purse; so I summoned my little stock of Italian, and going and patting the little bare head, I asked: "*Sorrella la piccina?*"

"Yes," the boy said. The child was his little sister. I could only pray him to be good to the little thing, tell him she was tired and afraid, and wanted to go home. The boy, to my surprise, took my sympathy in good part, drew the child closer to him, patted the little cheek, over which the tears were silently falling, murmured some gentle words to her, for which I never more sincerely thanked God, and the two disappeared in the darkness amidst the last strains of the mournful miserere.

There has not been a day during Holy Week that I have been into these great churches to hear the wonderful music, but I have witnessed some most touching scenes in which these beautiful Italian children were the actors, and in which their natural love of beauty and music was manifested in a way that moved my heart more than all the grand masses and processions and the music itself. These have made my Holy Week. I have never anywhere seen children apparently so docile and sweetly confiding, and in whom there was such natural grace in every movement as the Italian

children. I can not pass them in the street without stopping to look at them, and when I am speaking to them they always answer back with, "*Buon giorno, signora*," a move of the little hand, or perhaps with a smile which in their eyes reflects the heavens, as the water does the skies, by throwing a kiss to me. Never, anywhere, have I seen such beautiful children as in Italy, and parents seem here to love and greatly enjoy their children. Fathers seem very fond of them and kind to them.

It is no wonder that Raphael and Correggio could paint angels and beautiful Christ children if they could paint portraits; for I have never been into the streets anywhere in Italy but I have seen children as beautiful as any angels or Christ child that ever glowed on any painter's canvas.

Italian men are, as a rule, fine looking, but I seldom see those whom I would call "handsome women" here. Their beauty fades very early.

Holy Week was ushered in with Palm Sunday, the ceremonies and processions of which need to be most grand and imposing; but though there were immense crowds in St. Peter's, the procession had little of its former show; the "palms" were mostly little branches from olive trees, and children the most enthusiastic followers in the procession. Very few of the priests seemed to me to have any heart in the ceremonies. I witnessed one morning very early in Santa Maria Mag-

giore, the blessing of the fire and of the fonts and of hundreds of the people by one of the cardinals, who, seated in a chair over which was a gold-embroidered canopy, extended a black rod four or five feet long, and with it touched the heads of the people, who kneeled in as rapid succession as it was possible for them to kneel, rise again, and pass on. In doing this he did not manifest the least feeling, but looked so bored that it seemed as if his heart had anything but blessing in it. I think any one might see thousands of people kiss the toe of St. Peter's bronze statue on any day of Holy Week. These seemed earnest and sincere, while the priests for the most part seemed to me very indifferent; they yawned and repeated the words as though they had no heart in the services. Real earnestness was to be seen among the people—among the crowds that waited their turn to ascend the sacred stairs on their knees. These were thronged whenever I saw them. It was said, and I have no doubt of its truth, that the queen was among the penitents that ascended the Santa Scala on her knees one day during the week. I knew some Americans who performed this act of penance three or four times during Holy Week, and one lady at our pension said that she had derived the greatest comfort from this act of humiliation and penance.

"Life's experiences must be the interpreters of the greatest poems that were ever written in words, painted on canvas, or sculptured in marble."

CHAPTER XVIII.

NOTES ON ART.

[From the voluminous and valuable notes on art, left by Mrs. Stone, the following have been selected almost at random, as indicating their character.]

In beginning any proper study of art, we may assume and be assured that religion was the mother and motive of all great early art monuments, just as much as religion builds our churches, cathedrals, and institutions of charity to-day. Religion built the pyramids and reared the obelisks of Egypt. The religion that reared these wonderful monuments may have been filled with gross errors, but it was as sincere and devout as ours; and we have nothing that will bear the faintest comparison with the self-sacrifice of its devotees. As men think or believe, so are they. These wonderful monuments tell a story of what men believed and therefore of what they were, as no historical records can tell it.

Tracing the history of art from its first rudest specimens, one can not but feel the truth of the following, which I recently clipped from a newspaper: "No stick or stone was ever worshiped, no pagoda or tem-

ple, no cathedral or church, was ever built, save as a sign or token of the soul's sense of a supreme power, a guiding intelligence, over us." Thus, in most instances, all art has been inspired by a feeling after God; men have builded better than they knew. Truly, a love of art and a study and knowledge of it, the cultivation of a feeling for it, is an education in ethics as well as esthetics.

It would seem as if life and the whole world offered to the old artists but one subject, so is the "Madonna" the "Divine Woman" or "Mother and Child" wrought into all the art of two or three centuries; and these were centuries when bloodshed, rapine, and cruelty of every kind as greatly prevailed in the world as in almost any age of the world's history. This, I suppose, was one of the ways in which a gentler spirit must make its way into the world to ameliorate this ruling spirit of selfishness and cruelty. It was not so much the homage and worship paid to one woman—one "Madonna," one "Holy Child"—as it was an unconscious prophecy of the heart, of a new spirit that was to rule in the world.

The right seeing of pictures is, I fancy, something like the painting of them. Rembrandt painted many portraits of his mother and of himself. Of his mother, it is said, he liked to paint a picture every year. He wanted to see in what lines of the face the experiences

of the year since he had last made a seer's study of it had been written. It is so, I think, with our experiences in enabling us to read with new and deeper understanding a great picture. I find lines, traits, sermons, in Turner, in Rubens, Rembrandt, Jan Steen, and in many of the older masters, in which I once saw little to hold me, and that have been new revelations to me, just as I should read "King Lear" now differently and with a deeper, more spiritual insight than when in youth I first read it. No young person can fathom "King Lear." Life's experiences, and some very sad ones, must be the interpreters of the greatest poems that were ever written in words, painted on canvas, or sculptured in marble; and all art, in whatever form it comes to us, is an interpretation of nature.

A great picture is far more interesting seen by itself. One wants to sit down and study it for a long time undisturbed by people passing between you and it, and come again and again to study the details of such a work, which has a meaning in all the minutiae of its parts.

The religiousness of true art never so impressed me before. It is not the religiousness of sect or dogma,—that is the death of art,—but the religiousness of seeing, feeling, and telling to man as man what the artist perceives as truth.

The painters before Rembrandt, had, with a few

noble exceptions, "fallen from grace." They had lost all religious feeling, and had painted scenes to teach the dogmas of the church, to flatter kings and kaisers, to gratify and glorify bishops and church dignitaries. The central Madonna and Child was really but an accessory to show off some great personage that appeared at the side in the character and robes of some bishop or saint, until religious feeling and all sincere religion had been sacrificed to the appearance—mere show—of religion. Then Rembrandt and his contemporaries and followers said, "Let us have in art what *is*, rather than what *seems* to be." This reality they found among the humble, common people, who had nothing to gain by putting on appearances—by seeming to be anything but what they were.

Of all the galleries in Europe that I have recently revisited, the national gallery in London is one of the most enjoyable. For arrangement it seems to me the most nearly perfect. Every picture has the name of the artist upon it, the period in which he lived, and many of them the subject of the painting; while a catalogue that you can get for a sixpence will help you to still further information. If one is to be in London for a month, I would say go to the national gallery at least a dozen times. Drop in for an hour, as I did at any time when I was in that part of the city, and go straight to the pictures you want to study; and you

will bring away a remembrance of what will be a joy to you all your life.

It is no wonder that the French lead the world in art. A love of art is bred in the bones, one may say, of a French child. Mothers, fathers, even among the poor working people, take their children to the galleries, which are entirely free. I have seen fathers, working men in their coarse blue blouses, leading little children through the gallery of the Luxembourg, lifting them up, carrying them on their shoulders through those magnificent galleries, and pointing out the beautiful pictures to them. I saw one man, evidently a working-man, out for a pleasuring, leading four little girls, not one of whom could have been over six years old. I caught their comments of "*Voilà! c'est beau!*" "*O, la belle couleur,*" etc. I ventured to speak to the little things, and said to the man who was leading them (their grandfather, I fancied), "There are many beautiful pictures here, but this is the most beautiful I have seen."

I have met in the same gallery peasant women evidently from the fields, in the same dress and caps that they wear there, but clean and fresh as the hay they left drying. I have seen them going about looking at the great works of Bouguereau, Lepage, Vibert, and a host of others, thus educating themselves in art and in history, and getting some pleasure and enjoyment

in a hard-working life by a communion with things that steal away the sense of hardness. I have seen such women entirely absorbed in the pictures, their sun-burned faces lighted up and reflecting the divine within that I am sorry to say I have failed to recognize in many an American lady who was laden with dress that would not let her forget herself, and was as a film between her eyes and the divine in the pictures that the poor peasant woman evidently felt and enjoyed.

This seems to me the true and the highest mission of art, to address, not any class or sect, or any religious creed, but humanity—to bring out the best, the divinest, in man. I agree with William Morris that “we do not want art for a few any more than education for a few or freedom for a few!” And what is the difference between art education and other education? I cannot express the relief it has been to me to see the poor in Paris having something to enjoy, to see them find some mitigation of the hardness of their lot in these refined pleasures of art.

True art in any department is not a fancy piece or pieces wrought out or painted for the sake of making something pretty for ornament or for the so-called decoration of a room. Art must grow out of the heart and life of a people—be a true expression of them, and as irrepressible as the leaves of the bean that push themselves above the earth, often with the cotyledons

adhering, that we may know whence they come, from what they sprang into life and sought the sun that now shines upon them. Neither is true art something wrought out from a studied device to teach. However cunning the device, if it be nothing more than this, it will not come to us with the divine afflatus that wakes up the hallelujah in our hearts.

The bee, the beaver, and the chambered nautilus are great teachers, but without planning to teach. The true artist is like these children of nature, building, like them, and often better than he knows, from materials within himself and from those with which he is environed. He is like the prophets of old, who, we are told, spoke as they were moved upon by the spirit of God; and what is this but the spirit and providence of God manifested in the period in which the artist's life has fallen? There is no such record of the spirit of an age as the art of that age.

The ride through central Vermont from Burlington to Boston affords not only some most beautiful views of mountain and valley scenery, but some art suggestions not altogether valueless. The little bolt-upright steep-roofed houses, built mostly on the slope of a hill, with fences about them, inclosing for the front yard just space enough for a stump of cinnamon rose bushes, afford as good an expression of early New England character and circumstances and history as

Egyptian monuments do of Egyptian history and culture.

To our Aryan forefathers there seemed always propounded three questions concerning any phenomena of nature. They asked, "Where from? What for? Where to?" To measure the dimensions of time and space, to find out the cause of what they believed they saw as the effect, was the chief aim of the Aryan mind. They saw all things accomplished in time and space. Noting these things, they said, "Through the influence of an invisible power which creates, all visible things are created; in time and space all visible things are preserved; and in time and space all visible things perish or are destroyed." Watching still, they saw that nothing really perished or was destroyed; it assumed another form. Now, to express this which they believed some invisible powers accomplished, they symbolized these three equal powers—creation, preservation, destruction (or transformation), by a triangle with equal sides. This is the origin and the meaning of the triangle which we so often see in our church windows. This is the way in which the Aryan mind expressed its conceptions of the triune power in one, working in nature. But the Aryan mind never rests in its strivings to express a truth. We next find it reasoning that it is the head of a man that plans and thinks; the next step, there-

fore, was to represent this triangle with three faces or heads, which our forefathers picture in their temples, to represent, not as we do, the trinity of a Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but a trinity which represents the god which creates, the god which preserves, and the god which destroys or transforms. From this trinity grew the Hindu Trimurti, represented with three heads, the same as this, only more ornamented; in Greece the triad that crowns the cap of Athens; the French fleur de lis, etc., etc. We see it everywhere, in our carpets, on our wall paper; we can hardly turn our eyes but we notice this figure, meaningless to us now, but once a most solemn religious symbol, a solemn reminder of the power in which we live, move, and have our being, and which creates, preserves, and transforms us—all things.

The horseshoe is the sacred crescent upon the banner of Mohammedans, as the cross that glitters on our church spires is everywhere the sacred emblem of our Christian faith. The crescent moon, signifying the female principle in nature, the special object of worship by Mohammedans, is the origin of the sacredness, the religious idea, attached to whatever resembles it, as the horseshoe is supposed to; and to throw a horseshoe after a newly-married couple or to nail it to their door, was in the time of the vitality of this religious faith the same as the solemn benediction of God upon the first married pair in Eden. It is also the origin of

the horseshoe arch in architecture. It is but substituting the human shoe for the horseshoe as the symbol of good luck when it is thrown after a newly-wedded couple. The crescent moon, inclosing the sun in its arms or horns, was the most sacred symbol of Iris, which has been again applied to the Virgin Mary, as may be seen in many churches dedicated to her. This idea runs through many other things, and explains the horns on the head of Moses in the wonderful work of Michael Angelo. There is nothing that has lived through the ages, as all these customs and symbols have done, but had a deep meaning in the beginning.

Early and medieval art, painting and architecture, meaningless without some knowledge of symbols, become, with this key in hand, a fascinating study. As Carlyle has said, "Mark this man! The essence of all paganism is a recognition of the forces of nature, as god-like, stupendous, personal agencies. It is the infant thought of man opening itself with awe and wonder on this ever-stupendous universe."

We think our ancestors of thousands of years ago were polytheistic pagans, with whom it is almost corrupting to become acquainted. Here are a few lines from one of their old poems, as old as Moses, expressing the same thought as they expressed in the triangle.

"O Thou whom threefold might and splendor veil,
Maker, Preserver, and Transformer, hail!
Thy gaze surveys this world from clime to clime,

Thyself immeasurable in space and time.
To no corrupt desires, no passions prone,
Unconquered, conqueror, infinite, unknown,
Though in one form thou veil'st thy might divine.
Still at thy pleasure every form is thine.
Pure crystals thus prismatic hues assume,
As varying lights and varying tints illumine;
Men think thee absent, thou art ever near,
Pitying those sorrows which thou ne'er can'st fear
Unsordid penance thou alone can'st pay;
Unchanged, unchanging, old without decay.
Thou knowest all things! Who thy praise can state?
Createdst all things—thyself uncreate!”

Are these heathen sentiments? Shall we be corrupted by becoming acquainted with men who could express themselves thus?

The most tedious lessons are those of unlearning what we once learned. Knowledge is a ruthless iconoclast. She shatters the idols of our youth. The letters of the alphabet were not the invention of Cecrops or any one man. These servants of man did not spring full-armed from his head, as the goddess Minerva is said to have done, from the head of Jupiter; nor from the head of any one god or man. Every letter of the alphabet is the representative of some deep human want, or a passionate desire to make known some recognized truth, that through that letter, struggled to expression like a human groan, or a jubilant “Eureka!” and before it found its present form and

place in our words, it has passed through the seething brains of generations of men—philosophers, artists, inventors. Every letter is instinct with meaning, sentient with a soul. Each little character whose service we so thoughtlessly ignore, could tell us tales as wonderful as any in the Arabian Nights, if we had time to listen.

The letter M is the letter of mystery. Note the mystery of its sound as you utter it in closing your lips. It shuts up everything into that within, into which we cannot peer. Hence the mystic O M of the ancients, the not-to-be-spoken word, made up of O, the letter symbolizing eternity, and the mystic M. This symbol, Om, enters into the composition of the names of almost all the ancient gods and oracles.

Men are in one sense the same. They have the same passions, the same reason; they are in the same world, and surrounded by the same objects from which to create language. Languages, therefore, have a certain unity, differing superficially. As all know who have studied any other language than their own, languages begin to resemble one another as soon as we go beneath the surface.

“Mamma” is not a word taught to children. Children have rather taught scientists of language the word. The letters M and A make it up entirely. The letter M shuts up the mouth, separates the life within from the life without. In this sense it is the selfish

letter ; utter it, note it ; see how it sends you back into your own inner life. A child's wants, desires, knowledge, are centered in itself, limited to its own self and to its mother, and breathed out in just the letters which signify this, M and A, "my," and the only love of which it can know anything. Did you ever think why almost all children, in their first efforts of speech, say "me," instead of "I"?

I know of no one, man or woman, left in America, who rejoiced in as wide and as long an acquaintance with the great and the good in all parts of the world as Mrs. Stone. Years ago she carried abroad with her cordial letters of introduction from Ralph Waldo Emerson to such people as Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Muloch. The whole range of American womanhood and manhood through her long life seemed to move under her eye, and thousands rejoiced in her companionship and co-operated with her in her high work.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. STONE'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROBERT BURNS—CHARLOTTE
BRONTE—ROBERT COLLYER.

The first time I went to Scotland, at the hotel in Glasgow I fell in with a Mr. McNair, a university man, who interested himself in Doctor Stone and me. Afterward he went with us to the university at Edinburgh and all literary institutions accessible at Glasgow.

The next year at Glasgow I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. McNair, who was a great reader and lover of Robert Burns. He accompanied me with my classes many times to some of the homes and haunts of Burns. We went to his birthplace and to many of the places illustrating his different songs, with which Mr. McNair was most familiar. He could repeat or sing them in the true Scottish dialect.

One day when I was at Glasgow on another visit to Scotland, Mr. McNair said to me:

"Mrs. Stone, wouldn't you like to go and see

Burns' daughter? She lives at Pollockshaws, but a few miles from Glasgow, and it would give you infinite pleasure to see and talk with the dear old woman." •

So a day or two later I went out to Pollockshaws, three or four miles, as I recollect, from Glasgow, with some of my pupils, and introduced myself as "an American, Mrs. Stone," and told her that my love for Robert Burns induced me to take the liberty of coming to see her; that I hoped she would excuse me, and so forth.

The dear old woman was rejoiced beyond measure. She understood the name as Mrs. Stowe, and she thought I was the famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which she had just read. I soon disabused her of that delusion, telling her that I was by no means the great Mrs. Stowe, but, like her, I was a great lover of the author of that story.

"Well, well," said the dear old woman, "there is not much in a name after all. You are just as good for all that, I dare say." And she offered, in token of friendship to the American stranger, to sip with her a tiny glass of "mountain dew." I did not know what "mountain dew" was, but I was ready to sip with her anything offered in token of friendship. So I took the glass and found it only genuine whiskey, something with which the Scotch are very familiar, as I found, having it at the table at almost all times. My

son James, who was with us, took the tiny glass. It was like fire itself, and he choked over it in a way to frighten us all.

The dear old daughter of "Robbie" Burns soon warmed up to her subject, and our interview was delightful. She told me many stories of her father, the poet, and repeated to me many of the poems which he taught her when a child, laying his hand lovingly on her head as he repeated them.

"And now," said the dear old woman, "which songs of Robbie Burns do you love the best?"

I replied that I did not know as I could tell; there were many of them so beautiful. I told her that my oldest brother, as I recollected, was a great lover—almost worshiper—of Robert Burns, and he used many times to repeat to me and to his own children, snatches of Burns' songs and poems before I was able to read or learn them myself. I said, "Of all his poems I think he used to repeat with the most enthusiasm,

'A man's a man for a' that,'

and I think I like it the best of all."

At this the dear old woman clapped her hands with a fierceness that made me jump. She exclaimed, as she repeated verse after verse of the poem, "Ah, that is his self! I have heard him repeat it a hundred times. That's his very spirit."

I have visited this daughter of the poet's three

different times when I have been in Scotland. She lived with her daughter, who married a poet, David Wingate, who was quite a character. Mr. Wingate was born in a mine, and I believe did not learn to read until he was fourteen years old. His wife, the granddaughter of Robert Burns and Jean Armour, told me she did not believe a verse of any of Burns' poems could be repeated but that her mother could repeat the next verse. She could repeat the whole of "Tam O'Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Highland Mary," and almost any of his poems that you might mention. On one of my last visits to Scotland, I went, as before, to see Burns' daughter, but I found that the dear old lady had passed away.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE—ROBERT COLLYER.

My eye has just fallen upon a notice of the recent death of Ellen Nussey, the bridesmaid as well as the most intimate friend of Charlotte Bronte, and also of Mrs. Gaskell, her biographer. Nothing has for a long time brought to me such a host of hurtling remembrances of life when life was most vigorous and promising.

Charlotte Bronte's death occurred in 1855. Everyone had heard of the marvelous Bronte sisters. Everyone had read "Jane Eyre." What gatherings this name, connected with that of Charlotte Bronte, or Currer Bell, brings before us! What sources of new

literary inspiration and aspiration they were! It was the dawning of a new literary period. What gatherings are connected with the name and the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo! What evening socials and reading circles, along in the fifties, to read "Jane Eyre" and Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronte!" That was almost the beginning of the days of literary interest in Kalamazoo. Those were the days of Dickens and Thackeray, and their fascinating and wonderful stories, which have been superseded by Rudyard Kipling, Hall Caine, James M. Barrie, and a thousand other names which multiply so fast that every one says, "We can't keep up with them."

In one of our earliest lecture courses Rev. Robert Collyer, or, as he was then frequently called, "the blacksmith minister," lectured to a large audience in Kalamazoo on Charlotte Bronte. Mr. Collyer's home was in Ilkley, England, not far from hers. I believe he had seen her. There was one English woman in town who had also seen her. She had often heard her old blind father preach. I used often to go to talk with her about him and the marvelous sisters and the wonderful characters in their works, whose very names escape me now.

I think it was in 1867 that I went abroad with the determination to make my way to Scotland through Yorkshire, in England, more for the sake of visiting Haworth, Charlotte Bronte's home, than for the sake

of visiting York cathedral—almost more than for taking in on the same route, Bunyan's Bedford jail. The sufferings of humanity consecrate places more than the wonders of art. A great many other things that sanctify humanity fell in the way. I delivered a letter of introduction to Robert Collyer's good mother, and she told me many stories of her "blacksmith" son that did him more honor than being the minister of a great New York church.

Seeing this little notice of the death of Charlotte Bronte's dearest friend has brought back all my wanderings to find her home, the parsonage where she wrote her books, and the church and the old graveyard where she sleeps. I was determined upon a visit to Charlotte Bronte's grave, and the home in which she dwelt, sanctified by her humanity and her genius. At a station a short distance before we arrived at Haworth, a working-man, learning from the conversation that we were on our way to Charlotte Bronte's home, volunteered some information about the best way to get there, and finally, when we were a mile or two distant, remarked that he had known Charlotte Bronte well, that he knew many of her haunts, and, if agreeable to us, he would be glad to accompany us and point out places that he knew would interest us.

Of course I was only too glad to accept his offer. We visited many places to which she was accustomed to go in Haworth. He led us to a bakery where she

usually bought her tea cakes, where they told many interesting stories of her habits, her ways, her economies, and her humanities. What they told me of her increased my interest in her and exalted my idea of what humanity might be. I longed greatly to enter the old parsonage, and into the room where she wrote her stories, where she and her sisters sat, and where, for economy, they talked and spun their stories out in the dark. But of course we would not think of intruding upon the premises of the new occupant. But in the fields under the blue sky I seemed to feel her presence and an assurance that I should find that soul again; and I am sure it must have been some kindred drawing of a human soul that made the young workman see that ours was not an altogether curious interest in Charlotte Bronte, and which made him anxious to go with us to many of her "haunts," as he called them.

At another time, when in Brussels, I sought out the place where she and her sister attended school. Stranger though I was, I found her old teacher, who conducted me to her seat in the garden and told me many of her habits of study, until I seemed almost to catch the tricks of her manner and feel that I had actually seen her.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. STONE'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE OF NOTE,—
CONTINUED.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS—WILLIAM WETMORE
STORY—FREDERICK D. MAURICE.

We went one day while in London in 1886, to visit the gallery of the great Watts paintings and, moreover, were most graciously—not admitted—but invited into his studio and had a delightful half-hour's talk with the great artist himself. What Robert Browning is in poetry, Watts is in painting. He tells what story he will on canvas just as Browning does in divinest words. He neither follows nor fears any man, but says what is given him to say, and then, as he said, "The picture is in the world; I have said my say in it, and I have no more care about it." He said Canon Farrar had been so kind as to compliment the Christian character of his paintings, but he had replied that he did not paint for Christians, nor Buddhists, nor Mohammedans—no one sect more than another; he painted for humanity, for his brother man, for anybody that could find anything in his paintings they

could read. The thought that was in him he simply strove to put in the picture, and all great thought was inspired.

Mr. Watts' gallery was in the house where he lived in Kensington, and he opened the gallery Sunday afternoons to all visitors who sought it out. It was in charge of a young man who evidently felt a true interest in the artist's work and entered into his thought. Almost the first picture that fastened my attention as I entered the gallery was a very striking one. It represented a young woman of natural beauty and charms who had just been dragged from the Thames, near one of the bridges (from which she had thrown herself) and laid upon the bank. The men who had taken her from the river were still standing over her, with pity in their faces, suggesting instantly the lines in Hood's "Bridge of Sighs":

"Take her up tenderly,
Fashioned so slenderly."

"Oh! this is Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs,'" I said.

"That is what every lady says at once," the young man remarked, "but Mr. Watts did not intend it for that at all. It is something he saw, and he came home and made that record of it."

"And what is this?" I asked of another and larger painting.

"That, too, is something Mr. Watts saw. That is in memory of a woman who died of starvation."

It was the picture of a woman who, like the other, might have been beautiful. It was a woman of middle age, lying dead under one of the great arches (I thought it might be) of the Thames embankment, where steps lead down to the river. She had evidently taken refuge there for shelter from the cold. Something like the top of a barrel, or hogshead, in part protected her from the street, and she was leaning against the stone arch, dead.

A very large picture, which the young man told us had greatly interested Mr. Watts, and which he himself considered one of his greatest, was what he called "The Angel of Death." This picture Mr. Watts himself explained to us. The "Angel" was a woman—a tender, benign madonna—leaning on one arm; pressed to her bosom was a new-born child. Around her were gathered people of various conditions in life, but most prominent in the foreground were some whose lot has been a very hard one in life. A poor girl had pressed close to her on one side, and half hidden her starved face in the folds of the angel mother's garments, while a poor cripple was pressing to her on the other side. A suffering child looked longingly up to her, and more obscurely in the background appeared a king and queen who felt their crown a burden, and would fain lay it down. The "Angel" gently touches them all with her finger and calls them—not to death, but to a new birth—as is signified by the little child in her arms.

In this Mr. Watts said he wanted to say what he believed and felt, that death was not the enemy of man; death was but a birth—there was no death. To express his thought in that picture had greatly interested him; and if he had succeeded in making others feel it as he had felt it, he was glad.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

Once on leaving Mr. Story's studio in Rome I could not but thank him for the great enjoyment his works had afforded me, when he remarked that he was always glad to know that his works afforded pleasure to any one, but he never felt in the least flattered by such acknowledgments; for he knew that the best there was in his studio was not his at all; that in doing his best work he was conscious of having wrought under an influence that was by no means his own.

I said I was glad to hear him say this; that I knew this idea was many times expressed in his poems, but I did not know but he simply made use of the poet's license to say things in poetry that were not a real belief. He replied that was not true in this case; that he knew, and every true artist knew, that their best work was not theirs at all—they wrought under an influence not of themselves and of which they could make no boast. This thought is well brought out by him in the following lines:

* * * "In its loftiest mood the soul obeys
A higher power that shapes our thoughts and sways

Their motions, when by love and strong desire
We are uplifted. From a source unknown
The power descends—with its ethereal fire
Inflames us—not possessing but possessed,
We do its bidding; but we do not own
The grace that in those happy hours is given,
More than its strings the music of the lyre,
More than the shower the rainbow lent by heaven.
Nature and men are only organ keys—
Mere soundless pipes—despite our vaunted skill—
Till, with its breath, the power above us fills
The stops, and touches us to harmonies.”

FREDERICK D. MAURICE—ELIZABETH PEABODY.

The last time that I ever saw Elizabeth Peabody was not long after the death of Frederick D. Maurice. I had recently returned from England, and our conversation fell upon some of the great ministers and notables of London, when she asked if I had ever chanced to hear Mr. Maurice. I had several times. And then she told me of a wonderful sermon of his to which she had listened when she was in London during the very sad illness that preceded the death of her sister, Mrs. Hawthorne. Her sorrow seemed greater than she could bear, and to get away from herself one Sunday, she went out without any aim as to where she was going, to hear a sermon. She came by chance, or providence, not knowing whom she should hear, to Whitehall chapel, where Charles I was beheaded. The minister for that day was Frederick D. Maurice. She did not even know to whom she was

listening. It was an address to the inmates of the institution for the blind. She said no sermon that she ever heard in her life affected her like that one. She had never experienced anything of the kind so remarkable, and she described the effect upon those blind children. It really seemed as though the light that shone from his face had penetrated their souls, and given them actual sight. When she had gone thus far in her description of the sermon, and the speaker's appearance, I exclaimed: "Why, Miss Peabody, were you present to hear that wonderful sermon by Mr. Maurice? I was there also, and I am glad to know that my experience was not altogether imagination. I can well imagine its effect upon you under such peculiar circumstances; that it lifted you out of your great grief above all earthly sorrow; you lived for the time in the universal, in the eternal."

Now, in the light of recent discoveries in psychology and in science, I can well believe that such souls as Maurice had psychological or soul power to impart something that may well be compared to the power of the X-rays. I never saw a face that shone with such a light as his. Those blind faces were turned up to his, and reflected the light which was in his. They were fixed upon him as though they saw him. It was wonderful! Both Miss Peabody and myself had the same feeling—that there was a power in that man we had never seen in others.

Then I told Miss Peabody of being in London when Frederick D. Maurice died, and of witnessing the funeral, attended by Dean Stanley, from my window, though I did not know until the next day that it was the funeral of Maurice. But the next Sunday I went to Little Portland Place to hear James Martineau, where I frequently attended church, and that day it was a sermon for Frederick D. Maurice, in which Mr. Martineau paid a beautiful tribute to his friend. He spoke particularly of that spiritual radiance of character and influence which I have previously mentioned. It was like an actual halo about him; so much so, he said, that no man or woman—even in the humblest walks of life—ever came within the sphere of his influence without feeling it, without being uplifted to a higher life and better purposes by him.

On the afternoon of that Sunday I went with a friend from Chicago, who was in London with me, to High Gate Cemetery, where Mr. Maurice was buried, and where is also George Eliot's grave. The keepers of cemeteries in England never feel themselves obliged to render service to visitors on Sunday, and we were left to ourselves to find the grave of Mr. Maurice. While seeking for it, according to a general direction as to what part of the cemetery it was in, a gentleman accosted us with, "You seem to be looking for some grave. Can I assist you to find it?" I told him we were in search of the grave of Mr. Maurice, who was

buried there two days before. "We know it is in this part of the cemetery, but we do not seem to find it." "The very grave I am looking for also," he replied. "I will see if I can find it." He went away, and in a few moments returned, saying he had found it, and would be happy to conduct us to it; and he did so. Two other gentlemen were standing by the grave who seemed to be dissenting clergymen. This gentleman went up to them and engaged in conversation with them in a voice so loud that I could not fail to hear as plainly as though the conversation were directed to me. Then I saw that he was seeking the grave of Mr. Maurice for a very different purpose from that which had influenced my search. His interest and courtesy in showing us the way to it really seemed to be that he might have more of an audience to hear the outpouring of his wrath on Maurice. "There," said he, to one of the men, pointing to the grave, "lies a man who has done more harm than any infidel in England." "How so," said one of them—the other was silent and sober. "By the heresy that he has preached," was the reply. "What was his heresy?" was questioned back again. "Heresy about all that is Christian," our guide replied; but he dwelt principally upon the infidelity about hell. "He did not believe that there was any hell." His earnestness would seem to indicate that this doctrine was the foundation of Christian faith. "But he preached the same doctrine that Dean Stanley did,"

said the man who was mostly silent. "Yes, and Dean Stanley has done more harm than all the infidels in England," he angrily replied; and he almost raved about these degenerate times when a belief in hell was getting to be left out of the sermons of all preachers, churchmen and dissenters.

Standing on the other side of me was a young man and woman, evidently a working man and his wife. They seemed to listen with pain to the conversation. The tears stood in their eyes; and as these others moved off, still continuing their conversation, this man pulled his button-hole bouquet from its fastenings, threw it upon the grave of Mr. Maurice, and turned away, with head bowed as if it was from the grave of a near friend. I waited a few moments until all had gone, but myself and friend, when I stepped over the chain that, fastened to stone posts, surrounded the grave, picked up the little bunch of flowers that he had thrown there, and brought them home as a precious keepsake, confirming what Mr. Martineau had said in the morning sermon, that there was not a poor working man or woman who had ever come in contact with Mr. Maurice who had not felt the charm of his loving, spiritual influence. When I told Miss Peabody of this scene at his grave, and that I had religiously preserved those flowers, she exclaimed, "Oh, give me just one flower from that little bunch. You don't know how I should prize it"; and I promised to send it to her when

I came home; but when I came home and sought in my drawer the little bunch of dried and withered flowers, I could not find it in my heart to break the bunch, and I sent the whole to her.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. STONE'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE OF NOTE—
Continued.

DOM PEDRO—MARIETTE BEY.

In 1872 I took a class of young ladies to Europe, designing to go to Greece to study historical places and monuments of art; but at Venice we were met with such reports of cholera at Athens that we sailed through the Adriatic, stopping at some very interesting places on the coast to study early Christian art and ideas, visiting Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Sak-karah, and tombs and temples in Lower Egypt, crossing the desert to Suez, and from Port Said going to Palestine instead of Greece.

In Cairo the ladies of my class were so fortunate as to find themselves for a week in a hotel with Dom Pedro, the emperor of Brazil and, unintentionally, on top of the Great Pyramid with him. There I had a very interesting talk with him, in which he expressed the most liberal ideas concerning the education of girls in America. Most Americans had not grown to these ideas then. I also met there—and esteem it one of the

greatest privileges of my life—Mariette Bey, the great explorer. Both of these men were as simple as the common workman, and the empress might have been an earnest, unpretentious school teacher, for any regal airs she put on or dress that she arrayed herself in.

Both the emperor and Mariette expressed the most liberal views on women's education. The emperor remarked that he deemed it quite as important to educate women as men, and that he wanted most of anything, when he went back to America, to visit our public schools where boys and girls were educated together, and study our methods. This he did when he came back to America. I congratulate myself upon having met him, and on hearing him express sentiments on that high plane of republicanism, which quite surprised me.

The day of our visit to the Pyramids of Egypt, ascending the Great Pyramid, going into it and spending a day in and about tombs, was indeed a day of days in which to bring together the past and the present in many ways.

Who, except in Egypt, ever saw such a sunset or such an evening sky as spread out before us when I rode away on my donkey with my bevy of girls accompanying me, from the base of the Great Pyramid? One never so well realizes its vastness as by its evening shadow, and the sun seemed like a golden mist poured from a heavenly vase. There were hundreds of donkey

boys, sheiks, dragomen, and tourists, attracted there by the emperor's visit, riding away from the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh in that golden mist. Suddenly in the impressive silence a donkey boy struck up the song:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul goes marching on."

This chorus was joined in by hundreds, and echoed back from all the Pyramids and tombs. The spiritual interpretation of those rude tones and accents as they were borne in upon my soul was worth a journey to Egypt.

The khedive had just built and opened his famous school for Mohammedan girls in Cairo, at an expense, it was said, of half a million dollars. It was designed particularly for the daughters of his ministers. Mohammedan girls in this school were permitted to lay aside their veils, and orthodox Mohammedans were greatly alarmed for the safety of their religion.

In riding back to Cairo alongside of my dragoman, I contrived to enter into conversation with him in order to find out all I could about the conditions of Egyptian women.

"Mahmoud," I said, "does your wife wear the veil?"

"Yes," he answered with great emphasis, "*she* wear the veil."

"What does she wear the veil for?" I asked.

"Cause she do," he answered.

After repeating the question in different ways and obtaining the same answer, he finally said, "'Cause she 'sham'd."

"What is she ashamed of?" I asked.

"She 'shamed she's woman."

We exchanged many questions and answers, but he could give no reason better than that—"She 'shamed she's woman."

The day after our visit to the Pyramids the most renowned magicians of Egypt were summoned to the hotel to exhibit their art and magic before the emperor, and he sent an invitation to myself and my girls to come and see the art of the great magicians under the most favorable circumstances. I think they must have been descendants from those that performed before Pharaoh and Moses. I have never ceased to wonder at the things they did.

The next day after this, Mariette also sent to me to know if I would not like to visit the famed Boulac Museum with the young ladies. I returned to him my most cordial thanks, with regrets that I could not accept his great favor, as I had arranged to leave Cairo in the morning, and my tickets were already taken for the eight o'clock train. He told me the museum was under his direction, and if we would like to visit it, he would have it opened at five o'clock in the morning and be there himself to meet us. That was the kindness

of a true gentleman as well as a scientist. It was as important, in his opinion, for our ladies to visit this great museum as for gentlemen; and this was a special favor, as the museum had already been closed on account of the season. I have never ceased to be grateful for the opportunity. He also recommended me to be sure to visit the tombs of the Apis, which he himself had discovered and opened at Sakkarah, this being the opening of all Egypt, that wonderful and long-buried land, to the world.

"Fixed in an eternal state," were the words of the old hymn that kept ringing in my ears in the Boulac Museum, suggested by scores of those old statues of the Pharaohs. "Eternal, unchangeable," seems inscribed on everything; "the law that altereth not," by which they govern themselves and are governed; even the household life and social ways of the people in that land, are little changed from centuries ago. Water is poured on one's hands before going to dinner from just such a ewer and into just such a basin as we see pictured in festival scenes in ancient Thebes. Water is brought to the table in the same kind of jars, manufactured at the same town, as in the days of Cheops and Cephren; and the mouths of the bottles are filled in precisely the same way—with fresh leaves and flowers.

It is the poor little children here that most move me, and make me lose sight of the wonderfully varied and picturesque scenes of Cairo. The poor little things,

borne astride the shoulder of their mother, often seem more dead than alive, the little hand clutching her head-dress, feebly yet confidently, is a sight most pitiful; it breaks my heart. It is said that seventy-eight per cent of the children here die before they are two years old.

I have seen many funerals of children in Cairo. One can hardly go into the streets without seeing these funeral processions. The little things are borne along the streets on men's shoulders in an open wooden box, a motley crowd following, chanting a song with not the least degree of feeling or solemnity. Neither the mother nor any woman is ever allowed to follow; and at the grave the child is taken out of the box and, scarcely wrapped at all, is dropped into the sand, some handfuls scratched and thrown over it, and the great cone-like stone of a Moslem burying-ground, which one comes to recognize in the far distance, is placed over it and the little piece of humanity, happily relieved, is forgotten. Some mother may think of it tenderly, I suppose, but mothers and women are of no account in that country.

It was but a few days after visiting the Boulac Museum that I fell in with some educated Americans of very different views, as to what girls need to learn, than those held by Mariette Bey. It was on the Mediterranean. I had been to Jerusalem and Jericho, and through many parts of Judea, where I had seen woman in her lowest state. Embarking at Joppa with my

class of girls to go to Beirut, I met on the steamer a number of our American missionaries. Rev. ——— and wife were the center of the group on deck. They were on their return from America, having been absent from their mission three years. Knowing that they were coming, a number of missionaries at Beirut station had come down to Joppa to meet them. On embarking at Joppa, I found myself in the midst of a very pleasant circle. Rev. ——— and his wife, just from America, were telling their fellow missionaries about the changes that had occurred in America since they left for a missionary life. Vassar College had recently been opened. Mrs. ——— was particularly interested in giving them an account of that new enterprise in woman's education. She remarked that she did not think it would ever be patronized by refined Christian mothers; that the very fact of calling it a "college" was sufficient to condemn it. Women did not need such an education as Vassar proposed to give them. She did not approve of the extended study of the sciences and higher mathematics for women; it would tend to lead them away from Christianity, and unsettle them in what ought to be their object in life.

I remarked that the University of Michigan, one of the largest of our state universities, now admitted women with men to its courses of study. I did not say that I myself had wrought most earnestly to effect this. She was horrified at the idea of admitting women

to classes with men. She said she was more than ever convinced that "emigration tended to barbarism." This could never have been done by an Eastern college or university. She said she was sure that no refined, Christian mother would ever send her daughter to the University of Michigan. The idea was preposterous!

When we arrived at Beirut, where I spent a few days before going to Damascus, I visited the mission station, its schools, church, etc. In visiting the church I was accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. ——— themselves, and several of the missionaries. As we entered the church, Rev. ———, much astonished, threw up his hands and exclaimed: "An innovation, an innovation, in my absence! How came this about?"

The innovation was this: Mr. Jessup, who, I believe, had charge of the mission there, had taken down, in Rev. ———'s absence, a partition of thick felt or baize that had been hung above the pews separating the men on the right side from the women on the left. This partition reached almost to the front of the pulpit, right through the middle of the church, so that one-half of the congregation never saw the other half after the worshipers entered the church.

"Well," said Mr. ———, "how do they like it?"

"Pretty well," Mr. Jessup replied. "Some of the old people did not like it, the women no better than the men; but they are getting to like it better all the time as they become accustomed to it."

"How do you like it?"

"I like it," said Mr. Jessup. "It is, I find, a great deal better when preaching the same gospel to men and women, to preach straightforward, rather than to look first on the right side and then on the left, bearing the same message first to one and then to the other." And he quoted the Apostle Paul as saying, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, in Christ Jesus."

Chancing to stand near Mr. Jessup at that moment, I said: "Is there not in this a suggestion that it might be better if the same principle were carried into secular education? Might it not be better if we were workers together more than we are?"

But he did not see the point at all; he had not progressed to the opening of colleges to women. It is of no use; you cannot hasten the shedding of the old burr till the nut is ripe.

At the school of the deaconesses in Beirut I found co-education just under trial here for the first time in the world. Two little boys of the pasha had been received into the school for girls. "And how do you like it?" I asked the teacher.

"I like it very much," was her reply. "It is good for the boys especially. It takes the starch out of them wonderfully to be beaten by the girls. It has proved good in every way so far as we have tried it. We took them in as a necessity. There was no place to send them to give them a European education."

A few years since, when Mr. Higginson's essay "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I was reading some of its keen sarcasms to a gentleman just returned from a tour of Eastern travel, and he related a bit of his recent experience in the old city of Sychar, in Samaria. There was pointed out to him as an object of great interest and attention, a remarkable girl. She was the theme of animated discussion throughout all the neighborhood of Ebal and Gerizim—the observed of all observers, when she appeared on the street, or went with the maidens of Sychar to draw water from Jacob's well, still the glory of their city. This little maiden's distinction was that she was the first girl in that old city, who, during a period of nine hundred years, had transcended the allotted sphere of woman in so bold a step as that of going to school and learning to read. There had been no special purpose in the act. She had been attracted by the mysterious sounds from the room where the boys were taking their first lessons in Talmudic law and lore, and had gratified her curiosity by learning what they meant. "It whistled itself," averred the little school-boy, apologetically, under fear of the rod; so she, another *it*, learned itself.

I learned many useful lessons in these foreign schools. For instance, in the school of the deaconesses, in one room I saw a class reading in modern Greek, Demosthenes' "On the Crown," another class studying

a French lesson from old Fasquelle—as familiar to me as my mother's face—another class reciting a German "Paradise Lost," and yet another reciting a German lesson, with single pupils employed in other studies. The room was not large, and yet one class did not seem in the least to disturb another, or to divert its attention from its own lesson.

A more marked example of the power of concentrating attention, where required, I had seen in the great Egyptian college at Cairo, which has sometimes as many as ten and twelve thousand students. It was like the noise of many waters when we entered, preceded by our guide. Several hundred students were seated before three professors. The professors were standing backed up against a large pillar, facing, in different directions, classes rayed out from the pillar like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, and repeating, with great emphasis, words after their professors, who, as I was told, were often teaching doctrines entirely contradictory; yet they seemed not for a moment to be in the least disturbed, though there were hundreds of them.

From Beirut I made an excursion to Damascus, Mount Lebanon, and many parts of Syria in that direction. At Damascus I visited a Jewish banker's family, who lived as only great wealth would enable one to do. The wife had a little daughter for whom she employed teachers. She said she wished very much that her

daughter could go to America to be educated; that the teachers she employed did not know enough; and she frequently referred to the girls that were with me with great admiration. In speaking of her daughter's teachers, she said:

"Oh, they don't teach her anything—or, maybe they do a very *leetle*, so much as that,"—(measuring the quantity on her finger nail), "but it is almost nothing that she learns."

She noticed, or *felt*, rather, the sprightliness and freedom of my American girls, but she did not know, how to express it.

When I returned with my class from Damascus to Beirut I was detained there nearly ten days by a rough sea. This gave me an opportunity to study the schools of every kind. At the hotel I found a Mohammedan gentleman engaged in the postal service under the pasha, who was much interested in my class of young ladies. One day he told me that he had seen in Constantinople a report of the schools of St. Louis in our country, "from which it would appear," he said, "that the boys and girls study and recite together in the public schools." He asked me if I thought it possible that the report was correct. I told him most certainly it was. "Do they sit in the same room, and recite in the same classes?" he inquired. I assured him that they did, and he could hardly credit it. He told me that he had seen educated and accomplished women, the

wives of missionaries and of our government ministers, but this was the first time he had ever seen any young ladies from America. He said they seemed intelligent and perfectly modest. He had noticed them going out very early in the morning to visit historical places with me. In Syria they never thought of such a thing as a woman's being a companion for a man. "And yet," he said, "I cannot see for the life of me why it would not be better that a woman *should* be a companion of her husband." I received many useful hints from the inquiries of this gentleman. He was very ingenuous, and spoke as he saw things through the class of young ladies who were with me.

A young lady, the daughter of the hotel keeper, who had been well educated in the school of the deaconesses in Beirut, also interested me very much. She said she would like to go to America to be educated.

"Why, you are educated," I said. "The young ladies who are with me would feel very proud of your education. You speak many languages, and in school I heard you reading very difficult Greek, even more difficult than our young men college students read."

"Oh," she said, "of course I read Greek, because I was born on the Island of Malta where there are so many Greeks that it might be called a Greek island, and Greek might be called my native language."

"I heard you reading German, too," I said.

"My father is a German, and of course that might be called my native language too, but I am not educated."

"You speak good English."

"I speak English most imperfectly of anything," she replied, "but I have to speak English with people."

"I heard you reciting in a French class, and in Arabic," I said.

"Oh, Arabic might also be called my native language," she replied. "I am obliged to speak many languages; but that is not being educated."

I said, "I heard you playing most difficult classical music."

"My father being a German, I have to understand music," she replied.

"The other evening at the party I noticed that you danced beautifully," I said.

"Yes," she said, "but that is not being educated."

Finally I asked her in what she was not educated.

"Oh," she said, "I do not know how to think. I am not educated as American girls are."

When I returned to France on my way home, I spent a day at Boulogne, Mariette's birthplace, contriving to cross the channel from that port on purpose to visit the museum, where, in his study of an old sarcophagus, the word of the Lord came unto him as much as it did unto Joseph, saying, "Flee into Egypt." It was by a very long and toilsome way that he went to

Egypt, but what glorious results in the opening up of that wonderful, long-buried land! What a man he was! What he endured for science! I told the curator of the Museum at Boulogne what had brought me there; that I had met Mariette in Egypt, and that there was nothing in the museum I wished so much to see as the sarcophagus that had inspired Mariette, and really opened Egypt to the modern world. When I mentioned Mariette's name, he took my hand in both of his and, while the tears filled his eyes, said, "He was a great man—*un grand homme*"; and he took the greatest pains to show me many things that had interested Mariette, and told me many anecdotes of his life.

His life has been a great lesson to me. Thank God that such men have lived! He was a race kinsman of the emperor and also of Victor Hugo.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. STONE'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE OF NOTE—
Continued.GIUSEPPE MAZZINI—CHARLES BRADLAUGH—EMILIO
CASTELAR—VICTOR HUGO—GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

It was like seeing Dante in a drama, to see and hear Mazzini. In those days I was full of George Eliot and her "Romola," and Mrs. Browning and her "Casa Guidi Windows." They had been like Murray's guide-books to me. I could imagine that Mazzini looked like Dante on one of his daily missions to hell to bring back and save lost souls. It was a great deal to me that I was actually going to hear the great Italian reformer, and I went with high expectations to the old Edinburgh church where he was to speak; nor was I disappointed. His Italian eloquence and fervor were all that I had anticipated. It was on Sunday, and his appeal for the poor and downtrodden of Italy (and it was not for his people alone that he pleaded, but for all oppressed humanity) was more like a sermon than a lecture. It was full of religious zeal. His face comes to me as though it were yesterday that I heard

him. As he bore on his banner "God and the People", so God and the people flashed forth in every utterance, in his manner and in every gesture. I have always thanked God that I heard Mazzini. And I have always thanked him for the same spirit that had been breathed forth in the verse:

"When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! thine they are,
Thy children, as thine angels fair,
From vice, oppression and despair,
God save the people."

Mazzini's was the real eloquence of heart, head, and soul. He preached as Castelar is said to have talked, "all over." His thought so well accorded with the advanced thought of to-day that it does not seem as though it could have been uttered so many years ago. It was truly and deeply spiritual.

I have been privileged to hear in the British Parliament, Gladstone, John Bright, Disraeli and others of note. The speeches of these men were manly and honorable, but in no way remarkable. They did not make me clutch the seat before me to steady myself, as I had done when listening to Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, or Charles Sumner. They had not such a great subject in hand. I had then heard, also, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Liver-

more, and Lydia Maria Child plead the cause of the really wronged. In comparison with the true eloquence of these men and women, that of those members of parliament was not to me greatly moving. It is not a speech, however fine, that the soul craves. What they said seemed to me like a student's committed oration compared with the moving eloquence of Mazzini, and I had to listen to it through a network forbidding to women the clear light of day. We call it heathenish for Egyptian women to veil their faces, but has not the network veil to hide women in the Parliament Houses in London the same genealogy as the veil of Egyptian women?

There was something in Mazzini that was not in them nor in their subject. It is only, as Browning says,

"In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy word was
my word,"

that it can deliver God's message—the message that must be heard. "For is not my work like fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the flinty rock in pieces?" Such seemed the words of Mazzini.

"What is poetry?" a German teacher asked of a pupil.

"Poetry," replied the pupil, "why, poetry is rhyme, sir."

The teacher then repeated some rhymes of soulless words, saying, "This is rhyme; is it poetry?"

"Why, it rhymes," said the pupil. "I suppose it is poetry."

After repeating several examples of such poetry, the teacher said: "Here, take this from Klopstock's 'Messiah.' Is that poetry?"

"It doesn't rhyme," said the pupil, "so of course it is not poetry."

"But how does it make you feel?" asked the teacher.

"It makes me feel as though I would like to clutch the stars, throw them at my Redeemer's feet, and shrink away into insignificance."

"Ah, that is poetry," said the teacher; "whatever wakes up the hallelujah in your own soul, whether it rhymes or not, is poetry."

These inspired speakers awakened the hallelujahs of the soul.

When in Madrid in the seventies, I saw King Alfonso XII many times. I might have seen him and his sisters daily on their way to church mass, if I had esteemed it anything greatly to be desired. James Russell Lowell was then our minister to the court of Spain, and one of my traveling companions was a kinswoman of his; so that in Madrid, where she frequently saw him, his suggestions as to the people of Spain, what to observe in different places, etc., were of great advantage to us. I also had some acquaintances in Madrid who were near relatives of intimate friends of mine, which was another great advantage. They

had made friends there to whom they introduced us upon our arrival, some of whom it was a great pleasure and advantage to know, particularly as they had lived in America and learned that Americans were not exactly the savages that they were when Columbus landed here, which was a surprise to most of the Spaniards.

I have never traveled in any country in Europe where the people so little comprehend any language but their own, as in Spain. I tried by every word in every language of which I had any knowledge to make them understand what a glass of water was, and finally gave it up as a futile attempt.

There is not a country in the world where there are so many crosses and crucifixes and so many prayers said and so much church-going, as in Spain. The ladies are prestidigitators in kneeling and in the use of the fan. You can never go to a cathedral, church, or anywhere, too early to find a great many ladies in prayer. With them, kneeling is a fine art, and in doing so they are able to make a regular inclined plane of their bodies. I could no more imitate the feat of kneeling, with a truly Spanish slope and sway of the dress, than I could perform one of Hermann's wonderful tricks. A beautiful Spanish lace mantilla fastened with a red rose by an art attained only by a Spanish lady, always adorns the head, and a fan is always with them and in motion. I think it is John Hay who says that he has seen Spanish ladies in white satin slippers

without stockings, but he never saw one without a fan, which is an accompaniment to their prayers as regular and constant as a musical instrument is to a song.

The girls there know a little music and a little French, but they have never crossed, even in a school-day excursion, the border of the ologies. They do not even read novels. These are regarded as injurious, and not to be trusted to the daughters until mamma has read them. Firmin Caballero, in one of his sleepy little romances, refers to this illiterate character of the Spanish ladies, and says it is their chief charm—that a Christian woman, in good society, ought not to know anything beyond her cook-book and her missal.

The Spaniards are a sober people. I doubt if there are as many saloons in Madrid as in one of our smaller Michigan towns. They neither eat nor drink to excess. They have an adage that "a Spaniard will breakfast on a cup of chocolate, dine on a clove or garlic, and go to bed supperless." But they must have a box at the opera and keep a carriage; they must keep clean and shining the outside of the platter, whatever is concealed within.

The Spaniards are a wonderfully proud people, but they have a different idea of what pride is than we do. A lady whose acquaintance I made, spoke very sneeringly—I do not know but truly—of American aristocracy.

"Oh, you Americans!" she exclaimed. "Republi-

cans indeed! You are the greatest, meanest aristocrats in the whole world—aristocrats for money only!”

She cautioned the ladies of our party to be courteous to the servants in the hotel, to be sure and make a little conversation with them when they came in to bring our chocolate in the morning, and always to bid them good morning when they waited upon us at the table.

I never saw in our country such familiarity between those whom we consider of different classes as I saw between the king and the men who seemed by no means of the highest rank. On one occasion when there was a great assemblage of the people in a large church to express their sympathy with the people of Murcia in their sufferings on account of a great flood, I saw the king, coming out of the church, slap a fellow-man on the shoulder with the familiarity of a true humanitarian. I once saw Bishop Brooks do the same thing.

While in Madrid, I most fortunately fell in, through the singular fortunes of travel, with an intimate friend of Castelar. She was a Spanish countess, and through her, admission to the Spanish Cortes was easily obtained. There I saw and heard several so-called great Spanish statesmen. Among them was Sagasta, though I knew very little about him then, and he did not greatly impress me. But I heard one man, Emilio Castelar, sometimes called the “Wendell Phillips of Spain,” whom I class with the greatest men and ora-

tors I have ever seen or heard—and I have been privileged to hear many. Of them all, the ones esteemed the greatest, most eloquent and overpowering in their oratory, and with whom in sentiment and soul I most fully agreed, were Wendell Phillips, Emilio Castelar, and Victor Hugo. Gambetta was not unlike them. He was similar in thought, humanity, and politics.

My interest in Castelar dates from my acquaintanceship with Charles Bradlaugh. I shall never forget—not the evening, but the night, that Bradlaugh spent at our house. Three or four of us sat up all night to hear his wonderful conversation, and he seemed quite as willing to talk the night through as we were to listen to him. He was going away on the three o'clock train in the morning, and, thoughtless of time, the conversation ran on until it was so near three that it seemed to him—or to us who were listening—not worth while to go to bed at all. A great part of his conversation related to Emilio Castelar, the great Spanish republican, who was an intimate friend of the Bradlaughs. He had recently been spending some time with Castelar in Switzerland and also in London. Mr. Bradlaugh told us so much about Castelar that I esteemed it a great privilege to see and hear him in Madrid. He said he was one of the truest republicans on earth, the sincerest humanitarian and, in tenderness, equal to any woman. He had seen him pick up a dirty child from the street, carry it gently in his arms, and put it

down as carefully as though it were his own, kissing it as he did so. Bradlaugh said he himself loved children, but that he never could do that. He also told many incidents showing Castelar's great love for his mother.

In speaking, Castelar "talked all over." If one who heard him did not understand Spanish, it was no matter; the listener heard with the spirit and understanding. In scholarship he was not unlike Wendell Phillips. He could have lectured as intelligently as the latter upon "The Lost Arts." He was a graduate of a university in Madrid, and was afterward professor of history in the same university. I was informed by the countess whom I have before mentioned, who was at the same hotel with us in Madrid, that he was living in a very simple manner, with his sister, with whom I saw him at the opera, and that he adored his mother.

I have very precious memories of that night of conversation with Charles Bradlaugh in our home. Two years afterward Doctor Stone and I were in London, and we saw in a paper the notice of a lecture in Charles Bradlaugh's lecture room. We went to the lecture and sent up our cards to Mr. Bradlaugh. He immediately came down to us, and insisted that we come to his private reception room after the lecture was over, to spend an hour with a few congenial friends, which we gladly did. Annie Bessant, who was one of the lecturers that evening, was among them. This has

given me the privilege of meeting this great theosophist several times in our country, in Washington, Detroit and other places—a most enjoyable privilege.

While in Paris at one time, I was privileged to see and hear Victor Hugo on one of the great occasions of his life. I learned from the paper that Victor Hugo and Gambetta would each pronounce a eulogy on the wife of Louis Blanc, the great French republican, at her burial in Pere la Chaise, on the following day at 12 o'clock. That was something I could not miss. Starting from my pension at 8 A.M., I secured the opportunity of seeing and hearing under circumstances which could not have been better.

I was familiar with the old cemetery; I had found my way without a guide many times to the grave of Abelard and Heloise, and I do not recollect ever going to the common grave of these lovers of the eleventh century that I did not find fresh flowers on their tomb—so immortal is love!

Through inquiry and direction, I found the open grave which was to receive the body of this remarkable woman. So near was my standing-place that I could hear every word as distinctly as in a church, note every gesture, and see the play of every feature, which was much, for Victor Hugo's was soul eloquence. I was not disappointed in Victor Hugo any more than I had been in Mazzini. He surpassed my expectations. His face awed me, and it was because something greater

than what he said or what was visible seemed to lie behind his words and gestures. He looked like the archangel Michael on the summit of the Castle of Saint Angelo, in Rome, sheathing his sword to stay the pestilence which was devastating the city. I did not half comprehend him, great as he seemed even then. He saw an ideal beyond what I could take in. His reverence for woman, his comprehension of what she might be as a power and a holy influence in the world, of her equality with man as a soul from God, grow upon me every time I recall that occasion. I seem to enter more and more into the spirit of it. As Emerson says: "Forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self, breathed through all great souls, is new and unsearchable. They speak from within, as Jesus did." Thank God! I have heard a few of them, and in our own country, too!

Victor Hugo and Gambetta together lifted the immense floral wreath, which seemed fresh as if glistening with dew, and laid it upon the grave. After telling in the most eloquent terms what the dead woman had been to her husband, the inspiration of his ideas of liberty and the brotherhood of all men and all races, Victor Hugo said:

"The beloved dead surround us, are always present, listening to our talk about them, enjoying our remembrance of them. The thought of the dead is for me a joy, not in the slightest degree a sorrow."

I think I more gratefully recall the privilege of witnessing that burial of a woman, and listening to that great man's estimate of what a woman may be, than any other privilege of my life.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

While in Rome in 1875 Mrs. Stone, accompanied by Doctor Stone and a class of young ladies, visited Garibaldi at his home, Villa Casseline, a mile and a half outside the walls of Rome. Doctor Stone had written him a letter in which he asked the privilege of calling with the party, and expressed the pleasure of all at seeing the flag of United Italy waving everywhere from the Alps to the Adriatic, and even on the Quirinal. He added that their gratification would be complete if they could take by the hand "the man who made the prophecy that such a thing should be, and then fought to make the prophecy true."

Garibaldi bade them come, and set an hour to receive them. Here is a word concerning the call from a letter home, by Doctor Stone:

"He received us very cordially, inquiring particularly about our place of residence; he paid the young ladies some compliments, took up his pen, notwithstanding his hands are considerably distorted by rheumatism, and gave each of us his autograph. He said he had visited many of the states, and lived among us long enough to become an American citizen, and that

he felt proud to be counted as one of that great and free people.

"The hardships of camp life have left their impress upon his frame, and his feet are so swollen by rheumatism that his shoes are ornamented by diverse slits, to enable him to wear them. He still wears the traditional red shirt, although partly covered by another garment, and had on a fez, or smoking cap.

"The active life of the great agitator is probably drawing near to its close. But living or dead, he will be remembered in coming ages as one, and the most important, of the pioneers of the great revolution which, during the past quarter of a century, has transformed a collection of territories, dukedoms, petty kingdoms, and states of the church, into free and united Italy, under one constitutional government and one king.

"One day last week there was held here in Rome in the senate hall of the capitol, a most remarkable conclave—being nothing less than a reunion of the veterans of the revolution of 1848. This surely was a strange meeting in a strange place. What would Americans think of a reunion of confederate soldiers in Faneuil Hall? There is some difference, however, in the two cases. The meeting was brought about in this way: There was a movement made, at first in Turin, to assemble the old patriarchs of '48. But in corresponding with Garibaldi and others, it was thought that Rome was the most appropriate place

for such a meeting, and accordingly it was held in the capitol itself, in the Palazzio del Senatori—not the one in which the ancient Roman senate convened, but one standing on the same spot and built by Michael Angelo, and now used by the Italian senate when in session. Here were gathered, I know not how many hundreds of these veteran revolutionists, probably nearly a thousand, imprisoned, banished, and outlawed by their respective governments a quarter of a century ago, having been overpowered by outside armies of those countries which were afraid of the spread of republicanism. Now, when by a succession of revolutions and conquests, all Italy is free from its former tyrants and, politically, from the power of the pope, they come together to congratulate each other on the better days they have lived to witness, and the essential realization of the objects for which they periled their lives. Garibaldi made a speech on the occasion, which was received with great enthusiasm. He seemed to be busy, also, during much of the time of the meeting, in signing papers of some kind—as nearly as I could learn, certificates showing that those holding them had been participants in the revolution of 1848-9.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. STONE'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE OF NOTE—
Continued.

WENDELL PHILLIPS—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I entertained Wendell Phillips twice when he lectured in Kalamazoo. No one who has heard him can ever forget the grace of his oratory and eloquence. I thought him the handsomest man that I had ever seen. Perfectly do Lowell's lines photograph the man as he stood before an audience:

"There, with one hand behind his back,
Stands Phillips, buttoned in a sack;
Our attic orator, our Chatham;
Old fogies, when he lightens at 'em,
Shrivel like leaves; to him 'tis granted
Always to say the word that's wanted,
So, that he seems but speaking clearer
The tip-top thought of every hearer;
Each flash his brooding heart lets fall
Fires what's combustible in all,
And sends the applause bursting in
Like an exploded magazine;
His eloquence no frothy show,
The gutter's street—polluted flow;

No Mississippi's yellow flood
Whose shoalness can't be seen for mud;
So simply clear, serenely deep,
So silent, strong, its graceful sweep;
None measures its unrippling force
Who has not striven to stem its course."

His first lecture was upon "The Lost Arts." I think no lecture ever brought more education to young people than that one. I recollect that the regular lessons of my class in the college were given the go-by the next day to discuss the lecture, and I can still almost see the faces of young men and women who could hardly talk of what he said for their enthusiastic admiration of his manner; and for days after the students were looking up many of his startling statements and asking if those things could really be true.

The students were particularly amused by his story of the pamphlet printed in London in 1836, written by the great Doctor Lardner, in which he proved, as he thought, that a steamboat could never cross the ocean; but the book came to this country in the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic.

Toward the close of his lecture, there were some of the most eloquent sentences, that foreshadowed his great speeches against slavery and his wonderful pleas for the rights of all men and all women. He said:

"The distinctive glory of the nineteenth century is that it distributes knowledge; that it recognizes the divine will, which is that every man has the right to

know whatever may be serviceable to himself or to his fellows; that it makes the church, the school house, and the town hall its symbols, and humanity its care. This democratic spirit will animate our arts with immortality if God means they shall last."

Mr. Phillips earned with this lecture alone \$150,000. It was delivered more than two thousand times in the United States. He was a peerless orator. To my mind there has never been his equal in this country. When O'Connell, the great Irish orator, heard him (on another subject), he pronounced it the most classic speech in the English language, and said, "I resign the crown. This young American is without an equal."

He lived the injunction of the Scripture, "Remember those that are bound as bound with them." Of the aristocracy of Boston, born to wealth, environed with everything to foster an aristocratic spirit, he subjected all to his conscience, and consecrated every high-born advantage to the cause of humanity. He was not afraid to show himself the friend of the despised negro. When Frederick Douglass, his friend, was shut out from the car in which he as a gentleman was permitted to ride, Phillips followed him into the filthy car to which he was exiled, fit only for cattle, saying, "If you cannot come with me, my friend, I will go with you."

And when Frederick Douglass was not permitted to occupy a stateroom on a steamer, for which he had paid, but was banished aft to sleep leaning against

bales of cotton or boxes of merchandise, Wendell Phillips walked the deck all night above him, refusing the comfortable berth that his human brother, though a colored man, was forbidden to enjoy.

Wendell Phillips' second lecture was during the exciting times that followed the enacting of the fugitive slave law. Those were the days of Calhoun's sowing of the seed of secession, and of the great Webster's recreancy,—“the completest, saddest, most disastrous surrender of principle ever made.” He hoped to secure the presidency by this act of concession and submission to the South. On March 7, 1850, Mr. Webster slowly rose in the senate of the United States, faced south instead of north, and with his ponderous emphasis and eloquence, announced his purpose to carry out the fugitive slave clause of the bill, “with all its provisions to its furthest extent.” It was his moral and political death. It inspired that wonderful poem of Whittier's entitled “Ichabod.” Mr. Phillips told the story as none but he could tell it, and alluded to the poem, beginning:

“So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!”

His allusion made a wonderful call for the poem. In school it was looked up, read and re-read, discussed and learned for recitations after Mr. Phillips' great lec-

ture. People heard him with bated breath. They leaned forward, and with parted lips and glowing eyes clutched the seats before them. His words were like streams of lava from Vesuvius; and when his lecture was ended, people went out silent from the hall. They had nothing to say. The thoughts it awoke silenced words. He stood there like an Apollo, the god of light, and as if all the experiences of years had gathered themselves into a storage battery, and were now bursting forth in electric flashes like a phenomenon of nature, dazzling and dazing the audience.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

There was a great drift toward and through Kalamazoo in the decade of '40 to '50 and up to the time of the Civil War. It was on the directest route of western travel, and we were visited by the most noted lecturers in the United States in those days. Our house on the hill (the site of the present Stockbridge mansion) was par excellence the hotel whose latch-string was always out to men and women in the lecture field of those days. We were openly anti-slavery in thought and acknowledged woman suffragists, as were the majority of those who filled the lecture platform of those days, and toward the private hotel on the hill people of this kind drifted. As illustrative of this hotel-keeping business which we plied for many years to a depletion of the purse, but to a spiritual enrichment for which I can never be sufficiently thankful, I recollect coming

home from Detroit one night on a midnight train, and as the bus (for we had no single hacks then) drove up to the "Burdick House," and all but myself had descended, the hotel keeper said to the bus driver, who chanced to be a new hand that night:

"Take this lady up to Doctor Stone's."

"Doctor Stone's—and where is that?" he asked.

"Good Lord!" was the reply, "you must be a fool not to know that. Why, Doctor Stone keeps that free hotel on the hill."

"Oh, yes, yes; I know," said the busman, and he drove off and up the hill to land his midnight passenger.

The first of these visitors, of whom I am sure we entertained hundreds—I say first because he seems to me almost the first among men—is Ralph Waldo Emerson.

One little anecdote I remember in connection with his visit that much amused me at the time and which, many years afterward, I talked over with Mr. Philip Hoedemaker when he had come to be a professor in a college in Holland, but who at this time was a student in Kalamazoo College. Knowing that Mr. Emerson was to lecture in a few days, and that he was esteemed the greatest Platonist in the United States, Plato had been studied in Doctor Stone's class, though it was not known or expected that Mr. Emerson would visit the college classes. The class essay that day, as it hap-

pened, fell to Mr. Hoedemaker, and rising, he began his essay with, "Plato, Ralph Waldo Emerson's bible," etc., though he did not know that he had Emerson for a listener. A smile passed over Emerson's face, but it only provoked the most genial and friendly comments upon the subject, before the class, so much so as to make friends for life with every member. I have heard more than one member of the class relate this anecdote, and all seemed won to a personal admiration for Mr. Emerson. "He was so genial," they said; "there was nothing stiff and philosopher-like about him."

Another little anecdote I well recollect. There was a passage in his "Over-Soul" that I was not sure that I understood, and I asked Mr. Emerson if he would tell me what he meant by the passage.

"I will if I can," was the reply. Taking the book, he said further: "You know there is truth relative and truth absolute. I shall have to recall the circumstances under which it was written, and the way it was impressed upon my mind." After looking at it a moment, he said, "I think such was the thought that was in my mind when I wrote that passage, but I cannot tell certainly."

It reminded me of a story of a German professor trying to explain a certain passage in one of his lectures. He said that when he wrote the passage he and God knew what he meant, he supposed God knew now, but he must confess that he did not.

I think Emerson's first lecture in Kalamazoo was afterward developed into an essay called "Conduct of Life."

The impression that Emerson made upon me, and every time I saw him the impression was deepened, was that he was the most sincere man that I ever saw.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. STONE'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE OF NOTE—
Continued.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY—FREDERICK DOUGLASS—
HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN—PARKER PILLSBURY—
SOJOURNER TRUTH—AUTHOR OF "AMERICA"—
DEATH OF LINCOLN.

On this, my eighty-fifth birthday, I have been thinking over my chance meeting with Admiral George Dewey in 1888. As the vessel on which our party of American ladies, including Mrs. Bagley and her daughter, of Detroit, also Miss Cutler of Grand Haven, was entering the Piræus at Athens, on our way from Cairo, we hailed the stars and stripes floating gallantly from the masts of the warship "Pensacola." I do not believe anybody can ever afterward experience quite the feeling he has when that flag suddenly greets him in a foreign harbor.

The next day we found at our hotel (the Mediterranean) in Athens that the captain of the warship we had so joyously hailed in coming into the harbor, Captain George Dewey, and his lieutenant, were seated at the same table and next to us. They were our mess-

mates at this table for ten days at least, and so we had the opportunity of forming a familiar acquaintance with them, meeting them from day to day by chance on various excursions about the old city of Athens. I never saw a more simple and unpretentious man than was George Dewey, captain of the warship "Pensacola."

A few days after our arrival Captain Dewey invited our American party to come and take tea with him on his vessel, and sent carriages to our hotel for us, thus giving us a ride of about five miles.

Mr. Dewey was a Vermont man and I was a Vermont woman, and a meeting like this with an old Vermonter was a thing to rejoice over at any time, to me, for I have never forgotten the state of my birth.

Captain Dewey recommended himself to me by his simple and unpretentious manner, from the first. He appeared every whit a man, with no make-believe. God grant he may be able to stand all the spoiling which he is at present experiencing!

Doctor Schliemann, the great explorer, was then in Athens, just on his return from Egypt, where we had chanced to meet him, in the great Temple of Karnak. Doctor Schliemann had seen enough of the world not to be spoiled by any greatness that any circumstances of travel and discovery could bring upon him. He was apparently happy to greet us again in Athens, and pleasantly recalled our former meeting in the ruins

of the great temple. I had the pleasure of meeting Doctor and Mrs. Schliemann several times. Mrs. Schliemann was a charming woman, considerably younger than her husband, very simple but most kindly and affable in her manners. Though a Greek, she spoke English perfectly, as well as several other European languages, and was as much interested in her husband's work as he himself.

Mr. Fearn, of Mississippi, was then the American ambassador at Athens, and Frederick Douglass and wife were also at the Mediterranean Hotel and seated at the table with Captain Dewey and our American party. Mr. Fearn gave a great reception to Doctor Schliemann on his return from Egypt, to which Americans were particularly invited, but from which Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Douglass were excluded on account of his color, though Frederick was a greater man than Mr. Fearn, endowed by God with greater gifts and soul-riches. But in a few days Dr. Schliemann gave a greater party than our ambassador had done, on his own account, to which he invited Frederick Douglass and his wife as especially honored guests and to which, I recollect, Captain Dewey and his lieutenant were invited to assist Dr Schliemann in receiving. Frederick Douglass was no darker in color than was Socrates, Pericles, Phidias, and a host of noble Greeks, whose pictures hung in multitudes on the walls of Doctor Schliemann's palace, and whose statues and busts

adorned by dozens its roof—which was a pedestal for the statue of many a noble Greek.

Doctor Schliemann's house in Athens was called "Ilion Melathron" (the Troy Cottage), though a marble palace rather than a cottage, and they were very hospitable in the use of it for the entertainment of strangers. The roof commands a wonderful view of the Acropolis and many of the classic hills about Athens. He kindly asked us into his library and working-room, the treasures in which would be as much "Greek" to us moderns as Shakespeare makes Cicero's speech to the Roman rabble of his day; but they were such as his course of life made necessary and familiar and most valuable to him. Doctor Schliemann had studied, thought, and lived Homer so long that neither the poet nor his characters were myths to him, but daily companions.

The next morning after the Fearne slight I went to the room of Frederick Douglass and wife to ask them to accompany our little party on a drive over to Plato's garden. He was very pale, for the Fearne slight had pierced him. He was not wholly insensible to such things; but soon, in company with Plato, Socrates, and other great Greeks whom imagination brought around him, he quite forgot the Mississippi minister's slight, and was himself again. In our drive around Athens we visited not only Plato's garden, but the prison where Socrates drank the hemlock. It seemed to me

almost odorous that day with the contents of his fatal cup, but the place was wonderfully reviving to Mr. Douglass. We all felt inspired by that drive, and with the contact of so many things reminding us of the great men of past times.

PARKER PILLSBURY—SOJOURNER TRUTH.

I knew Mr. Pillsbury well. He was an Andover student,—I think a classmate of Doctor Stone's,—and I knew his liberal opinions about slavery and women's rights, and on many subjects in the new line of thought which were deemed disreputable at the time. His opinions had great weight with Doctor Stone and myself. We corresponded frequently during early anti-slavery days, and during the early odium of women's rights. We entertained him many times, and occasionally during his life corresponded with him upon subjects on which man is still onward striving. He was a thinker, a seer, and a scholar.

His Battle Creek home was always with Mrs. Frances W. Titus, where I first met him. We talked much about him when I was there a few weeks ago, visiting in the family of her only son, though we did not know of his death at that time; but this visit awakened many remembrances of this early reformer and his friends and co-workers, and their characteristic stories and sayings.

In Battle Creek he became acquainted with the old

colored sibyl, Sojourner Truth. She always reminded me of Michael Angelo's Cumæan sibyl. It was in the early days, even of anti-slavery, when there were few places where Parker Pillsbury was suffered to preach; but this was a community where many of the early settlers had been Quakers, and the Titus family were not only Quakers, but cousins of James and Lucretia Mott. And stronger in them than the kinship of blood was their kinship in anti-slavery principles; so when Mr. Pillsbury was there on one of his first visits, a log schoolhouse two or three miles out of the (then) village was obtained for him to preach in on Sunday afternoon. It was usually occupied at that time by a circuit rider of the Methodist church, who generously ceded his right to preach that afternoon. The old ex-slave, Sojourner Truth, was there.

Mr. Pillsbury came on a mission for the slave; and he presented his cause, as he always did, with plainness, earnestness, and enthusiasm. During the sermon there came up a very severe thunder-storm, in which the lightning struck a large tree whose branches overshadowed the schoolhouse. The shock greatly disturbed and frightened some of the congregation, and interrupted the preaching. This brought the little minister to his feet with an apology for allowing Mr. Pillsbury to preach and, as he said, "a confession to the Lord" that he had wickedly kept his seat and heard that man blasphemously utter words against the Bible.

The slaves were descendants of Ham, upon whom the Lord had pronounced a curse, and the dreadful peals of thunder were the voice of the Lord pronouncing his curse upon the words of blasphemy uttered that afternoon. He wished to confess his part in the sin of listening—confess it to God and to those present who had heard the blasphemy, praying that he might thus avert the wrath of God.

After the minister had made his confession, Sojourner raised her tall, gaunt form to its full height and, looking at him, said compassionately:

“Let the little brother be comforted; he needn’t be afear’d of the wrath of the Lord, for I don’t ’spect the Lord ever hearn tell on him.”

And she sank quietly into her seat again. The thunder-storm passed over, and the people escaped the wrath which the minister was so sure God had threatened in peals of thunder.

At another time a young minister had been preaching in Battle Creek for some time, “getting up a revival” after the manner of those days. He had heard of Sojourner Truth as one of the poor lost souls whom he must at least make an effort to save when an opportunity was afforded him. So, in discharge of his duty to souls, he went to see the poor old colored woman of whom he had heard. She was then more than a hundred years old, and with a Bible prophet’s experience. He was perhaps twenty-five. He told her that he was

preaching the word of the Lord to other sinners in that town; he should probably never have another opportunity to see her, and he could not persuade himself to leave town without coming to beg her to be reconciled to God before he left, and before she died.

"Reconciled to God!" exclaimed Sojourner, looking at him with astonishment, "why, I hain't got nothin' agin' God. What should I be reconciled to him fer? God's allus been mighty good to me; he called me out of slavery, and has took good care of me ever since, when you ministers would 'a' kep' me in bondage. Why, I haven't got nothin' again' *him*."

So the minister, considering her a hardened case upon which his efforts would prove of no avail, gave up the poor colored sinner as a lost soul. It was Sojourner's belief that God had called her out of slavery just as much as He did Moses. She believed she heard an audible voice. She has told me this story many times. I never went to Battle Creek without seeing Sojourner if possible, and she came to see me many times. Mr. Pillsbury felt that he learned a great deal from her, and her face always lighted up with a peculiar radiance whenever she spoke of him, which was as "a man of God."

Mrs. Titus always provided for Sojourner as for a sister. She visited her daily in her last distressing illness, buried her, and paid her funeral expenses. I visited her grave during my recent visit to Battle

Creek; it was well cared for, and carefully marked with a respectable gravestone. I hope to see a chair in the People's Church of Kalamazoo, marked with her name, as a memorial of her.

I remember going to see Sojourner one time when she had just got nicely settled in a light, airy basement, for the winter; a rag carpet covered the floors; her stoye was black and shining, and at the windows her sash curtains were white and clean. The room was warm, cheerful, and inviting.

"Well, Sojourner," I said, "this is better than slavery, isn't it?"

"Why, bless you, honey," she replied, "heaven's better'n hell."

"Now, Sojourner," I said, "if you could only read, this light, pleasant, warm room would seem almost like heaven to you."

"Why, bless you, honey, I reads," she said, "not jest as you do; you read the words, but I reads here," laying her hand on her heart. "The Lord teaches me, and I can read some as you read."

Going to her Bible on a little stand, she turned over the leaves, and added:

"Sometimes I goes to this Bible and I looks out the place where the Lord Jesus and Christ are pretty thick, and it seems to do me a deal of good. I 'spect you can't realize how it seems to me. The Lord has his way of teachin' everybody, and I'm mighty thankful, too!"

Whenever Sojourner went to Detroit, as she sometimes did, she was an invited guest of Mr. Mumford, a banker, who lived in a very pleasant neighborhood of the city. He always considered it a privilege to entertain Sojourner. His sister, a bright, witty, loveable woman, never had a guest who was more welcome. When there at one time, Sojourner had been talking to her about the foolishness and frivolity of some young girls she knew—what they might make of life if they but knew how to live, etc. Stopping there for several days, the young girls in the neighborhood formed a plan to go to see her, just for curiosity's sake. Sojourner received them in a dignified manner, but did not preach to them at all. After they had gone, Miss Mumford said:

"Now, Sojourner, why did you not talk to those girls just as you talked to me about them?"

"Why bless you, chile 'twouldn't done no good at all. I seen the minute they come in they hadn't got nowhere to put it."

The last time I saw Sojourner was a few days before her death. She must have been already past one hundred and ten. (Mrs. Titus, who wrote her life, has taken great pains to estimate from well-authenticated circumstances her age, and is sure she 'ived more than one hundred and ten years.) She had long been sick, and was a great sufferer. I knew she could survive but a few days, and as I was on my way to

New York to sail for Europe, I stopped over a train to bid the old sibyl good-by. As I was about to leave, I said:

"Sojourner, I suppose we shall never meet again in the flesh. I am sorry to leave you such a sufferer."

She looked up brightly, and exclaimed:

"Oh, I suffers, chile, course I do; but I hain't been thinkin' o' that; I've been thinkin' all day of the Infinite. The Infinite, chile! Think on it—what a word it is! The Infinite," she said slowly and emphatically, as if trying to measure it, and her eyes flashed as she added, "and you and I are in it; we're a part on't."

Such a light as flashed from her eyes I never saw on sea or land; it actually lighted the room; I started back; I could not bear it. No sermon I ever heard gave me such an idea of the Infinite. Many times, when least expected, expressions would drop from her that truly classed her with the prophets and apostles of old.

THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICA."

I knew Dr. Samuel Francis Smith before we came to Kalamazoo, which was in 1843. The year before we came to Kalamazoo we spent in Newton, Mass., and Doctor Smith was then pastor of the Baptist church in that place. We lived near him and became intimately acquainted with him and his family. Besides, he and Doctor Stone had been, during nearly

the same years, theological students at Andover, the stronghold, as is well known, of Congregational orthodoxy; yet both had come from there Baptists. When I came away from Newton, Doctor Smith gave me a handsome manuscript copy of his national hymn, which is cherished and preserved for my grandchildren.

The next to the last time that I ever saw Doctor Smith was when, to my great surprise and pleasure, I found him and his wife in the same pension (in Dresden) where I was staying with the class of young ladies who were traveling with me. I was overjoyed to meet them, and went with them to many places of interest in Dresden, among others, to visit the grave and monument of the great German lyric and patriotic poet, Korner, where Doctor Smith repeated this author's great national poem. Standing by Korner's monument, Doctor Smith told me of how much time he had spent in making a collection of all the national hymns of the world, and many very interesting circumstances in connection with this work. He was a fine scholar in German, as well as in many other languages. Doctor and Mrs. Smith were then on their way to visit their son, who was a missionary in Burmah. I saw them once after they returned, in their own home in Newton.

Doctor Smith was of that famous Harvard class of 1829, which numbered among its members Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clark, William Ellery Channing, and others whose names are living

ones. He and Doctor Holmes were always very intimate. His face would light up with its brightest smile at the mention of Doctor Holmes's name. It was of him that Holmes, in one of his merriest odes, wrote:

"And here is a fellow of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free;
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of Thee.'"

When the anniversary of his eighty-sixth birthday took place in Boston with such wonderful eclat, I sent him my congratulations, and told him how we, in our Frederick Douglass Club, celebrated it by singing in full chorus his hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." In my letter I asked him if he would tell me if, when he was writing that wonderful hymn, and the lines, such as,

"Sweet land of liberty,"
"Land of the noble free,"

he thought at all of the millions of slaves in our country. In answer to this letter he said it was not in his mind as he remembered it. But he rejoiced now to think that his song had come true, and he was very glad to hear of the Frederick Douglass Club of colored men and women. He was a man of great refinement of feeling, a true poet in his appreciation of nature and of all things beautiful.

DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

How well I remember the death of Lincoln and all its gloom. In the early morning of April 15, 1865, I was on my way from Detroit to Kalamazoo. The train stopped at Ann Arbor for breakfast; and as we drew into the station I saw assembled a great crowd of people evidently in a state of much excitement, and I heard the cries and sobs of men that "Lincoln is assassinated." I made my way out of the cars and through the crowd. After some minutes I got a clear statement that our beloved President had been assassinated the night before in Ford's theater. We could gain no knowledge of details of the event, and the train passed on without giving us even the satisfaction of certainty. At every place where the train stopped, a crowd was at the station with signs of woe and despair. At the larger places they were carrying flags at half mast, with all the ensigns of a funeral procession, and when the cars drew into Kalamazoo, it seemed as if every business man in town had forsaken his work. Bells were tolling, flags were at half mast, and men were telling to crowds collected on church steps, as much of the story as had been received.

A woman who was born to the inheritance of many slaves once said to me:

"Abraham Lincoln is, in my opinion, the greatest American that ever lived. Jefferson does not compare

with him. By the stroke of his pen I was reduced from riches to poverty. I thought it very hard and wrong then, but I do not see it so now. Slavery was wrong; a wrong is very hard in righting, but Lincoln was right."

I believe there is no face so well known over the whole world as the face of Abraham Lincoln. I have seen it wherever I have been in my travels, and I never saw any one pass it without a look of honor. I was once going to Mount Cenis Pass in the Alps at midnight in a fearful storm, through which the cars were unable to proceed. We stopped at a little way-station, and an oil lamp on a rude bracket in that remote place threw its light upon the blessed face of Lincoln. At another time I saw a large lithograph of Lincoln in the burning sands of Egypt. And on top of the great pyramid a donkey boy asked me to take his donkey when I went down, saying, "His name is Abe Lincoln, and he's a good donkey."



CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. STONE'S REMINISCENCES OF A WINTER IN
WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Stone spent the winter of 1896-7 at Georgetown Heights, a suburb of Washington, in the home of one of her pupils of the Kalamazoo College days, Mrs. Lucia Eames Blount. It was a winter filled to overflowing with opportunities to hear and meet people of great ability and note; for Mrs. Blount's home was a sort of meeting ground for such people, and every opportunity was given, besides, for Mrs. Stone to attend lectures, conventions, receptions, etc., in the city. The following notes of the experiences of that winter have been found among Mrs. Stone's papers:

I doubt if there is a place in all the world toward which so many eyes and thoughts are turned just now as the capitol at Washington, upon which I am this moment looking down. Though it is two miles distant, the lights in the great dome send their rays into my chamber. In the planning and erecting of this building I think the architect "builded better than he knew," and that it represents our nation better than any other style of architecture could have done.

I have been visiting for a week or ten days past at Cedar Hill, Anacostia, the home of Mrs. Frederick Douglass. This is the highest and most sightly place in Washington to which I have yet climbed. Here all Washington seems to lie below me and, like a great plate-glass mirror, the Potomac suggests the past with a vividness and reality that I have not before felt since those memorable days in the sixties when we used to unfold the morning newspaper with palpitating hearts. So overpowering was the effect of the scenery below me that I never slept at all the first night. Telegrams seemed borne to me on rays sent from a thousand electric and gas lights along the river shore and the city streets. The most important of all these seemed to come from the lights in the capitol, where the committee were in session discussing the affairs of our Cuban neighbors. This is what I jotted down among my notes; "Oh, how I wish there were some wise mother-hearts among that committee! And there will be sometime. The German mothers and sibyls used to sit in war council with their fathers, brothers, and sons. There is nothing strange or unseemly in this. History repeats itself, only on a higher plane. Drummond says, 'Love is greater than so-called statesmen's wisdom.'" How have the finer forces, of which I have been so strikingly reminded of late, been at work to call that national congress of mothers in Washington this winter, to sow new seed in this garden that shall

spring up and bear fruit for the regeneration of the nations in their ideas about war!

The last few days there has been a wonderful gathering of people in the Douglass mansion, to which the very cat and dog seemed to welcome me when I came. Frank, the great white mastiff, met me at the front steps and held out his elephant paw to the extent of its length, and Christopher Columbus, the great black cat, winked a welcome from the back steps. Old Tabby got into my lap and purred her welcome whenever I came near her place—the register—which I must acknowledge might have had something to do with her warm welcome as well as her friendly feelings.

During my visit here I have met many most interesting and some very remarkable people who are engaged in doing the civilizing work of the world. Among them is Doctor McDonald, the great student of criminology, who told me much in his line of investigation of the causes of crime. He has not only visited prisons, but had himself shut up with prisoners as one of them, trying, by various means that he has scientifically studied, to find out how they came to be in the condition in which they find themselves.

At the hospitable home of Mrs. Douglass I met and lunched with the colored ex-senator, Blanche K. Bruce, whom I once met in Detroit when he lectured to the Detroit Republican Club. He is a true gentleman, and

his wife is one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in Washington. She is most earnestly engaged in many of the noblest charities in the city, and is very enthusiastic about the national convention of mothers. She knows all the great workers for humanity of our time.

Here, too, I met the minister of an African Congregational church, with his wife. They are most interesting and cultured people, with a quiet dignity of manner which is quite rare. She is a literary woman of ability, and has been a writer for several of our best reviews.

I also met at the home of Mrs. Douglass a most remarkable woman traveler and artist, Miss Adelia Gates. She has traveled the most widely of any person that it has ever been my privilege to know familiarly. "The Sid," meaning "the woman," a name by which she is commonly known, was given her in the Sahara because she realized to the people of that country their ideal of true womanhood more nearly than any other woman with whom they had been brought in contact. In order that she might paint the flora of the various countries, she traveled over much of North America, and over the Eastern Continent from Iceland to Southern Africa.

One day I said to her: "Miss Gates, in looking back over the thirty years that you have traveled in Europe and mingled with various peoples, what nation seems to you to have attained the highest civilization?"

"I think I shall have to say the people of Iceland," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "for there has never been a case of capital punishment there, and there is not a police officer on the island. They know nothing of stealth or robbery."

Miss Gates read to me a half-dozen letters, written in as beautiful and pure English as a college president could have used, and of as enlightened sentiment, from a clergyman in Iceland who had never been off the island, but who was content to remain there and labor for humanity on a salary of less than one hundred dollars a year, eking out his living by fishing. Every morning he would bid his family a cheerful good-bye, not knowing whether he should ever return. "The life beyond is just as real to most of those people," says Miss Gates, "and they are just as happy in its contemplation, as we are in looking forward to tomorrow."

She told me the story of an Icelandic girl, sixteen years of age, very much advanced in many languages, who went about from house to house teaching. One day Miss Gates asked her if she had ever read an English translation of Homer's "Iliad." She said she had not, but had often wished that she might come upon one. Miss Gate's inquiry was prompted by observing in Iceland a custom mentioned by Homer that she had never seen or read of as existing elsewhere. She found

that the girl was perfectly familiar with the "Iliad" in the original, and she went on and described the custom mentioned by Homer, and expressed wonder that it was not found elsewhere than in Iceland.

"Do not these things," asked Miss Gates, "indicate a high civilization?"

PROFESSOR ELMER GATES.

This has been one of the red-letter days of my life. Its experiences have seemed to bring back and focalize what so many of the great prophets of the past have predicted would come to pass in these better days, and of which we common souls have sometimes had dreams much like those of a little boy of a friend of mine, who had gone with his parents to the Western wilderness before he was of an age to remember the civilization they had left in New England. His father took the child with him one day to a neighboring town. When they came in sight of the houses, the child exclaimed, his eyes all aglow, "There, papa, I knew there must be other houses in the world besides ours and Mr. J.'s."

I have been to-day to visit Professor Elmer Gates in his laboratory at Chevy Chase, in the northern part of Washington. I saw some of the wonders the man has achieved, and a prophecy that more will be wrought as naturally as the winds blow and the waters flow over Niagara. Professor Gates is a devout, honest and able experimenter, taught of God, if ever man was,

in the new science of psychophysics. He has an extensive laboratory at Chevy Chase for studying his subject as I think it was never studied before. He studies reverently, righteously, and humanely. He believes, with the poet, that the proper study and the highest study of mankind is man, and with another poet that

* * * "This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

It is a long road on which Professor Gates has started, and he is working as Kepler wrought, "thinking God's thoughts after him." He believes that the destiny of man has not been conceived of; that if man was put here to improve upon nature, to make the wilderness blossom as the rose, to widen and clear her river courses and turn her Niagaras to his use, so we should improve upon the stunted, perverted and dwarfed manhood that we find here. This is not sacrilege, breaking into God's Holy of holies, but making ourselves "workers together with God."

I had read a little of Professor Gates and his wonderful discoveries among the psychic forces of nature, particularly in biology; and remembering Emerson's injunction to inquirers after truth, "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold," I made bold to ask whether he would name a time when I, with my friend, Mrs. Blount, might be admitted to his laboratory. Miss

Sarah Farmer, of Greenacre, Maine, had spent an evening with us shortly before, and told us what an entirely new line of study and research had been disclosed to her. There came an almost immediate reply from Chevy Chase to the effect that Professor Gates would see the petitioners in his laboratory the next morning. The next morning at nine o'clock Mrs. Blount and myself, with two young ladies, presented ourselves at the door of the laboratory and were most cordially received by Professor Gates himself.

He believes that through proper education a new race of men will arise; that brain power is producible; that brain cells can be grown and filled; and he has proved it. He believes that no good has ever been gained by vivisection, nor ever can be. God's love is in all and over all his creatures. Such cruelty as vivisection permits, defeats its own ends, and makes brutes of men. The new man must develop by the law of love and righteousness, as well as by training, to the highest development of the intellectual faculties. Educators must aim to make a good man as well as a great one, or they will fail utterly.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

This first Congress of Mothers was in some respects a great event. I could hardly put into words a description of its spirit. From the hour of its opening there seemed to be the greatest enthusiasm. The con-

gress was royally entertained by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, scores of delegates and speakers being at her own home. The congress removed from one hall to a larger, and then to the largest the city afforded; and then hundreds were turned away. This rush and crowd and enthusiasm about the Congress of Mothers was the wonder of it, as it showed that a new spirit was somehow abroad in the world. It was really like the Day of Pentecost. All seemed, as then, of one accord in one place.

Some of the addresses were very good—I may say fine—but not more than two or three that I heard were in any way remarkable. Yet there were on all sides such whisperings as this: “Are not these audiences and this enthusiasm wonderful?”

Mrs. Ballington Booth’s address was remarkable for its earnestness, its deep religious Christliness—I may call it—and her mother sympathy expressed for “my boys,” as she lovingly called the young prisoners in New York prisons. Her address was very touching, and nothing else that I heard seemed to move the hearts of the women like it.

Mrs. Helen Gardner’s address was excellent as well as eloquent, and truly religious, as well as full of truths that went to the very heart and beginning of things. She has studied scientifically and as regards our true civilization. She has gathered much reliable information from attending courts where boys were

on trial, and thus learned the real facts in their cases as few other persons have done. Mrs. Browning's poem, entitled "The Cry of the Human," rang in my ears as clearly as did Mrs. Gardner's voice all the time she was speaking. She spent an evening with Mrs. Blount at "The Oaks," and told us many things in familiar conversation to which only allusions could be made in her address, and which made me truly feel that the half had not been told—more, that it can never be told and, more yet, that the responsibility of women and women's clubs to inform themselves about these things is great. Oh, the moral and ethical questions before the world are far more important for women's clubs to consider than merely literary subjects!

It was a pleasure at Mrs. Grover Cleveland's reception given to the women of the Congress of Mothers, to see the kind of people Mrs. Hearst drew around her. They were not society ladies alone, but the workers for humanity. Her sweet, serious, almost sad face lighted up most in talking with them. The superintendent of Washington public schools told me much of her noble work in kindergartens. She spares no money for such work, which appeals to me as the noblest work in the world.

I was asked to come upon the platform at the Congress of Mothers, and refused again and again, but I at last consented, because it would give me an opportunity to take this woman's hand and thank her.

I saw Mrs. Cleveland at the reception she gave to the delegates, and I am happy to say that I liked her looks and her cordial, sincere clasp of the hand very much indeed. She has a face that is more than beautiful, and she justifies all that we have heard of her great interest in kindergartens.

PRO RE NATA (FOR A SPECIAL EMERGENCY) CLUB.

The name of this club indicates that it has set its face toward the dawning light. It dares to have for the frontispiece of its calendar a copy of Michael Angelo's famous statue of "Dawn," in the old Medicean chapel in Florence, which Mrs. Browning so wonderfully describes in her great poem, "Casa Guidi Windows." And what a poem it is! I never went to Florence without reading this poem under the "windows" from which the poet looked out to draw her inspiration, and standing long beside the statue which she so soulfully describes:

"Day's eyes are breaking bold and passionate
Over his shoulder, and will flash abhorrence
On darkness and with level looks meet fate."

This is the spirit of the Pro Re Nata Club. It is ready to meet what the times bring. There is no subject that concerns the good of humanity that the Pro Re Nata Club may not consider and discuss. They meet like a few friends in council. Every member present is called upon to give her opinion on the sub-

ject under consideration, and no one is allowed to speak twice before each one present has had an opportunity to speak once.

A number of the wives of members of congress are members of the Pro Re Nata. I never before heard subjects more ably and masterfully discussed. At a previous meeting one member is always appointed to present the subject and lead the discussion of the next meeting. No written papers are allowed. One may write a paper if she pleases, but she must speak extempore. At present the club meets in a very pleasant room furnished them free of charge in one of the large banking establishments. They all sit around a large table that extends nearly across the room, each provided with a note-book and pencil if she chooses, and any of them may ask any question or explanation when a proper moment comes.

The public schools have been the subject before the club for the last two meetings, and it is to be continued at the next meeting. A lady employed by the Department of Education, under Mr. T. W. Harris, the head of the Bureau of Education, has been present by invitation at the last two meetings, and she has greatly interested me. She has studied schools all over the world, and considered the subject of education most conscientiously, religiously (not theologically), but after the true spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. I never before heard such a clear presentation of the subject, and

her face is a sermon of love to God and men and children. I never before felt so solemnly what it is to be a teacher in our public schools, and that the mother-heart must be at the center of all true teaching.

In a book on the "Education of American Girls," published a number of years ago, in which Mrs. Stone has a chapter on "Effects of Mental Growth," she thus expresses herself about schools:

From a woman, a mother, and a lover of little children, a few words about school buildings and school methods may not be out of place.

Americans are proverbially given to boasting. People of the older world tell us that this is an expression of our undeveloped youth—a kind of sophomoric state denoting that we are not yet very far advanced. Be that as it may, I have observed that there is no more common subject for boasting than our schools and our school system.

"These are our king's palaces, where we are training our future monarchs! Those are the towers of our defense—the bulwarks of our republic!" I heard a Western congressman exclaim, as the railway train whizzed past one of those immense school edifices which so closely dot the area of many of our Western states, that one scarcely loses sight of one ere the high towers and ornate roofs of another comes into view. "I will acknowledge that I am proud when I can point a foreigner to such buildings as those, and

tell him they are but our common free schools, open to every child in the land, rich and poor alike."

The friend addressed, an intelligent, shrewd, naturalized Scotchman, replied that he was "a little old foggy," he supposed, but that those great high buildings, where six or eight hundred children were gathered in one school, were like great cities, where too many people were crowded together. School life, no more than city life, could be healthy, nor just what life ought to be, under such conditions. To carry out these great union school plans, made a necessity for too much machinery. This it was which was grinding out the education of our children, rather than developing thought; and the result would be machine education. He said that school was a continual worry at home. One child was kept after school one day for one thing, and another the next day for some other thing; and there was much more worry and fretting about how they were marked, and a good deal more talk about the marks for the lesson, than there was about what was in the lesson itself. One little girl, a delicate lassie, that he knew, the parents had been obliged to take out of school. The child didn't eat, couldn't sleep, and was getting in a bad way altogether.

"There is no more color in L——'s face when she is getting off to school in the morning, than there is in my handkerchief; she is so afraid of being marked," said a mother to me a day or two since. "Yesterday

morning was especially one of trial to the child. I wish you could have seen her when she got off, or rather when she got home at night, and have heard her story. I had charged her not to hurry so; but come back if she was going to fail; I would rather she would lose the day than to gain her school through such an effort." She reached school in time, and came home at night to tell how. Rushing into the house, the delicately organized, nervous little girl exclaimed: "O mamma, I did get there; and the best of it was, I overtook G—— S—— (another as delicate a child); she was as late as I was, and we both ran every step. We managed to get our things off in the wardrobe and get into our seats, but G—— could not get her mittens off; and when she at last dropped into her seat, she put both hands up to her face and burst out crying as loud as she could cry. Oh, I did feel so sorry for her!" The effort of getting to school, the fear of the marks, had thrown the child into hysterics, given her physical system a shock, and made demands on her brain that a year's study could not have done. I could fill a volume, as could any observing woman, with instances like this—the occurrences of every day in the year. They cannot, perhaps, be helped. Teachers are not to be blamed for them. Six or eight hundred children cannot be hindered for one child. All are tied to too much machinery.

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"OH, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

*Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.*

*So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,*

*That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.*

*This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us to strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.*

—George Eliot.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CROSSING THE BAR AND LAST SERVICES.

During the last two or three years of her life, Mrs. Stone was able to go about but little. The winter of 1896-7, which she spent in Washington as the guest of Mrs. Blount, when she passed a fortnight with Mrs. Frederick Douglass, saw so many men and women of note, and attended conventions, lectures, and club meetings, with an interest and enthusiasm rarely equaled by younger women, was really about the last of her going out, except to her own church and club in Kalamazoo, when conditions were most favorable. She went to Detroit and Ann Arbor once or twice afterward, and to Battle Creek, at the latter place spending a month with her "other children," as she affectionately called Mr. Samuel J. Titus (the son of the most intimate companion of her Hinesburg school days, who was her life-long friend, the late Mrs. Frances W. Titus), and his family. Her summers were still spent at Highland Park, Grand Haven, as had been her custom for a number of years. She became more and more feeble as the months passed, and it was evident to her and to those who were close

to her, that the end was not far away. But her interest in the world about her never waned. She watched as eagerly for the appearance of Mr. Sheldon's newspaper as any one, although it came out only the week before her death. The latest book, article, lecture, or sermon to make a stir in the world continued to reach her and to claim her interest almost before any one else had seen it, even up to that last week. Her interest in the invisible world grew with her waning strength. She longed so much *to know*. One of the last books she read was "Death and Beyond," by Minot J. Savage, and she corresponded with Mr. Savage on this subject during the last months of her life. She said to me, "I feel sometimes as if I were getting glimpses of the other world. I have had some remarkable experiences this winter. I cannot believe that it is hallucination."

Flowers, table delicacies, etc., were brought her daily, for many months, by her loved club women, her old pupils, and her neighbors. Miss Charlotte I. Anderson, who boarded in her home for the last four or five years, spent a large part of her leisure time with Mrs. Stone, reading to her from her favorite authors, from magazines and newspapers, and writing letters and articles for print at her dictation. No one else came quite so close to her real life, in sympathy and ministry, in those years, as did Miss Anderson.

It was hard for her nearest friends to permit her to be apart from them during the last years, and especially so in the last months, but she had always relied on herself, and she seemed to cling to the old home as the thing which would hold her closest to the life which she felt slipping from her with a sense of the deepest regret. She wanted to live longer here. I have heard her say many times, "I wish I were twenty years younger!" She could not realize that she needed to be taken care of—she who had always been so strong to do for herself and for others. If she had any weakness, other than physical weakness, it was the weakness of not permitting herself to be waited upon and cared for as her feebleness required.

For years it was the daily custom of her last remaining son to write her a letter at the close of his business day. These letters were a great comfort to her, and I have often heard her say when the letter came, "Jim is such a good boy!" And not a day passed that she did not write a card to him "to let him know how I am," she would say, "he is always so anxious." Her last card, written by her own hand, was dated February 6. He went to see her every week as she became more feeble, and, at the last, was with her constantly.

On the closing night of her life, she lay, apparently unconscious, and, when spoken to, was unable to respond. Her family and two or three other friends were about her, waiting in sadness for the inevitable

and fast-approaching end. Presently Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who was with her much at the close, seated herself at the bedside and began to repeat in a low voice the final stanzas of Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." Instantly the closed eyes opened and turned upon the face of her friend, and were not withdrawn until the poem was finished. Other well-beloved passages followed: The twenty-third psalm, the Beatitudes, Wasson's beautiful hymn, "O'er Seas of God" (which it was afterward found she had selected for her funeral service), passages from "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and, last, Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." Through all she gave unflagging attention, and once, with a quick motion, she strove to speak, but could not find utterance. "You hear it all, don't you, dear?" said Mrs. Crane; "if you hear, press my hand." The answering pressure came quick and unmistakable; and it was a great comfort to those who loved her so, that she should have in the last hour the strengthening and consolation of those great thoughts on which she had fed so many in their hour of need.

The change took place on the forenoon of March 14, 1900, and the sorrow that comes of final earthly separation touched the hearts of a multitude whose characters had felt the impress of her strong life.

On the morning of September 30, 1894, I sat in the Unitarian church in Kalamazoo and listened with a full and thankful heart, to a beautiful service in honor

of the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Stone. On March 16, 1900, I sat again in the church of her choice and listened to the funeral services of our revered friend. It recalled the occasion of five years before in its large and reverent recognition of the faithful service of this truly great soul. The words spoken by the pastor, Rev. E. C. Smith; the hymns sung, which were those Mrs. Stone loved, and which some of her friends had often heard her repeat; the expressions of loving appreciation from far and near, were not unlike those of that other occasion; but our friend had now passed into the invisible. The casket was set in Mrs. Stone's accustomed place in the Stone parlor, where she had spoken words of wisdom to her class of men and women, Sunday after Sunday, for years. There were flowers and brightness everywhere. The casket was of the color of English violets, and many clusters of these blossoms, intermingled with delicate, fern-like green, covered its top. Instead of the accustomed crepe, at the door of the Stone home there were flowers and smilax, fastened with lavender ribbon. The final disposition of the many beautiful flowers and potted plants was in keeping with Mrs. Stone's life-long way of sharing with others. These were sent to hospitals, to invalids, to elderly friends, and to others who had been much to Mrs. Stone.

A short service was held in the morning at the house, after which the casket was taken to the Stone

parlor in the People's church, where friends had the opportunity of taking a last look at the serene face. The immediate friends sat in the Stone parlor, which is connected with the body of the church, during the funeral service. The house service was in charge of Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane. The friends gathered in a circle around the sacred form, while Mrs. Crane stood at the head of the casket and repeated with deep feeling, the twenty-third psalm and the Beatitudes. She then read Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," which Mrs. Stone loved so well and knew by heart, and which will always have a deeper meaning than ever before to the friends who heard it there. The service closed with a prayer which was so large with meaning that it seemed to comprehend and include all that could be said of Mrs. Stone's life and work, and of gratitude to God for the large expression of himself in her life.

The service at Mountain Home Cemetery, where Mrs. Stone's mother, her husband, her sons, and her oldest brother, are buried, and which is very near to the Stone home of Kalamazoo College days, was also conducted by Mrs. Crane. The thoughts which come to me as I write, of this last—this parting service—are Mrs. Crane's tenderly sympathetic words, beginning, "We have now come as far as we may," and her closing prayer that this sacred occasion might be to all a benediction of the spirit.

The hymns sung, Edwin Arnold's great poem interpreting death, and "Crossing the Bar," are here given because of their associations with this occasion as well as with Mrs. Stone in life.

O'ER SEAS OF GOD.

The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all worlds beyond the sun;
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime.

A thread of Law runs through my prayer
Stronger than iron cables are;
And love and longing towards her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine!
Spread canvas to the airs divine!
Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

The wind ahead? The wind is free!
Forevermore it favoeth me:
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

For Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And Unseen over Seen prevail;
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage, or roar.

—D. A. WASSON.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead thou me on!

I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still

'Twill lead me on

Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—J. H. NEWMAN.

AFTER DEATH.—IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends

This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,

Pale and white and cold as snow;

And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"

Weeping at the feet and head,

I can see your falling tears,

I can hear your sighs and prayers;

Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,

While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above,
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love always!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—TENNYSON.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

To the abiding memory of Lucinda H. Stone, learner and teacher through all the years of a long and earnest life, these lines are gratefully inscribed by her one-time pupil and all-time admirer.

Emancipated spirit! rare soul, gone—
How otherwise, than gladly and elate—
Into the splendid mystery, the high estate!
Joy and all good attend thee, faring on.
Long years a gleaner, thou; thou, too, hast sown
Thy garnered holdings broadcast with a great
And generous gesture. Eager, early, late,
Untiring has thou wrought. Ah, we alone,
Who, in far years, were privileged to hear
Thy voice in high discourse, we,—oft possessed
Of opportunity to note the clear,
Unhedged expanse of thy wide thought,—can best
Appraise earth's loss, when, from thy wonted sphere,
Thou'rt called to move in Heaven's diviner quest.

We are dispersed; dissevered; we grow old;
The long day wanes; the night comes on apace;
And thee no more in thine accustomed place
Shall we, who tarry yet awhile, behold.

Of all the names in the old lists enrolled,
How many, on some mournful marble's face,
Long since were carved. Alas, how much of grace,
Of strength, of beauty, mixes with the mould!
Thine was the liberal thought that gave thee sane
Fore-glimpses of the higher living, where,
Beyond the shadows, all seems clear and plain,
And tasks grow easy. Ah, may we not share
The thought, that, reunited, we again
Shall hail thee, guide and teacher, even there.

VERONA COE HOLMES.

I have never known any other person who so constantly forgot herself in others. When she was feeble and suffering, I would go in and sit down by her, and ask of her health. She never had more than a moment to spend on that topic. Very quickly whatever was on her mind would come uppermost. It was some new book that seemed to her a blessed message to the world, or perhaps it was some well-worn volume which she would pick up, saying, "A new light came to me this morning on this passage from Emerson;" or, it was something that she wanted done, never for herself, always for another. People were constantly coming to her for all kinds of help, and she was always giving to the limit of her power. And she would remember to interest others to go where her feebleness forbade her going, and to help her to help. Her power of living in the experiences of others was to her a great re-

demption from the narrowing outlets of her own life as the years pressed hard.

Only, when the wrongs and sorrows of the world crowded upon her, and became sometimes unduly magnified through the gathering shadows, her friends had to weep that she should be made so sad. When life was so short, it was hard for her to see men and women waste their time and powers upon trifling things—striving for amusements, for honor, or place. How her heart longed, hungered, starved, for the conversion of all men and women to the things really worth while! And above all, those women whom she had long known and loved, who had been her pupils in their youth, and who always looked up to her as in some way their spiritual mother.

I never knew any one to whom it was so hard to speak words of praise. With a look almost of shame, and a quick repellant gesture, she would turn away, not unkindly but decisively, any but the briefest and most tempered compliment. Her whole tenor was after the manner of Him who said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words."

I have seldom seen Mrs. Stone weep; but when I have seen this, it pained me extremely. She told me once of a case in which a young girl had been treacherously ruined. Her anguish was so great, her aged face so convulsed with sorrow and deluged with tears, that it was more than I could bear. I knelt and begged

her not to talk of it or think of it more. I saw her weep over the Dreyfus trial. When the verdict was known, she put her hands to her face, and rocked to and fro, and cried out, "My God! my God!" till I was glad for even tears.

To keep the heart so unselfish, to so love goodness and truth that their triumph anywhere was a personal joy and their defeat anywhere a personal sorrow, and this, up to the verge of eighty-six years, seems to me the highest achievement of living. Of her it could truly be said that, being at heart just, the strength of God, the safety of God, the immortality of God, did enter into her with justice.

CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE, Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Stone's influence will long continue an enduring, illuminating power. As a promoter of art, and of the higher education of women, as the "mother of clubs," and advocate of literary culture, she stood pre-eminent and sometimes alone. But we love best to remember her as a lover of women, seeking always and everywhere to win them to the highest, the purest, the greatest, the holiest of which the soul is capable.

One sunny summer afternoon more than twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Stone stood before a company of women taking their first "club tea." One of the listeners that day will never forget her earnest plea for

mental culture, and the life of the spirit. Some would have called her old, for her beautiful silvery white hair was even then a halo of glory. But the earnest fervor of her voice tremulous with emotion, and the gleam of a personality radiant with aspiration, were a living example of "the renewing power of mental activity" of which she discoursed so eloquently.

The one characteristic which most impressed her friends, and more than any other dominated her life, seemed to be her earnest endeavor and anxiety for the betterment of womanhood. Even when the weariness of advanced age came upon her, she spared not herself if in any way she could "lend a hand" to promote their welfare.

Selfishness, cruelty, frivolity, extravagance, were odious to her, but she loved honesty, sincerity, simplicity and gentleness with a pathetic fervor. Affectation, bigotry, sham, she despised; refinement, tolerance, genuineness, were her delight. The truth,—the great impassionate, exalted truth, simple, majestic, divine, was her ideal. To speak only truth, to live truth, to *be* truth in heart, life, and purpose was her most constant aim. Surely hers was an example worthy of emulation. To love art, literature, and humanity, to "overcome evil with good," to love the truth and live it; to "put down self and work for a cause,"—surely this would be to honor the memory of our revered and saintly friend.

IRMA T. JONES, Lansing.

In my acquaintance with Mrs. Stone there was a speaking from her individual, inner life of a peculiar character and interest very dear and beautiful to remember. She was strong in her affections, and held her friends chiefly by her tender spiritual thoughts of them. She loved her own with a deep but quiet fervor which took note of their worth and abilities without descending to personal trivialities. She always seemed to see their motives and principles of action, fathoming character with almost unerring precision. The glamour of outward appearance or seeming impressed her but little. She honored every true and earnest thinker and worker of whatever name or profession.

She picked the gold from the quartz, the jewel from the dust, of poet, philosopher, priest, pedagogue, politician, and potentate alike. She caught and treasured the diamond-flesh of wit and wisdom, the blaze of words, or the quaint phraseology of the humble and the great alike—wherever was revealed the heart of truth.

Truth was to her the one thing above all others to be desired. When she caught its ring, and felt its power for herself, she immediately desired that all the world should have it to live by; and often her utterances were a veritable prayer that the best should be given and received by every thing that had power to feel or grow. All were akin to her. Pain or grief to the least of these was sorrow to her.

Truly this friend of God and of man was, and is, a great soul that has gone marching on, but will abide with all who understand the motives of her life.

MARTHA E. SNYDER ROOT, Bay City.

(Given before the Ladies' Library Club, Kalamazoo, March 21, 1900.)

Mrs. Stone was a woman of uncommon mentality. Like Bacon, she "took all learning for her province." Nothing was too abstruse for her comprehension, nothing too insignificant to convey some meaning.

With a prodigious memory that was a family characteristic she combined a wide reading that made it the storehouse of all the best thought of her own and past times, thought which she did not fold up and lay away as in a napkin, but which she fed on and assimilated, making it a part of her own being.

With all the various movements of her time she kept step, but it was always a step in advance. She was a born leader, an educator, not so much in the sense of communicating knowledge as of educating thought. It was one of the secrets of her influence that with all her strong characteristics, strongly developed, she never was didactic—she suggested things rather than asserted them, she inspired rather than taught her ideas.

Another element of her strength was her sincerity; and still another, and perhaps the most potent of all,

was the perfect simplicity that marked all she did. I have more than once seen her in the great councils of her sex, where women like Julia Ward Howe and others whom the world delights to honor, delighted to honor her. Yet she ever had that singular modesty, almost humility, of demeanor which, with a slight hesitancy in speaking, would have given the impression of timidity, had it not been for the deep earnestness and the tenacity that came from her profound faith in, and the courage of, her convictions.

The love of humanity was a passion with her, and perhaps because of this she took a special pleasure in history and in art, particularly as developing the phases of historical growth. The dominant impulse of her life was philanthropy.

Though cultivated in her literary tastes, the mere beauty of literature did not attract her; it was always what a thing taught, the meaning that she saw in it, that constituted its charm for her. Naturally deeply religious, through her wide reading and familiarity with speculative philosophy as well as the world's great religions, she came to look upon widely diverse systems of belief as only different phases of the same religious thought—as different manifestations of the same essential truth. To her all truth was religion. The beauty and the loveliness, the sacredness, of what was true, appealed to her as it appeals to few; and it may truthfully be said that none of us perhaps have

ever known or may ever know another who so constantly and unremittingly gave herself to its pursuit and dissemination as did Mrs. Stone.

One and perhaps the most remarkable of her characteristic was her industry. She believed with Mrs. Browning:

"Free man freely works;
Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease."

And her great physical vigor, mental equipment, and moral fiber enabled her, almost to the last of her life of nearly a score beyond the allotted span, to set an example of untiring energy and activity. But perhaps of all the secrets of her influence, the greatest was one least perceived; this was unflagging purpose—that purpose which is power—that animated, sustained, controlled her to the end, and will leave her memory a monument to many besides those who knew and loved her.

Possessing in a remarkable degree the faculty of attaching people to herself, Mrs. Stone inspired a reverential affection, an almost filial love; and her wide traveling, her prominent identification with the great world-movements of her time, and the ardent feeling retained and disseminated by her pupils in so many states and lands, made her known and loved away from home as at home. Throughout her long life keeping abreast of and in sympathy with the latest thought and youngest feeling, she ever retained the

love of the young, the middle-aged, and the old, alike, and was looked upon by them all as teacher, comrade, guide, and friend. Possessed of that youthfulness of heart that is in itself immortality, she never grew old; and when at last the garment of the flesh became too threadbare, serenely conscious and without fear, she put on the invisible garment of the spirit, and she that had "watched to ease the burden of the world," passed on to

"Join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars."
So did she "join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

ADELIA G. GRIFFITHS, Kalamazoo.

At the memorial services held in honor of Mrs. Stone in numerous clubs throughout the State, the interests, achievements, and characteristics which made her a many-sided benefactor of her kind, were forcibly and lovingly brought out in tributes from friends who knew her well. On one of these occasions, which I mention because it is fairly representative of them all, a fine life-sized portrait of Mrs. Stone occupied an easel on the platform, amid a setting of palms. On

the left of it was a large photograph of Victor Hugo, and at the right a bust of Emerson. The association was fitting, for the writings of both were precious to her. The afternoon sun, shining through the stained glass window, fell upon Mrs. Stone's portrait during the service in such a way as to produce a strikingly life-like illumination of the features. The hymns sung were Mrs. Stone's favorites. The solo, "Crossing the Bar," sung without accompaniment, was peculiarly sweet and touching. Printed programs were provided for all, on the first page of which was a portrait of Mrs. Stone, after the one which hangs in the art gallery of the University of Michigan. The program was as follows: Hymn, "O'er Seas of God;" prayer; trio, "Lift Up Thine Eyes" (Elijah); opening remarks by the president; Mrs. Stone's Life and Work; solo, "Crossing the Bar;" quotation tributes by club women; hymn, "The Eternal Goodness;" Mrs. Stone's part in the opening of the University of Michigan to Women; Mrs. Stone's Literary Tastes; Memorial Tributes; hymn, "The Law of Love;" Memorial Letters; chorus, "Come to Our Hearts and Abide;" benediction.

THE END.

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